

MARVEL

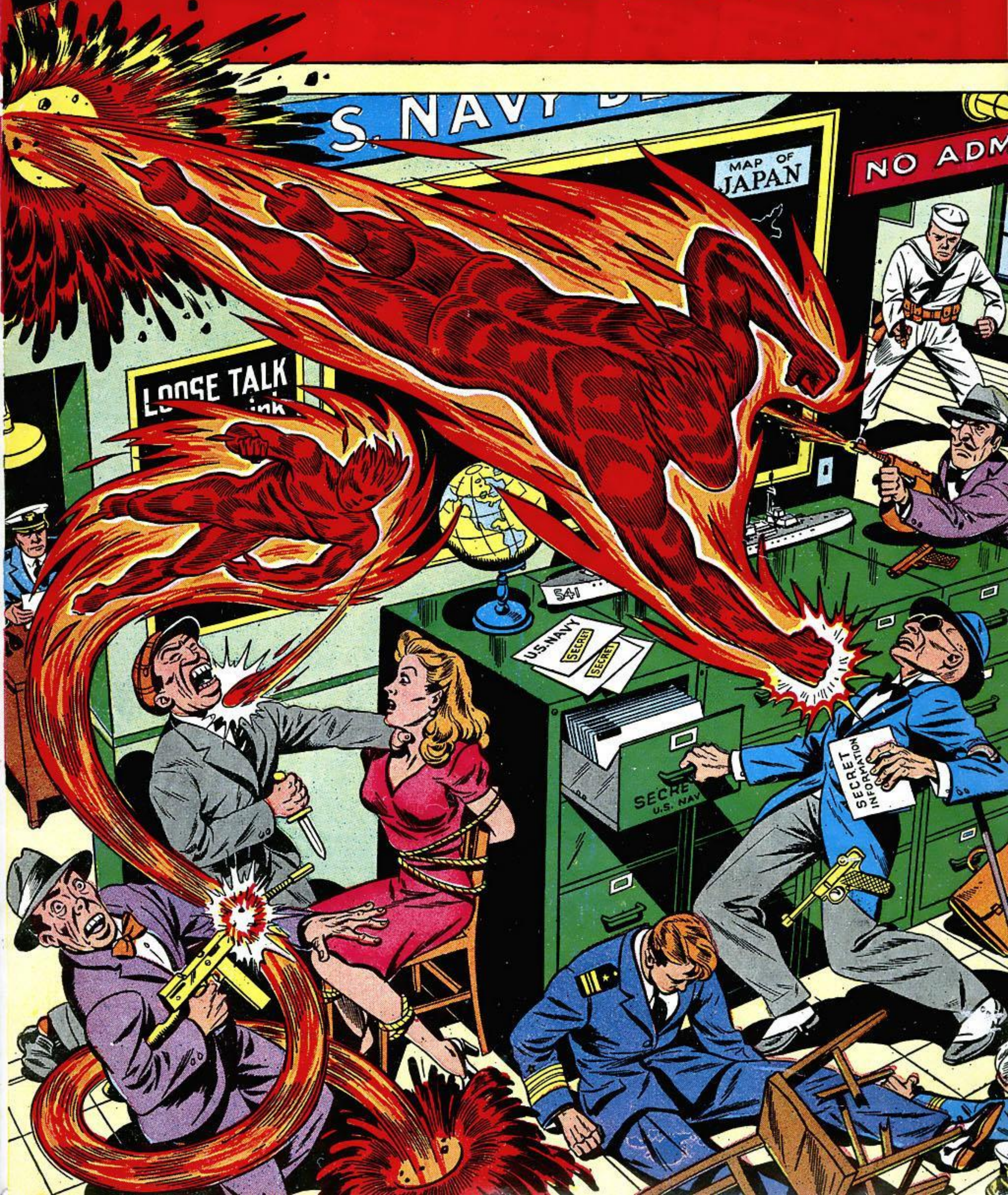
COMICS

NO. 65

JULY

MYSTERY

10



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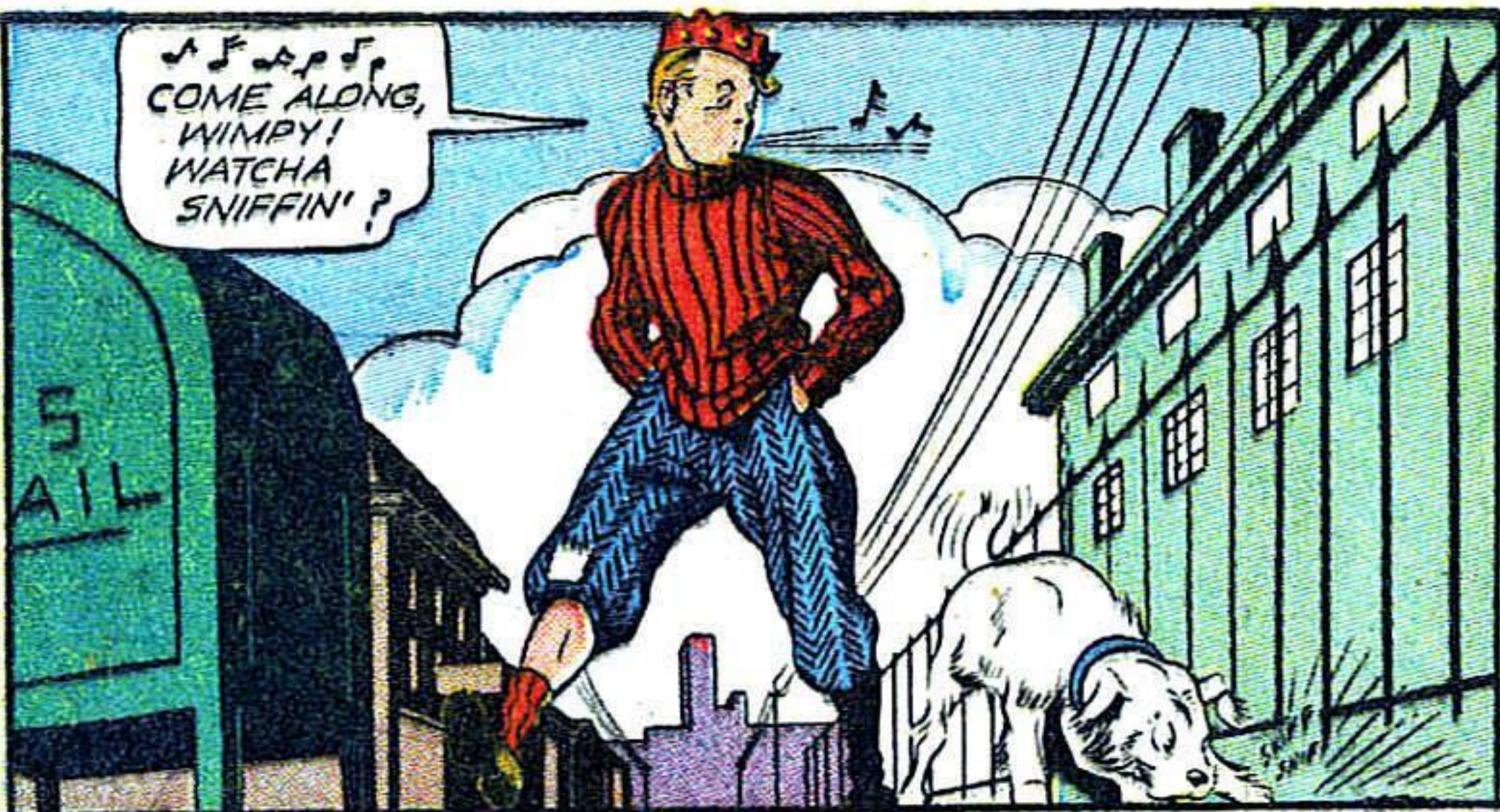
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ROBBERY, TORTURE, MURDER! AND ALL BECAUSE OF A FIFTY CENT STRING OF GLASS BEADS... ON ONE SIDE A CLEVER CRIMINAL GENIUS AND HIS BAND OF KILLERS! ON THE OTHER, TORCH AND TORO, WAGING A THRILL PACKED BATTLE FOR THE POSSESSION OF THE MYSTERIOUS AND LETHAL BAUBLES... IN THE... CASE OF THE
"WORTHLESS BEADS"

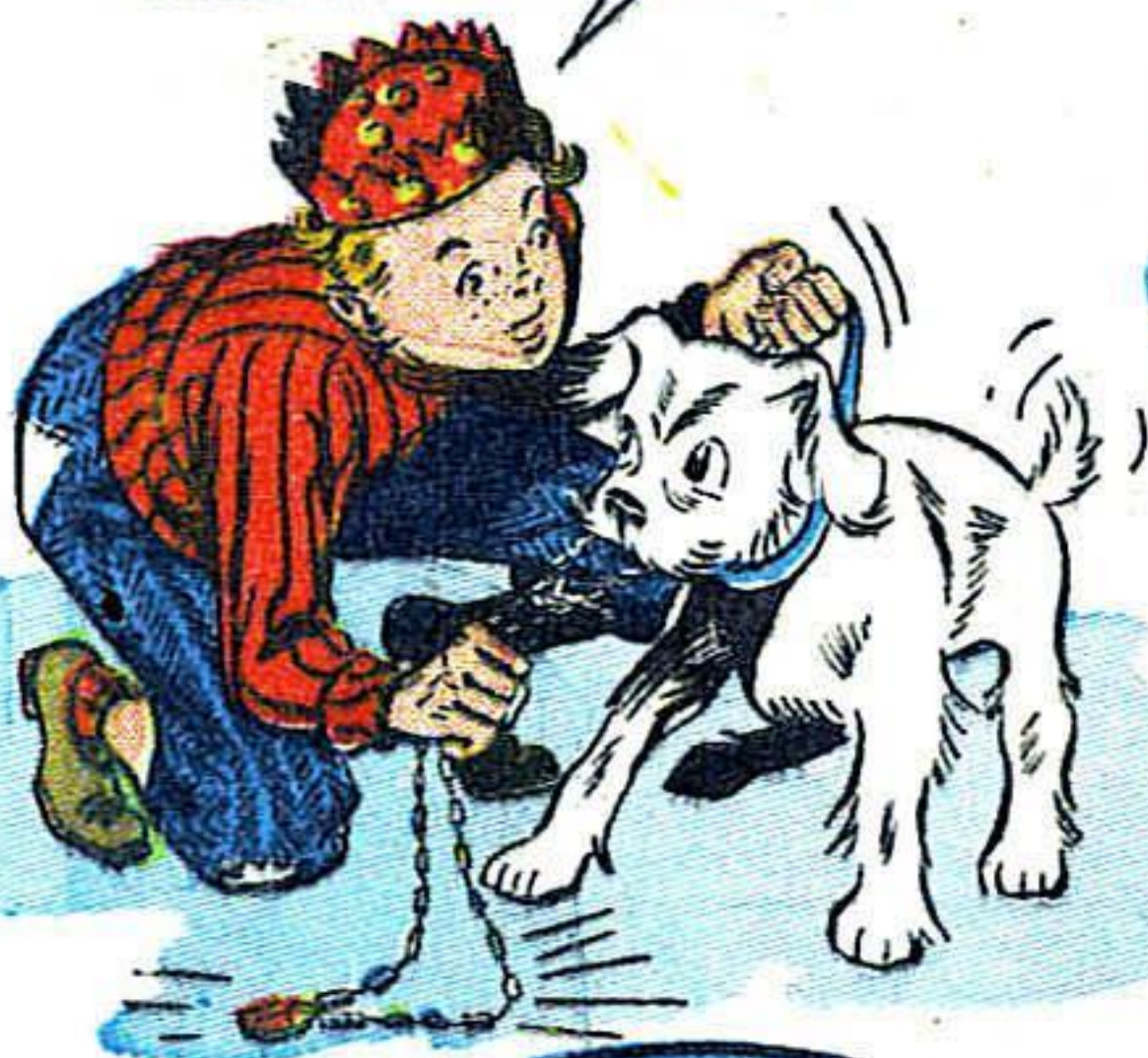
OUR STORY
OPENS ON AN
AUTUMN
AFTERNOON,
WITH A
TEN YEAR
OLD LAD
AND HIS
DOG ON
THEIR WAY
HOME
AFTER A
ROMP IN
CENTRAL
PARK...

COME ALONG,
WIMPY!
WATCHA
SNIFFIN'?



THE BOY TURNS BACK TO FIND HIS
DOG WORRYING A STRING OF MANY
COLORED BEADS...

DROP 'EM, WIMP! YOU'LL TEAR
THE STRING! LET GO!

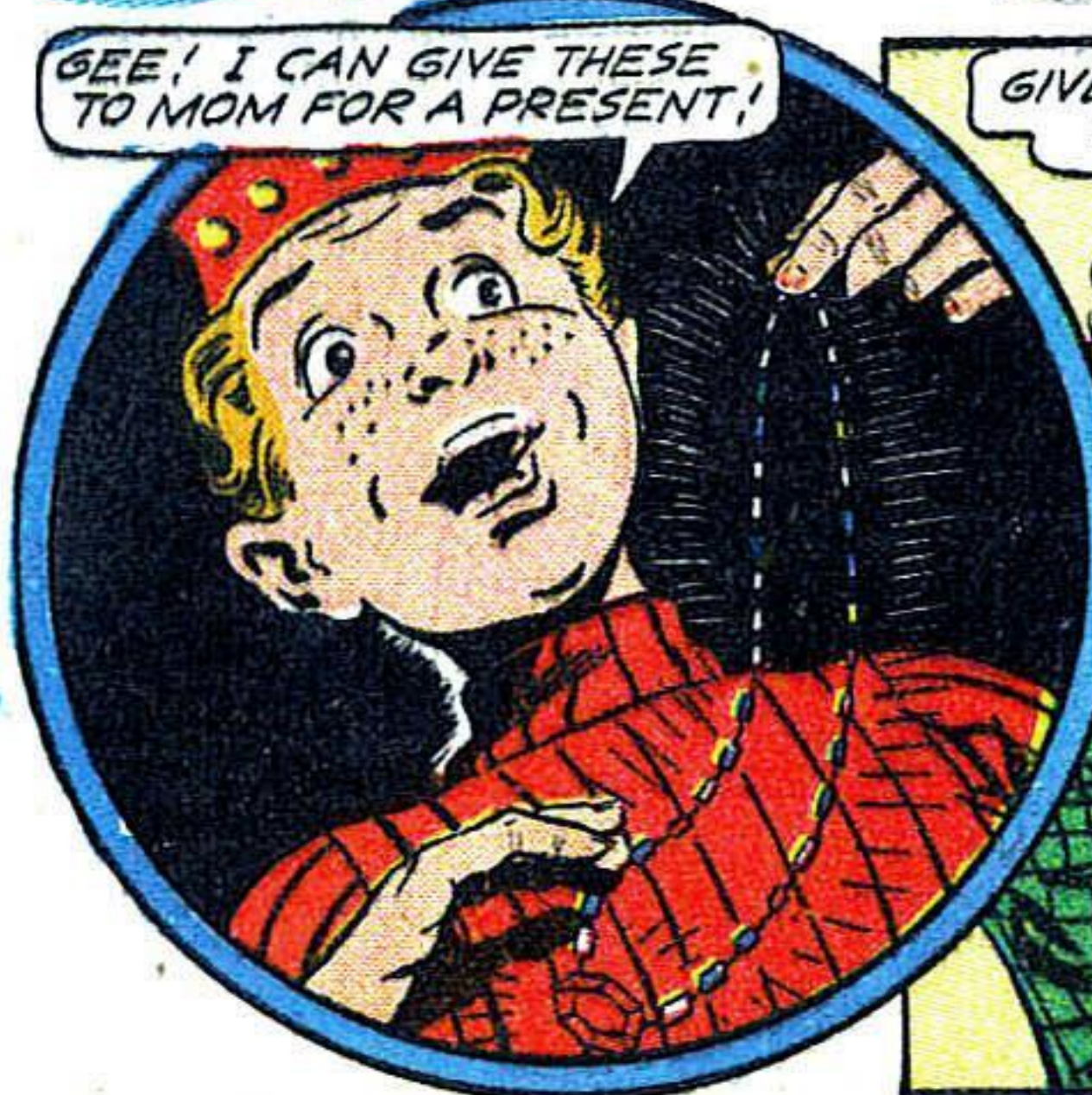


AS THE BOY STARTS AWAY IN POSSESSION
OF THE BEADS...

HURRY,
GET THAT
BOY!



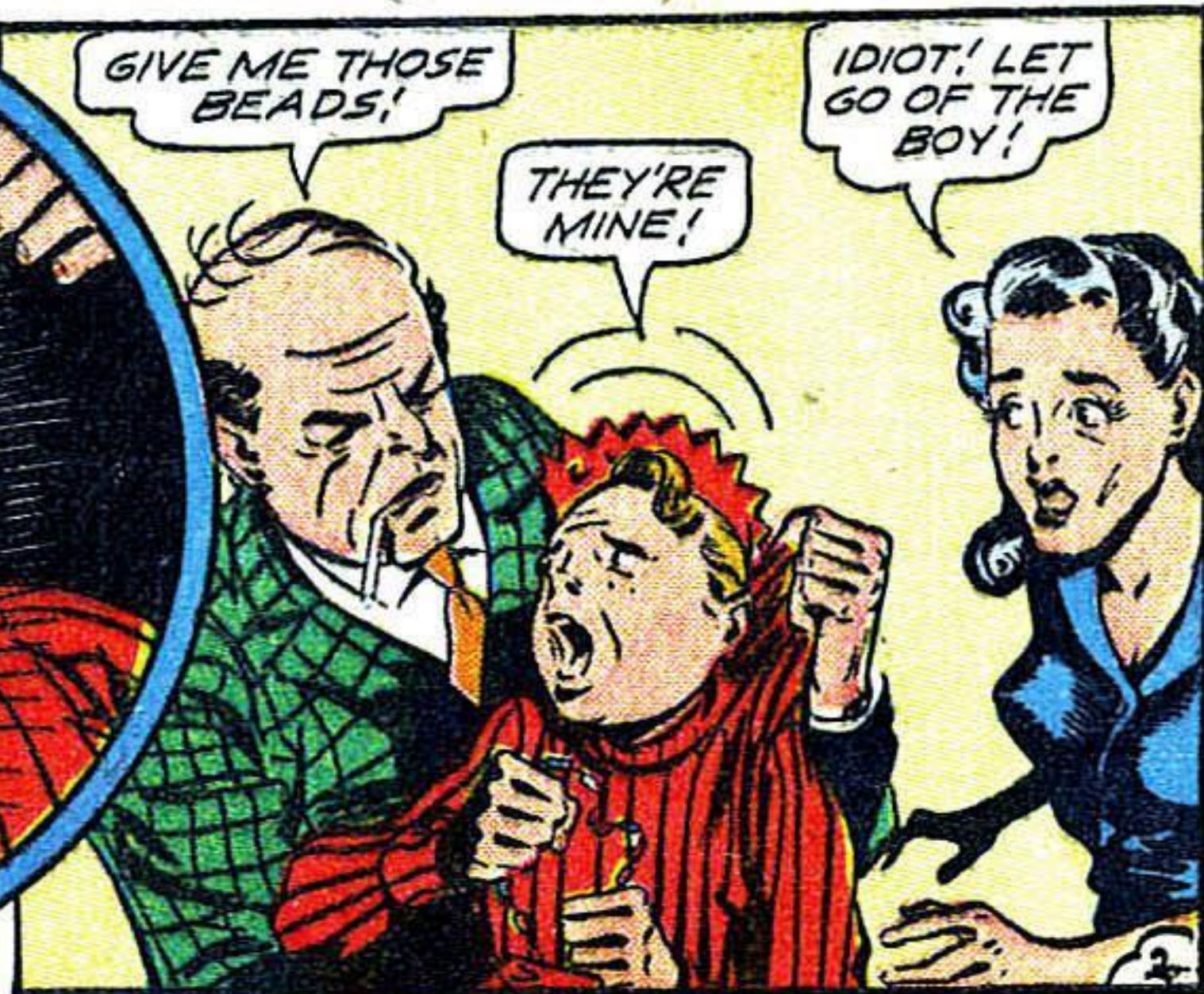
GEE! I CAN GIVE THESE
TO MOM FOR A PRESENT!



GIVE ME THOSE
BEADS!

THEY'RE
MINE!

IDIOT! LET
GO OF THE
BOY!



NOW WHAT WOULD A NICE BOY WANT WITH A STRING OF BEADS? HERE'S A NICE SHINY NEW DIME FOR THEM!

I DON'T WANT YOUR DIME, MA'AM!

AGAIN AND AGAIN THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN TRIES TO BUY THE BEADS, HER OFFER MOUNTING AND THE BOY STUBBORNLY REFUSING...

I DON'T CARE IF IT IS FIFTY DOLLARS! THEY'RE A PRESENT FOR MOM!

I GIVE UP! OKAY, TAKE IT FROM THE BRAT!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT AT THE CORNER, A FIFTH AVE. BUS HALTS FOR A TRAFFIC LIGHT! AMONG THE PASSENGERS ON THE UPPER DECK, WE MEET TORCH AND TORO, WHOSE ATTENTION IS DRAWN DOWN THE STREET BY A SHRILL CRY FOR HELP...

THREE GROWN UPS AGAINST ONE LONE BOY! LET'S GET THEM, KID!

LOOK AT THAT YELLOW WORM KICKING THAT DOG!

THE WOMAN FIRST TO SPOT THE FLAMING PAIR SHRIEKS AN ALARM...

TORCH AND TORO! HURRY, SNATCH THE BEADS!

AFTER HER, TORO! I'LL SINGE THESE TWO BIG BAD MEN INTO SUBMISSION!

WHILE TORCH BINDS THE TWO ATTACKERS IN A WHIRL OF FLAME....

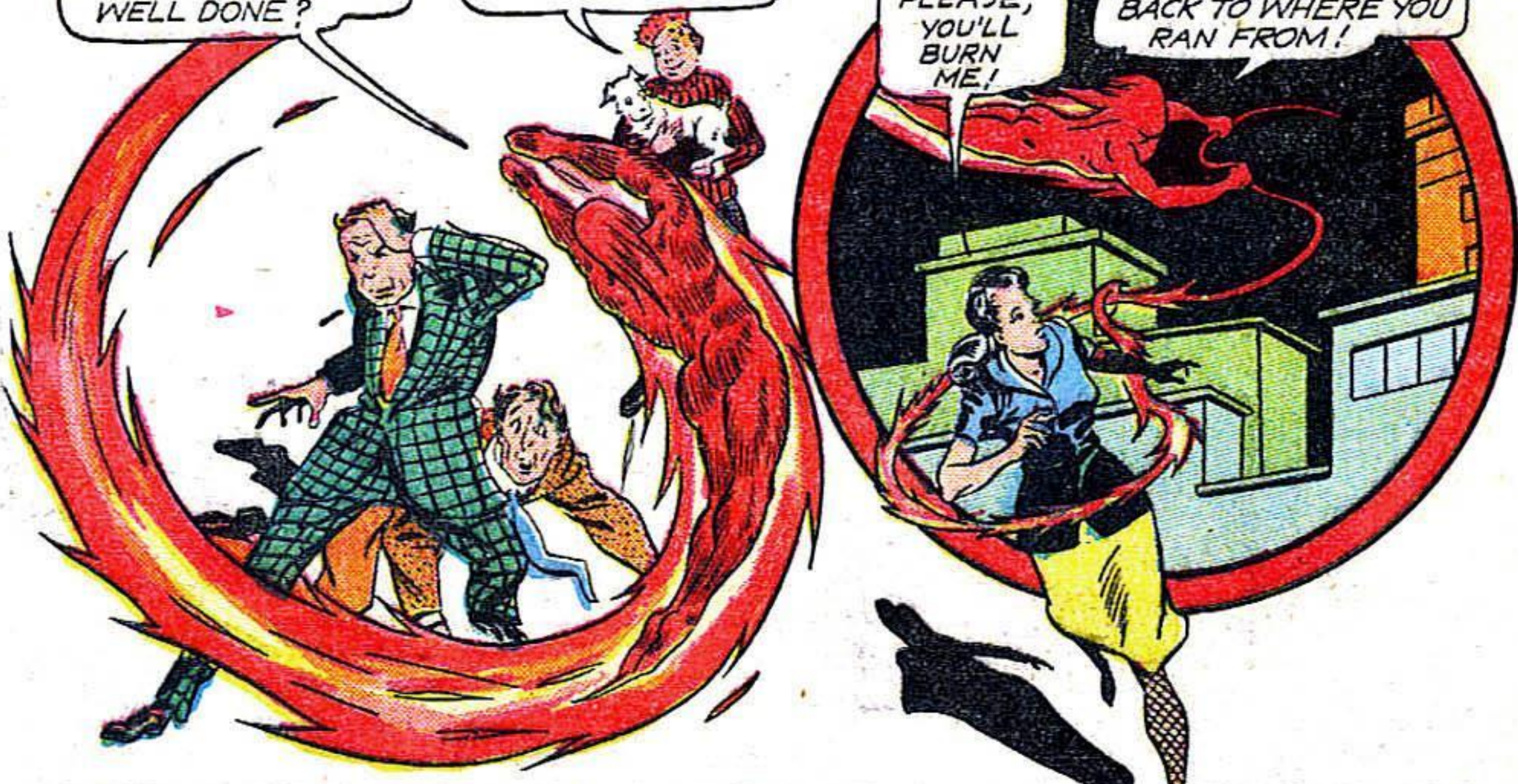
...TORO SNARES THE FLEEING WOMAN WITH HIS FIRE LARIAT...

HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR SNAKES, BOY, MEDIUM, RARE OR WELL DONE?

GOSH! IMAGINE BEING SAVED BY THE TORCH???

STOP IT... PLEASE, YOU'LL BURN ME!

NOT QUITE! BUT I WILL IF YOU DON'T HUSTLE BACK TO WHERE YOU RAN FROM!



AFTER HEARING BOTH SIDES OF THE STORY, TORCH IS PUZZLED...

WHEW! FIFTY BUCKS FOR THESE! YOU MUST WANT THEM BADLY!

I NEVER WOULD HAVE OFFERED THAT RIDICULOUS PRICE HAD I EXAMINED THEM!



WE WERE OUT FOR A STROLL AND SAW THE BOY PICK UP THE BEADS! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO DETAIN US!

OUT FOR A STROLL, EH? WITHOUT HATS OR COATS? SHE'S LYING, BUT WHY?

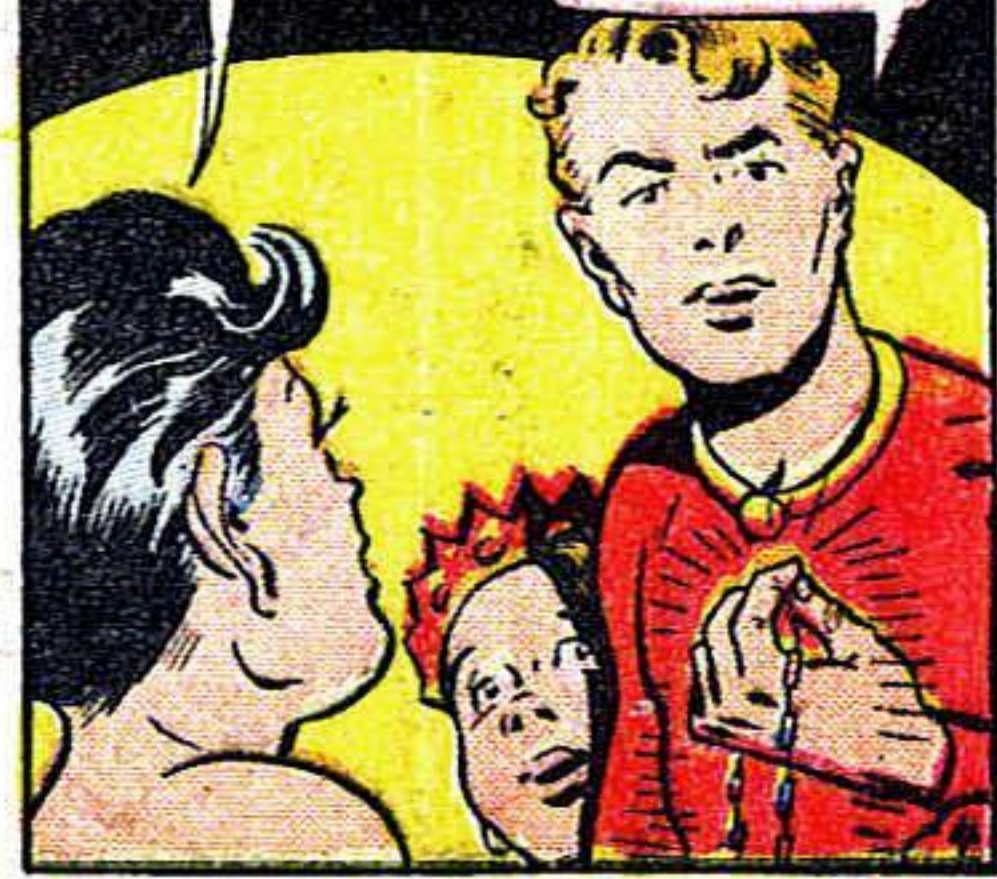
SHE DIDN'T TELL THE TRUTH, TORCH!

ALL RIGHT! YOU MAY GO!



I DON'T GET IT! YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING SCREWY AND YOU LET THEM GO!

FOR THE TIME BEING, TORO! BESIDES THEY DIDN'T GET THE BEADS THEY WANTED SO BADLY!



DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE THESE 'FIVE AND TEN' GLASS BEADS APPRAISED!

I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE! NOT AFTER WHAT THOSE THREE DID TO GET IT FROM THE BOY!

IN THE JEWELRY SHOP, AN EXPERT EXAMINES THE BEADS!

ARE YOU SURE THEY'RE WORTHLESS?

I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR PRACTICAL JOKES, SIR!

A BLIND MAN COULD SEE THEY ARE WORTHLESS!

GOSH! CAN'T UNDERSTAND TORCH? HOPE HE'S NOT LOSING HIS GRIP!

TORCH PONDERING DEEPLY, IS BROUGHT BACK BY A WORRIED TORO AS THEY REACH THE BOY'S HOME ---

THANKS, TORCH! MOM SURE WILL BE THRILLED WITH THESE!

TORCH! THE KID IS TALKING TO YOU!

HUH--- WHAT? OH! SO LONG!

MEANWHILE ---

O.K.! THEY'RE GONE!

WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE BOSS!

INSIDE THE GREAT STONE MANSION ON THE STREET WHERE THE BEADS WERE FOUND!

WHAT HAPPEND TO HIM?

DEAD! HIS HEART COULDN'T STAND THE TORTURE, BUT NEVER MIND HIM! DID YOU GET THE BEADS??

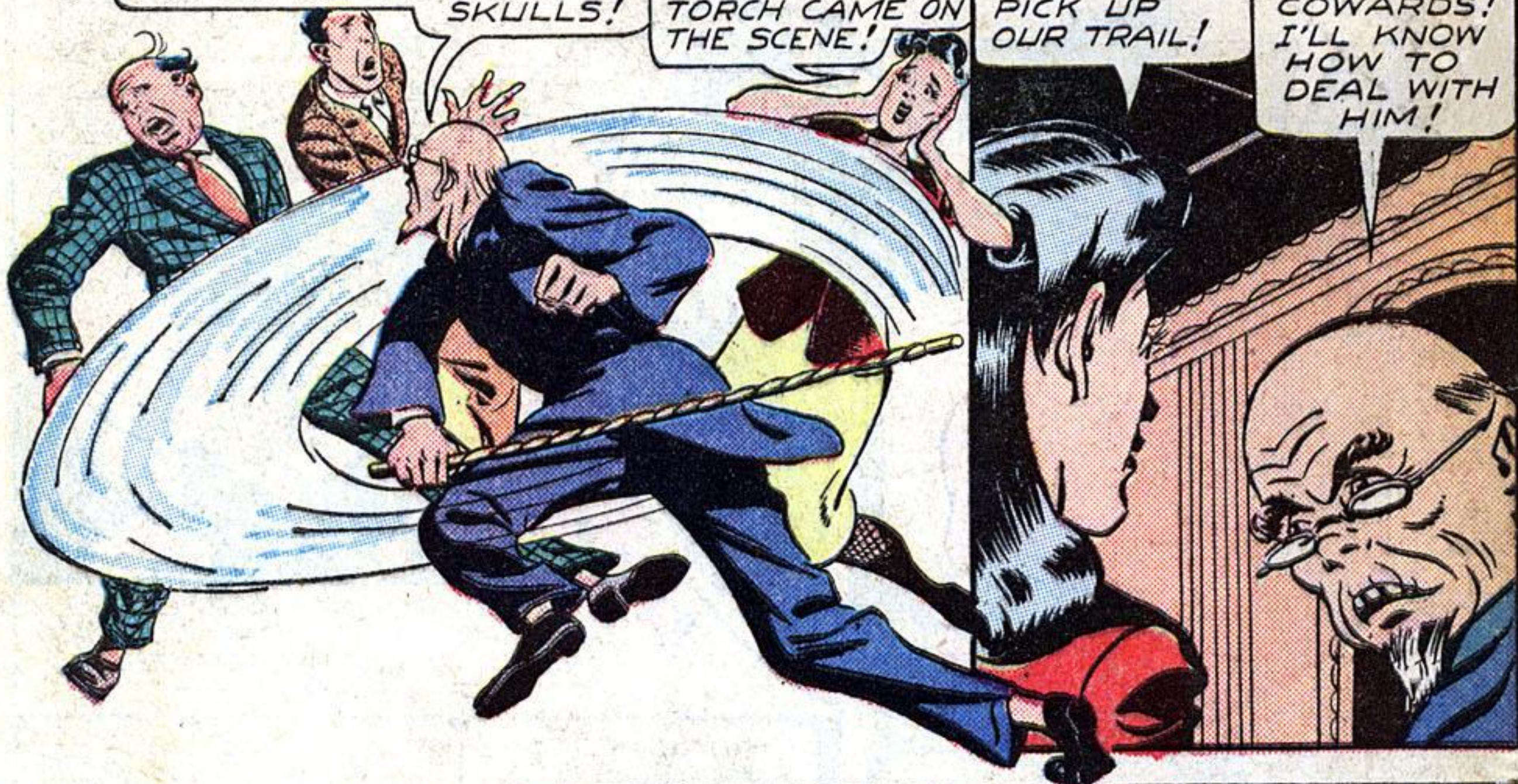
THE OLD MAN IS INFURIATED AT LEARNING OF THE FAILURE!

BLITHERING NUMB SKULLS! I'LL SMASH YOUR STUPID SKULLS!

WE COULDN'T HELP IT IF THE TORCH CAME ON THE SCENE!

WE'D BETTER HIDE OUT FOR A WHILE! I FEEL THE TORCH WILL PICK UP OUR TRAIL!

LET HIM COME! I'M NOT AFRAID LIKE YOU QUAKING COWARDS! I'LL KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH HIM!



BUT-- BUT-- HOW ARE WE GOING TO FIND THE BOY!

BLUNDERING IDIOTS! HE WAS HEADING FOR THE POORER SECTION NEAR THE EAST RIVER! DON'T COME BACK UNTIL YOU'VE LOCATED HIM!

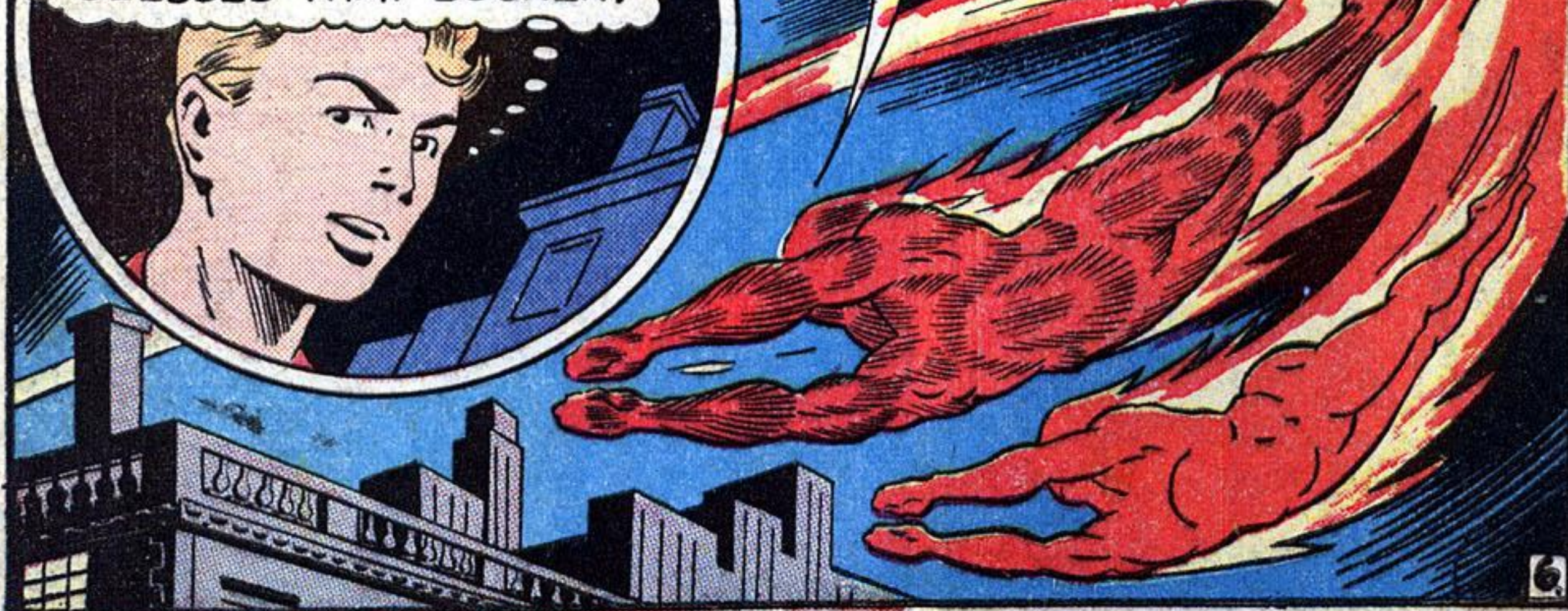


BACK TO THE STILL PONDERING TORCH, AFTER ESCORTING THE BOY WITH THE BEADS TO HIS HOME!

WITH A COMMAND TO TORO TO FOLLOW, TORCH ARCHES INTO FLIGHT!

HMN? WONDER HOW THE BEADS GOT THERE? SOMEONE COULD HAVE DROPPED THEM-- THEN AGAIN--? WAIT! OF COURSE! I SHOULD'VE GUESSED THAT SOONER!

WERE GOING TO TAKE A LOOK IN THAT STONE MANSION ON THE STREET WHERE THE KID FOUND THOSE BEADS!



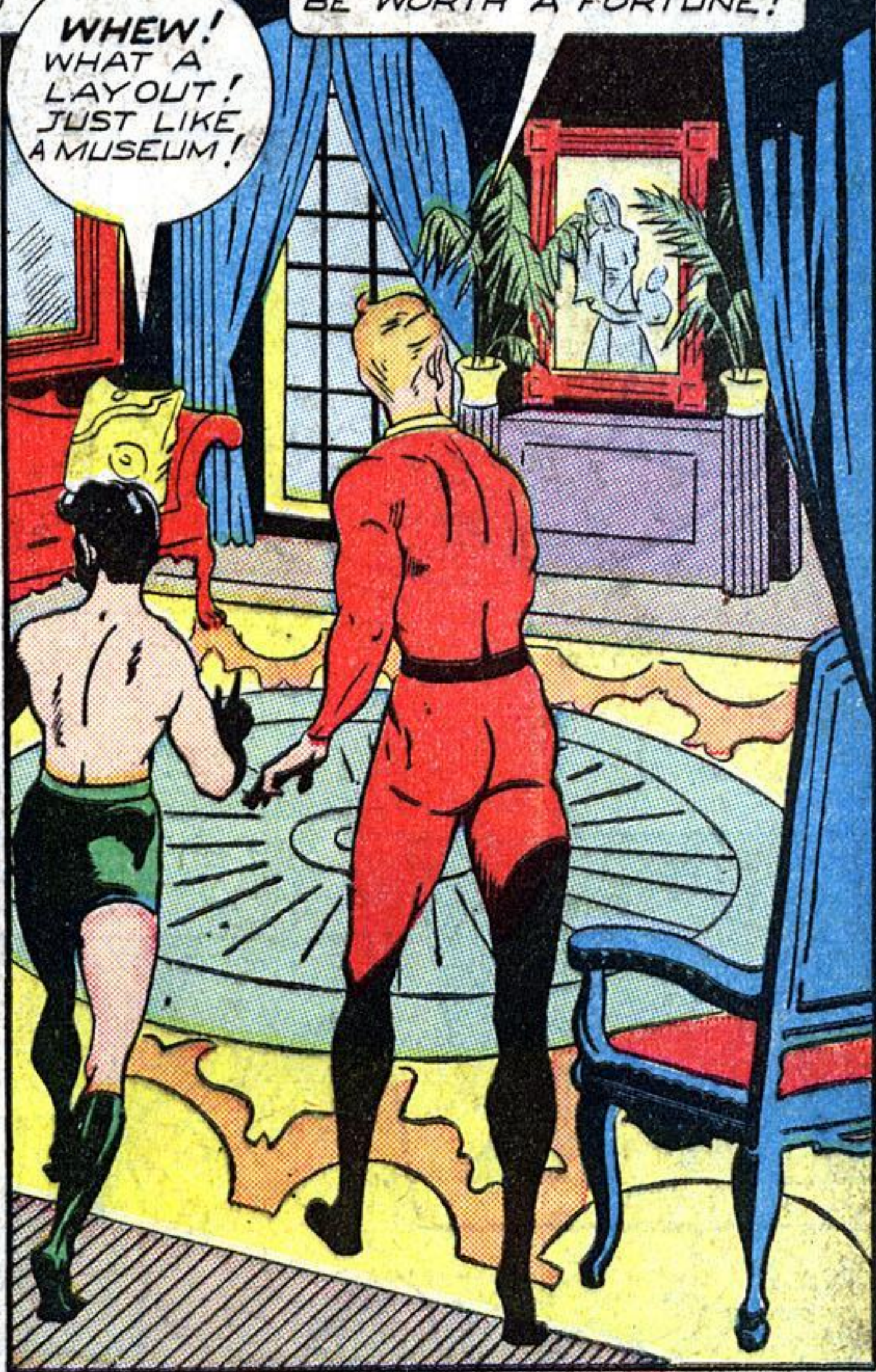
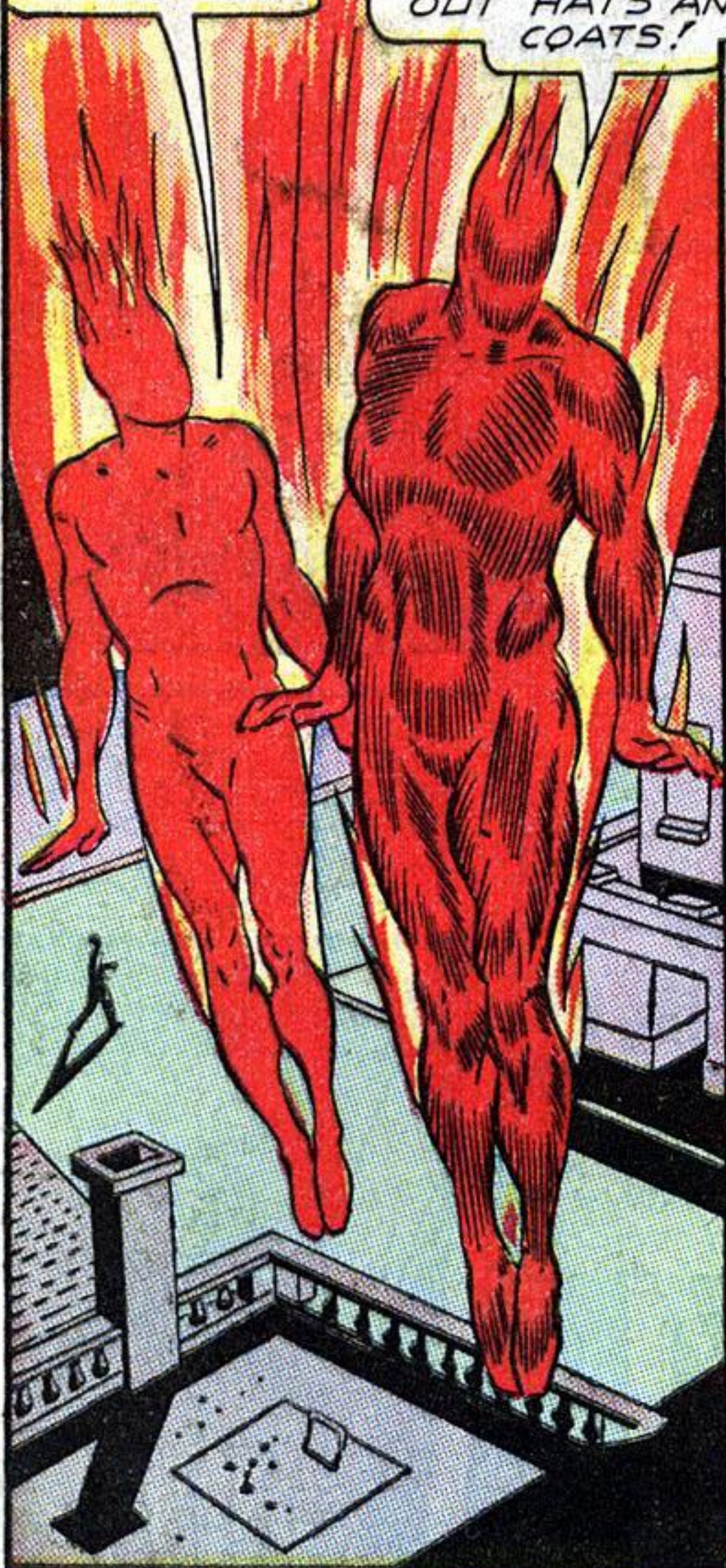
BUT HOW DO THE TWO MEN AND THE WOMAN FIT IN THE PICTURE?

THEY MUST HAVE COME FROM THE STONE MANSION BECAUSE PEOPLE DON'T TAKE STROLLS WITHOUT HATS AND COATS!

UNAWARE THAT THEY ARE BEING WATCHED, TORCH AND TORO MAKE THEIR WAY INTO THE MANSION!

WHEW!
WHAT A LAYOUT!
JUST LIKE A MUSEUM!

THIS COLLECTION MUST BE WORTH A FORTUNE!

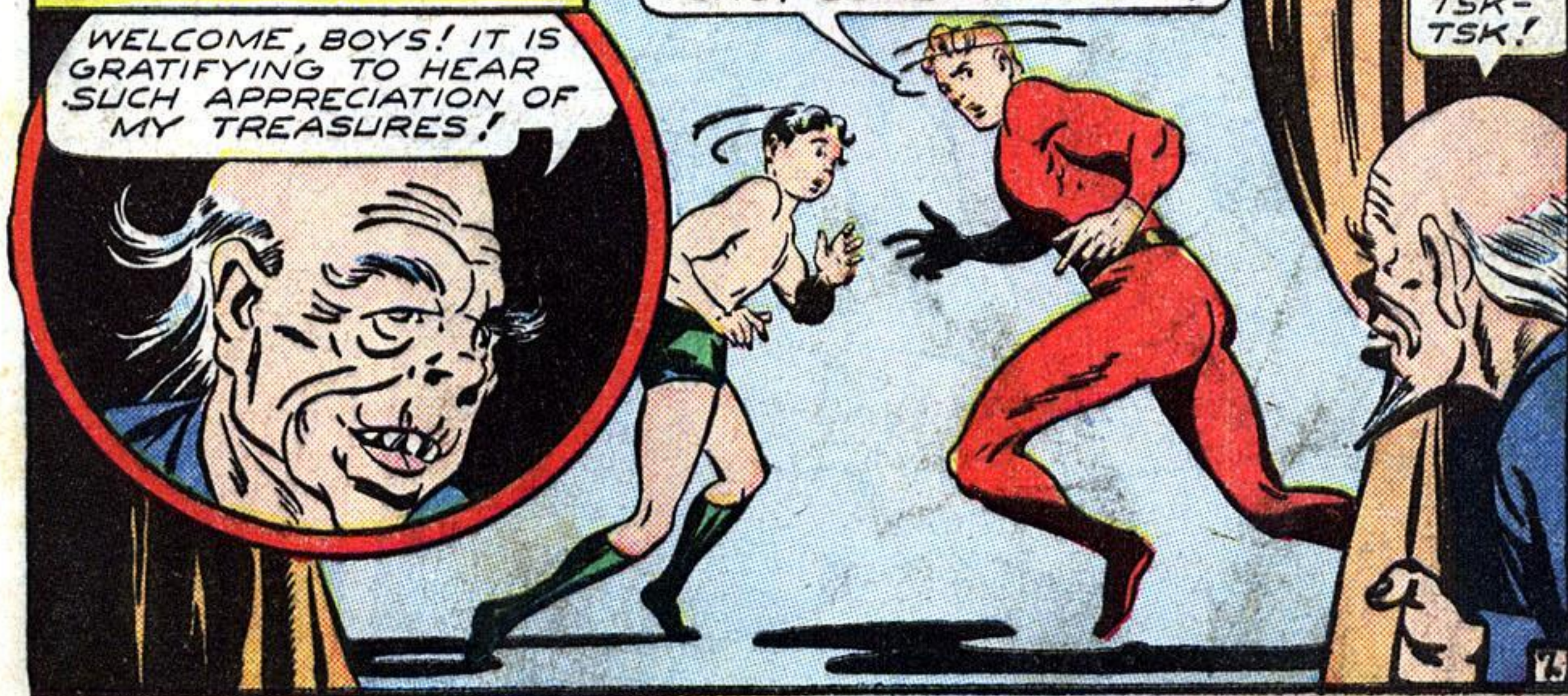


SUDDENLY THE ROOM IS BRILLIANTLY LIGHTED!

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, TORO! SOMETHING'S UP!

WELCOME, BOYS! IT IS GRATIFYING TO HEAR SUCH APPRECIATION OF MY TREASURES!

TSK-TSK!

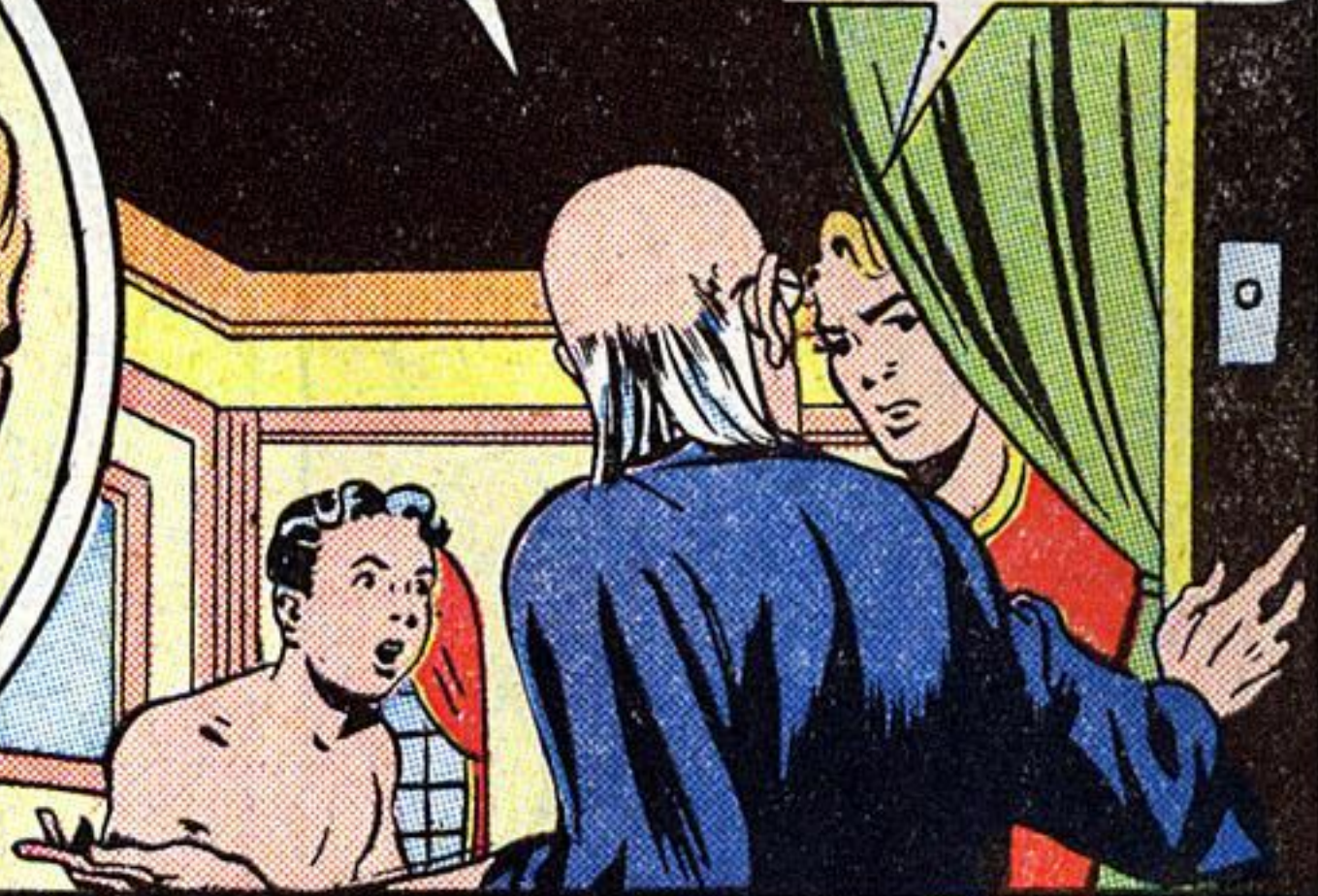
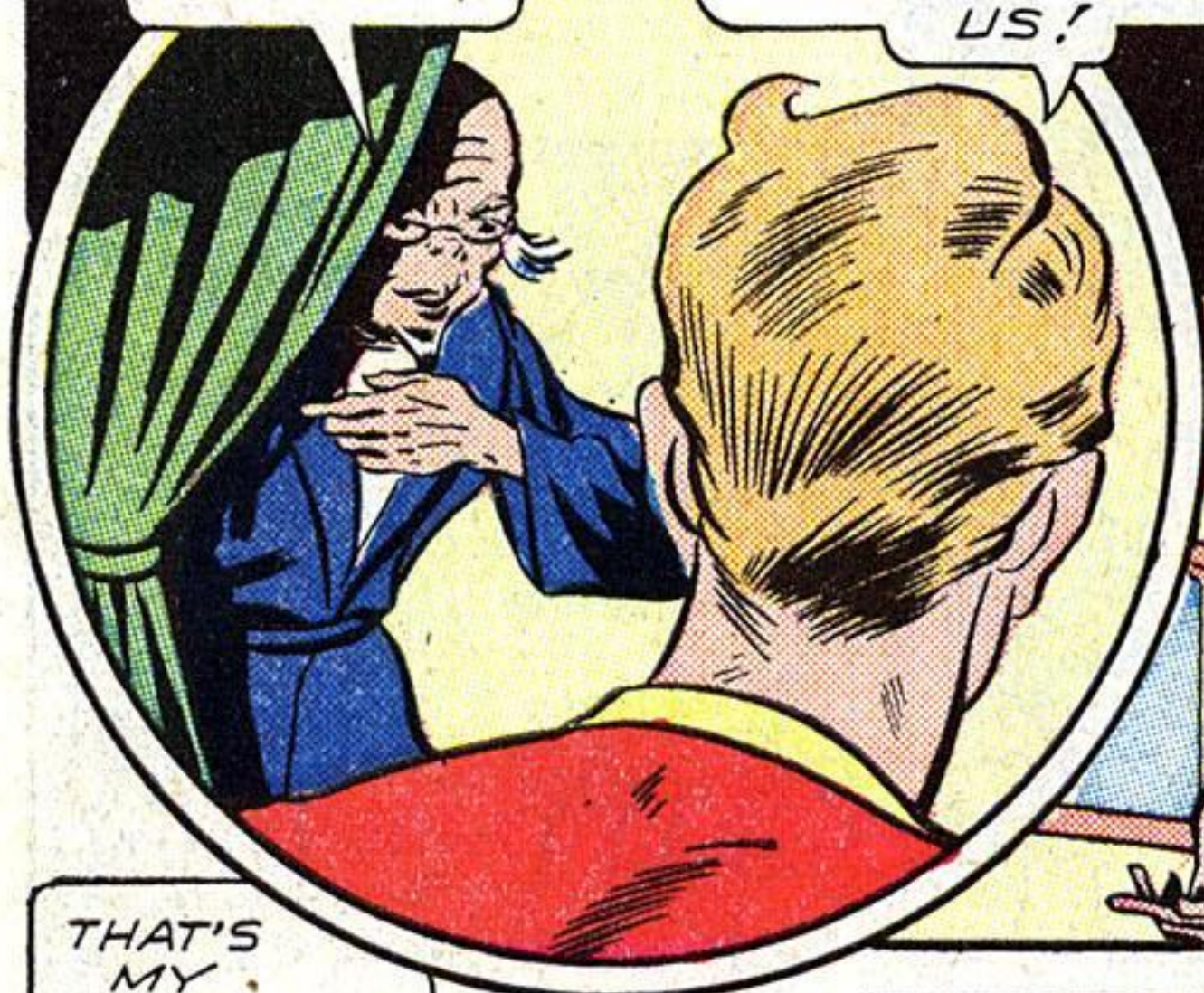


SURELY THE MIGHTY TORCH IS NOT AFRAID OF A LONE UNARMED OLD MAN!

YOUR OILY TONGUE DOESN'T FOOL ME! I'D SAY YOU WERE EXPECTING US!

I WAS! I KNEW YOU'D COME TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THE BEADS!

WHY DO YOU WANT A WORTHLESS STRING OF BEADS WITH ALL THIS PRICELESS ART?



THAT'S MY BUSINESS NOT YOURS! I WARN YOU NOT TO MEDDLE FURTHER! I WANT THE BEADS! I'LL PAY YOU TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE BOYS ADDRESS!

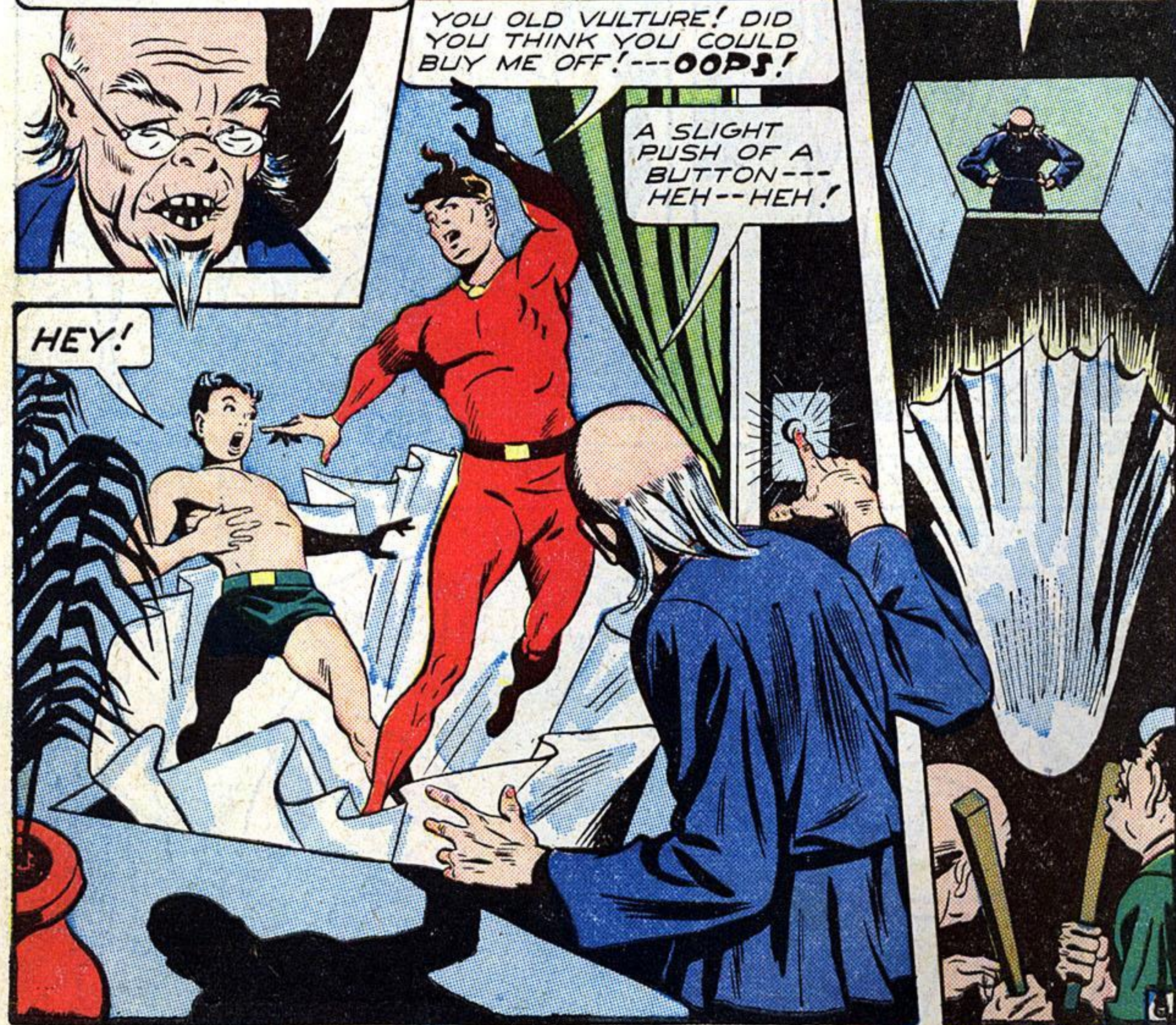
INCENSED AT THE BRIBE, TORCH STARTS FOR THE OLD MAN. ONLY TO HAVE THE FLOOR GIVE WAY BENEATH HIM!

BEFORE YOU CAN UNTANGLE YOURSELVES FROM THE RUG, MY MEN WILL BATTER YOU INTO INSENSIBILITY!

YOU OLD VULTURE! DID YOU THINK YOU COULD BUY ME OFF! --- OOPS!

A SLIGHT PUSH OF A BUTTON --- HEH--HEH!

HEY!



SOME MINUTES LATER, TWO BATTERED FIGURES ARE PLACED IN A MASSIVE BRONZE TWIN MUMMY CASE...

WHY NOT KILL THEM WHILE THEY'RE UNCONSCIOUS?!

BECAUSE I PREFER IT THIS WAY... IT PLEASES ME TO BURY THEM ALIVE!

I AM SACRIFICING MY PRECIOUS TWIN SARCOPHAGUS OF TUT-E-KAM-EN AND NEPH-E-TI-TI! YET IT IS WELL WORTH IT TO BE RID OF TORCH AND TORO!

SUDDENLY THE TWO SEARCHERS RUSH IN...

BOSS! BOSS! WE LOCATED THE BOY'S HOUSE!

AT THAT MOMENT, A WORRIED TORCH, HIS MIGHTY FRAME WEDGED IN THE NARROW CONFINES OF THE TWIN CASE, ELATEDLY WATCHES TORO REGAIN HIS SENSES...

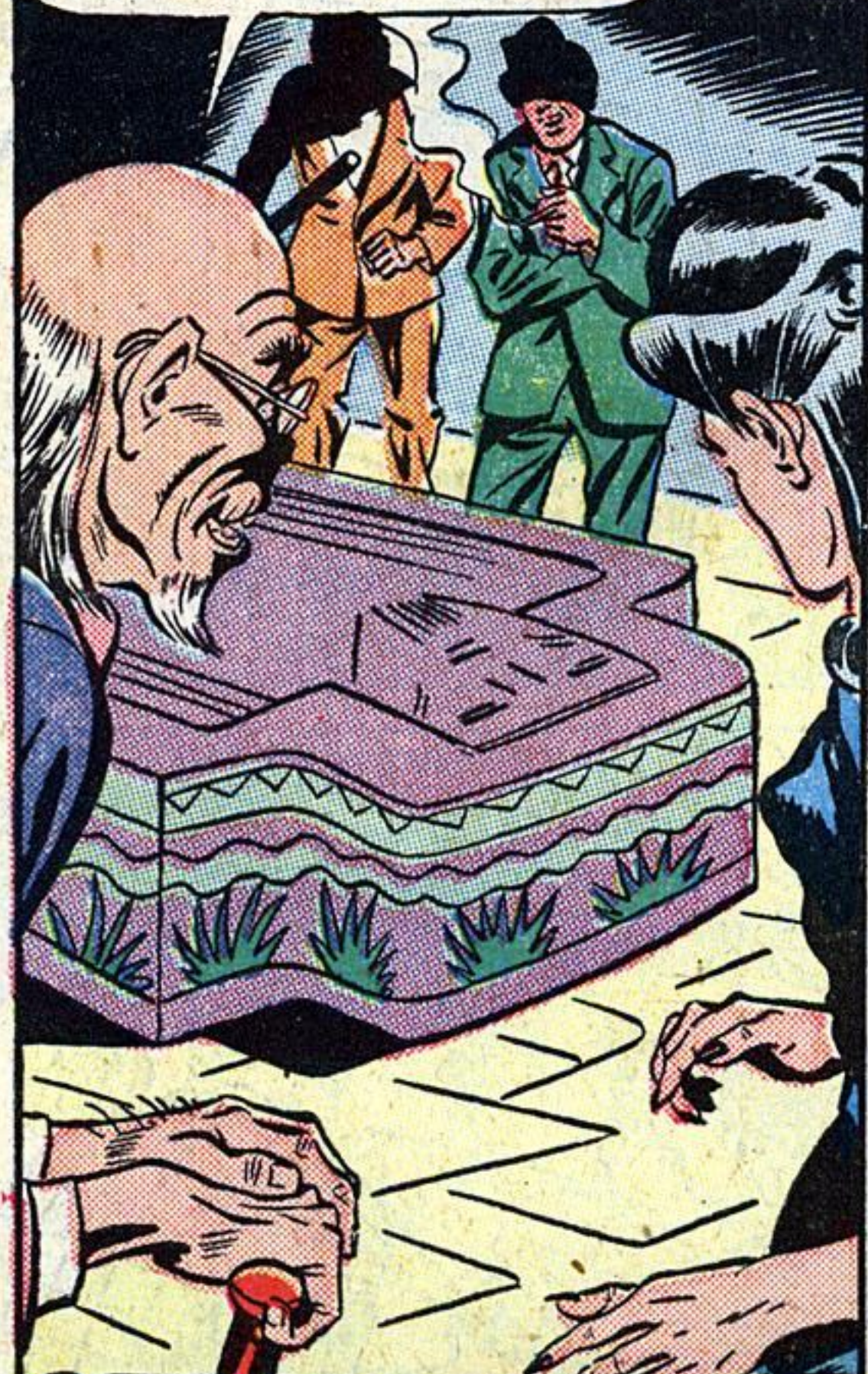
TORO? WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT IN A HURRY! THEY FOUND THE BOY'S HOUSE! FLAME ON!

BUT AFTER A FEW MINUTES OF FLAMING THE DUO REALIZE THEY HAVE FAILED...

(GROAN) THIS STUFF WON'T MELT!

THE ANSWER COMES FROM THE GLOATING OLD MAN WHO HEARS TORCH'S MUFFLED EXCLAMATION. . . .

HEH! HEH! DID YOU THINK I WAS STUPID ENOUGH TO OVER LOOK YOUR FLAMING POWER! THE CASE IS LINED WITH ASBESTOS!



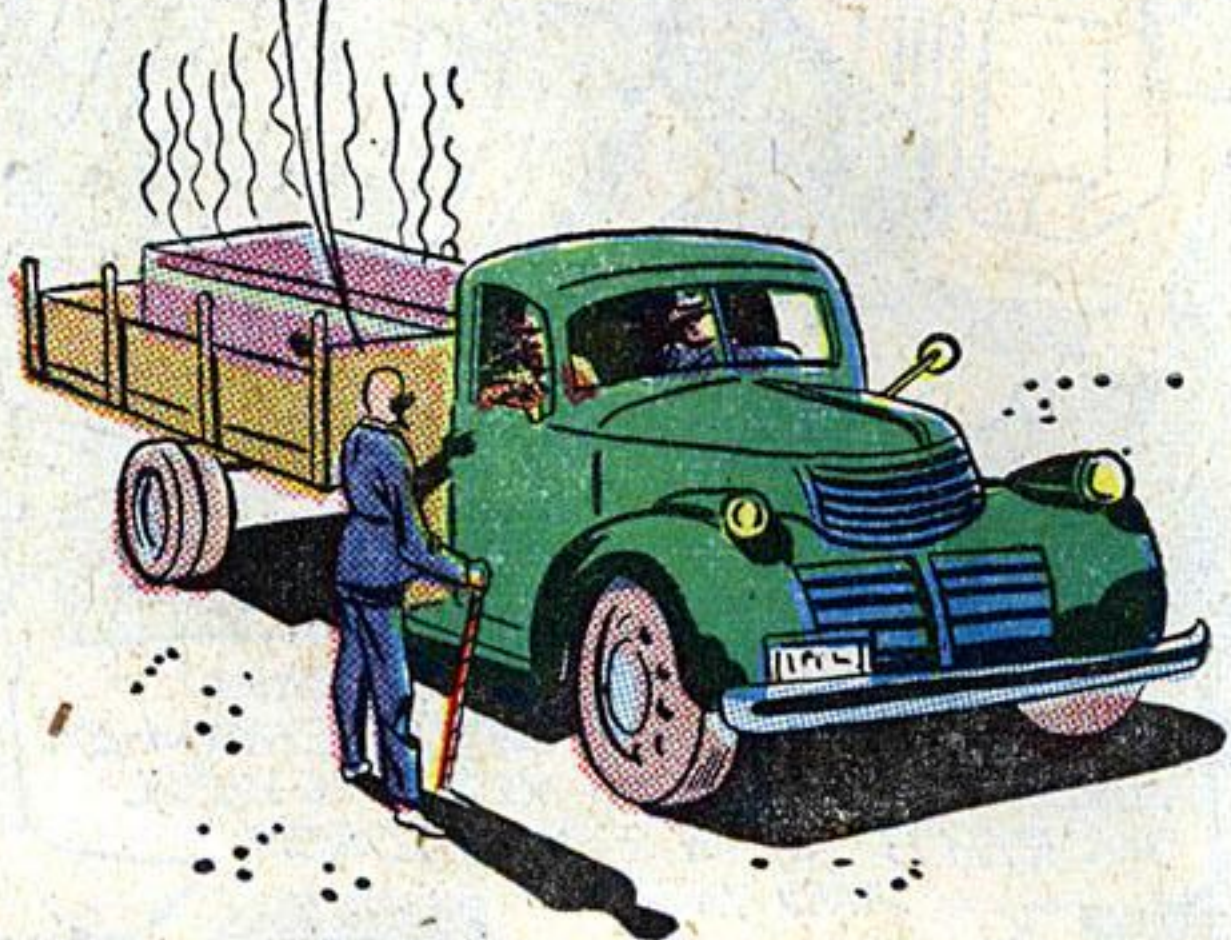
SUDDENLY, TORCH'S SEETHING MIND LEAPS TO A THOUGHT...

(GULP) THE ASBESTOS LINING IS STILL GLOWING RED HOT!



AS NIGHT FALLS THE MASSIVE TWIN CASE IS LOADED ON A TRUCK INSIDE THE GROUNDS OF THE MANSION...

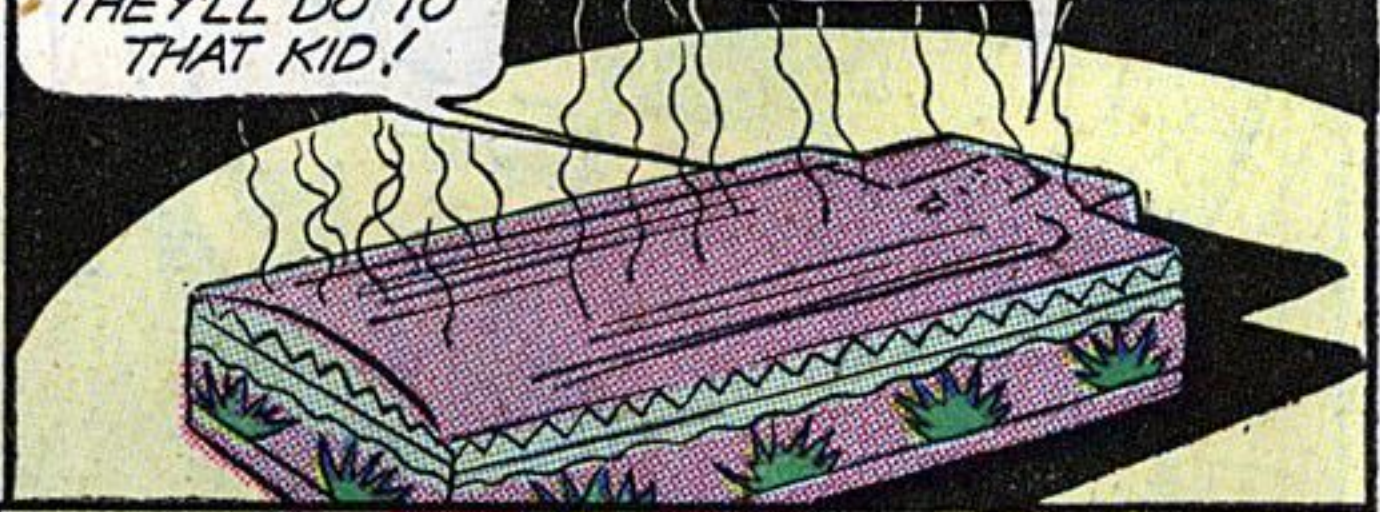
DUMP IT OFF THE DESERTED PIER! THE REST ARE OFF TO THE BOY'S HOUSE TO GET THE BEADS!



A DESPERATE TORCH RACKS HIS BRAIN AS THE LURCHING TRUCK SPEEDS TOWARD THE PIER...

(GROAN) I HATE TO THINK OF WHAT THEY'LL DO TO THAT KID!

HE'LL NEVER GIVE THEM THE BEADS!



TRIUMPHANTLY TORCH SHOUTS THE ORDER TO FLAME...

BUT WE TRIED AND THE STUFF WON'T MELT! IT'S ASBESTOS!

TRUE! IT WON'T MELT BUT IT WILL CONDUCT HEAT! AND IF WE CAN FLAME STRONG ENOUGH THE RED HOT ASBESTOS WILL MELT THE BRONZE COVERING!

WITH AN EFFORT GREATER THAN BEFORE, TORCH AND TORO LITERALLY SIZZLE IN THEIR TOMB...

KEEP IT UP, KID! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



**YE-OWW!
THE TRUCK'S
ON FIRE!**

LOOK! THOSE TWO
RATS RAN RIGHT INTO
THE ARMS OF TWO
COPS!

SWELL! SAVES
US THE TROUBLE!
TURN ON THE
SPEED AND
HEAD FOR THE
BOY'S HOUSE!

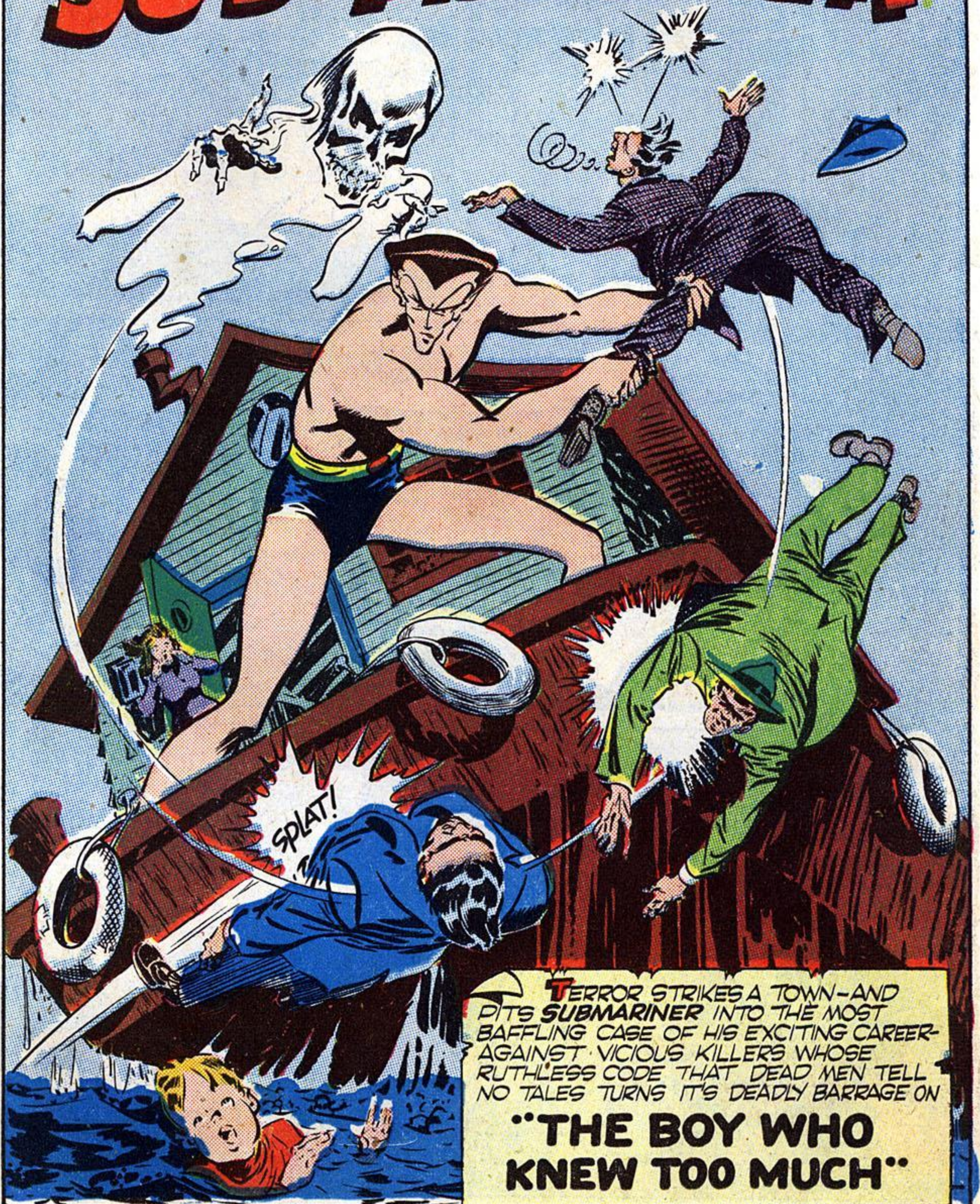
**MEANWHILE
THE
COURAGEOUS
BOY AND HIS
BATTERED,
BLEEDING
FATHER
REFUSE TO
GIVE UP THE
BEADS...**

THE
BEADS
AT
LAST!
WHA--

NOT QUITE,
YOU OLD
BUZZARD!

EE-EEK!
THE
TORCH!

SUB-MARINER



TERROR STRIKES A TOWN-AND
DITS **SUBMARINER** INTO THE MOST
BAFFLING CASE OF HIS EXCITING CAREER-
AGAINST VICIOUS KILLERS WHOSE
RUTHLESS CODE THAT DEAD MEN TELL
NO TALES TURNS IT'S DEADLY BARRAGE ON

**"THE BOY WHO
KNEW TOO MUCH"**

SUBMARINER
HAS JUST
WOUND UP A
CRIME CASE
IN UPSTATE
NEW YORK
AND IS
LEISURELY
SWIMMING
BACK TO
THE GOTHAM
METROPOLIS,
WHEN...

WEKAWEE POINT IS JUST
AROUND THAT BEND...
THINK I'LL DROP IN ON
SOME FRIENDS THERE...
HOUSEBOAT MOLLY AND
HER BOY, JIMMY... MMM,
PRETTY WINDY OUT!

AS SUBMARINER ROUNDS THE BEND...

MOLLY'S HOUSEBOAT!
IT'S LOOSED FROM
ITS ANCHOR... THAT
WIND'S BLOWING IT
STRAIGHT TO THE
REEF!

STOP
US!!
HELP!!

WITH
AMAZING
SPEED,
THE
SEA
PRINCE
RACES
THE
CAREEN-
ING
CRAFT,
AND...

GOT HER!
I'LL PUSH
HER TO
SHORE!

PRAISE BE! IT'S
SUBMARINER!

GOLLY, HELLO,
PRINCE NAMOR!

SUBMARINER MOORS THE HOUSEBOAT...

NOT THAT
ANCHORING
HER HELPS
SUBMARINER!
SHE'LL GET
LOOSE AGAIN
ANYWAY!

YES, THIS ISN'T
THE FIRST TIME!
STRANGE
THINGS
ARE
HAPPEN-
ING!!

MIGHTY
STRANGE
THINGS!

SUBMARINER,
THIS IS JACK
WILLIAMS! HE
RUNS THE
GENERAL STORE
JUST UP THE
STREET! HE
CAN TELL YOU,
TOO!

EVERYONE
ELSE
GOT
SCARED
AWAY
EXCEPT
US
THREE!

IT'S ENOUGH TO
GIVE A BODY A
STROKE! I NEAR
HAD ONE WHEN
I SAW FROM MY
WINDOW THAT
YOUR BOAT WAS
LOOSE AGAIN...
ALL MIGHTY
STRANGE!



IF THINGS KEEP ON LIKE THIS, I'M 'FRAID I CAN'T STAY MUCH LONGER!

NO ONE'S GOING TO DRIVE ME OUT...BUT I DO WISH JIMMY'D GO TO HIS AUNT UNTIL THE DANGER IS PAST!

WHAT OTHER STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN?



IT'S BEYOND DESCRIBING! YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT UNLESS YOU SAW IT YOURSELF! ...IT HAPPENS AT NIGHT!

GOLLY, MAYBE **SUBMARINER** COULD STAY TONIGHT AND SEE FOR HIMSELF!

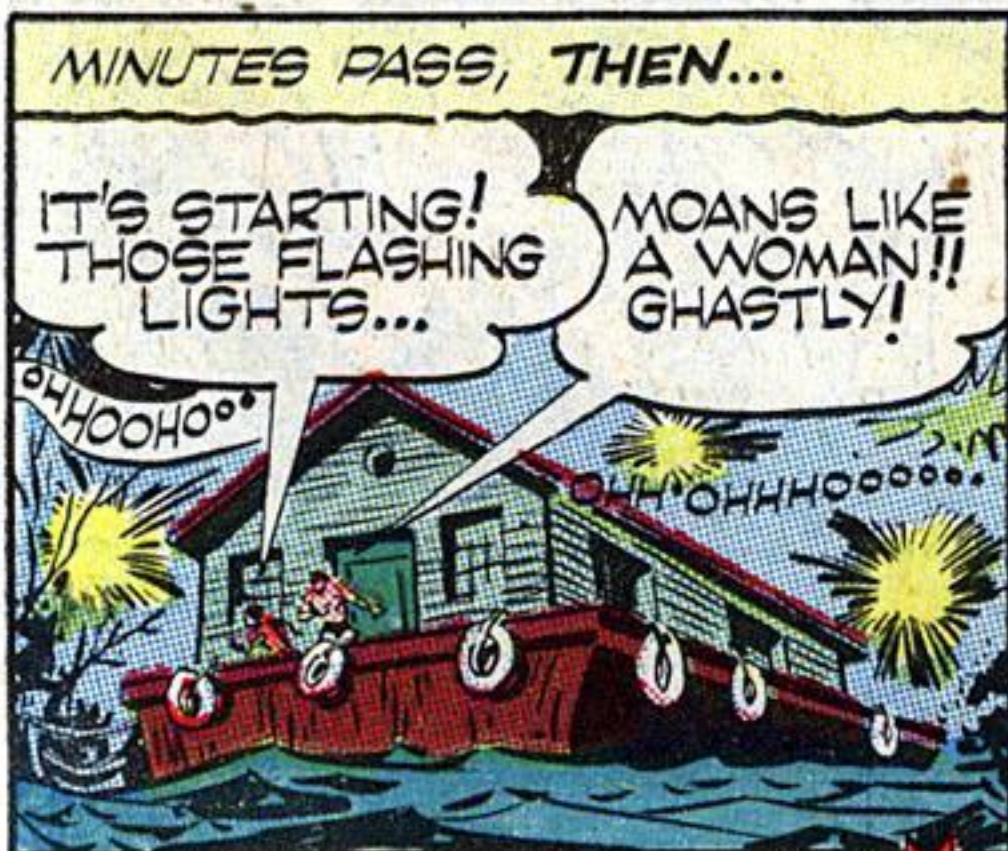
I AM GOING TO STAY!



THAT NIGHT...

ELEVEN O'CLOCK- AND SO FAR SO GOOD!

I'LL WATCH ON THE OTHER SIDE! GOSH, I'M GLAD MOM GOT ME THESE BINOCULARS FOR CHRISTMAS!



MINUTES PASS, THEN...

IT'S STARTING! THOSE FLASHING LIGHTS...

MOANS LIKE A WOMAN!! GHASTLY!



YEARS AGO A WOMAN WAS MURDERED HERE! MOST FOLKS THINK IT'S HER GHOST THAT'S.... OH, JIMMY'S CALLING!

MOM! **SUBMARINER!** COME, QUICK!



AS THE PAIR REACH AN EXCITED JIMMY...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, JIMMY?

I JUST SAW A...

JUST IN TIME SUBMARINER SEES A FLARE OF ORANGE FLAMES ...

OH!

LOOK OUT, BOY!

SPLAT

THERE THEY GO!

A LIGHTNING LEAP, AND...

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY BOYS? WE'VE GOT A LOT TO TALK ABOUT!

BUT ANOTHER MENACING FIGURE IS STEALTHILY APPROACHING, AND IN A SPLIT SECOND...

LOOK OUT!! OH!!

SOCK

AS SUBMARINER REELS UNDER THE CRUSHING BLOW...

LEGGO OF ... OHHH...

THIS CHLOROFORM SHUTS HIM UP... HE DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO BLAB... AND HE WON'T! WE'LL TAKE HIM ALONG!

SOCK!

LATER, THE SEA PRINCE AND MOLLY REVIVE....

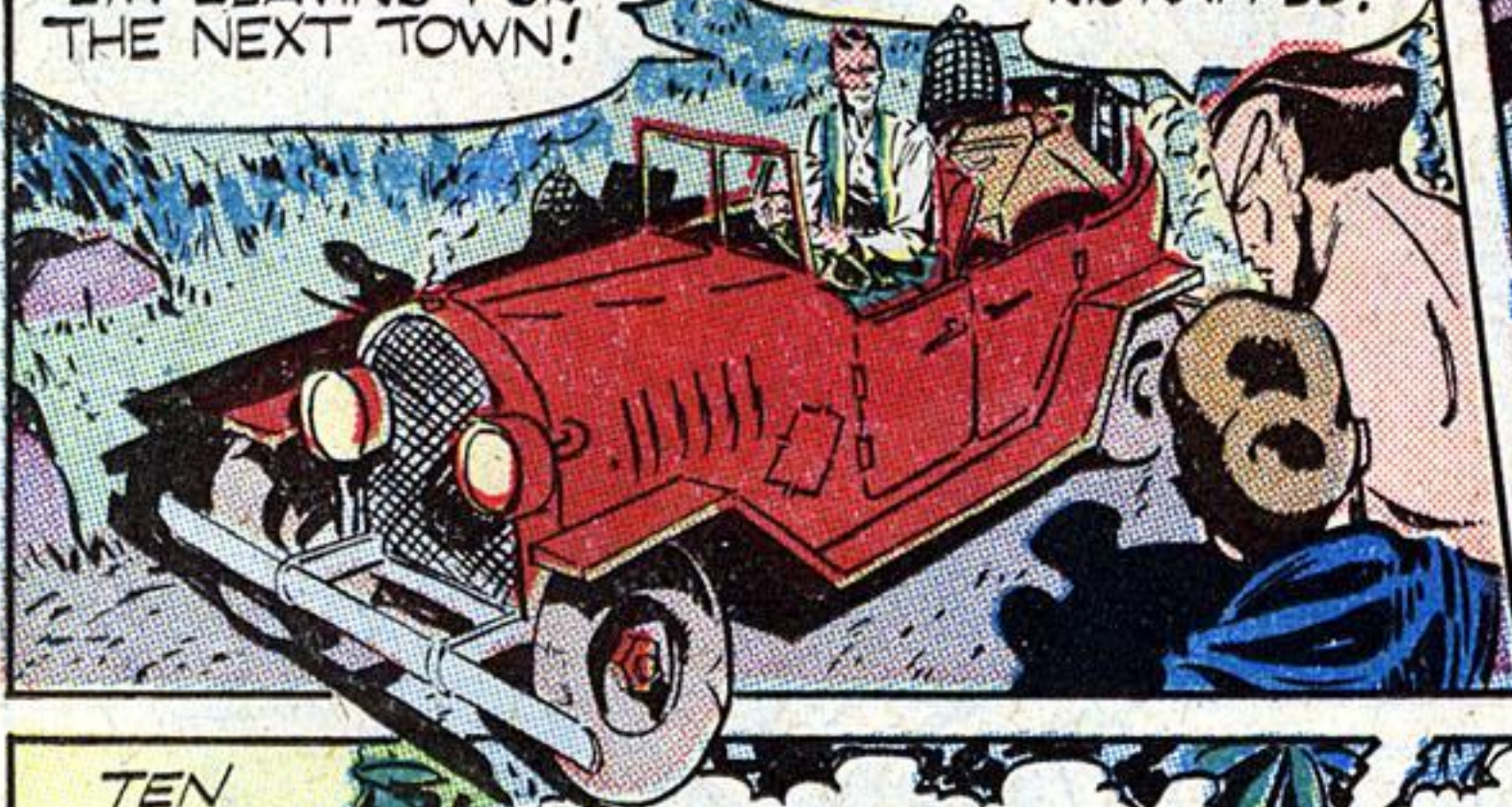
WHAT HAPPENED? ...MOLLY! MOLLY!!

ONE OF THOSE BRUTES STRUCK ME DOWN... OH! THEY MADE AWAY WITH MY BOY!

THE NEXT MINUTE, WILLIAMS DRIVES BY...

IT HAPPENED AGAIN—
THOSE CRAZY LIGHTS—
THE MOANS... I CAN'T
STAND IT ANY LONGER!
I'M LEAVING FOR
THE NEXT TOWN!

TAKE MOLLY WITH YOU!
AND NOTIFY THE
POLICE COMMISSIONER
THAT JIMMY'S BEEN
KIDNAPPED!



KIDNAPPED!
WHY
WOULD
ANYONE..?

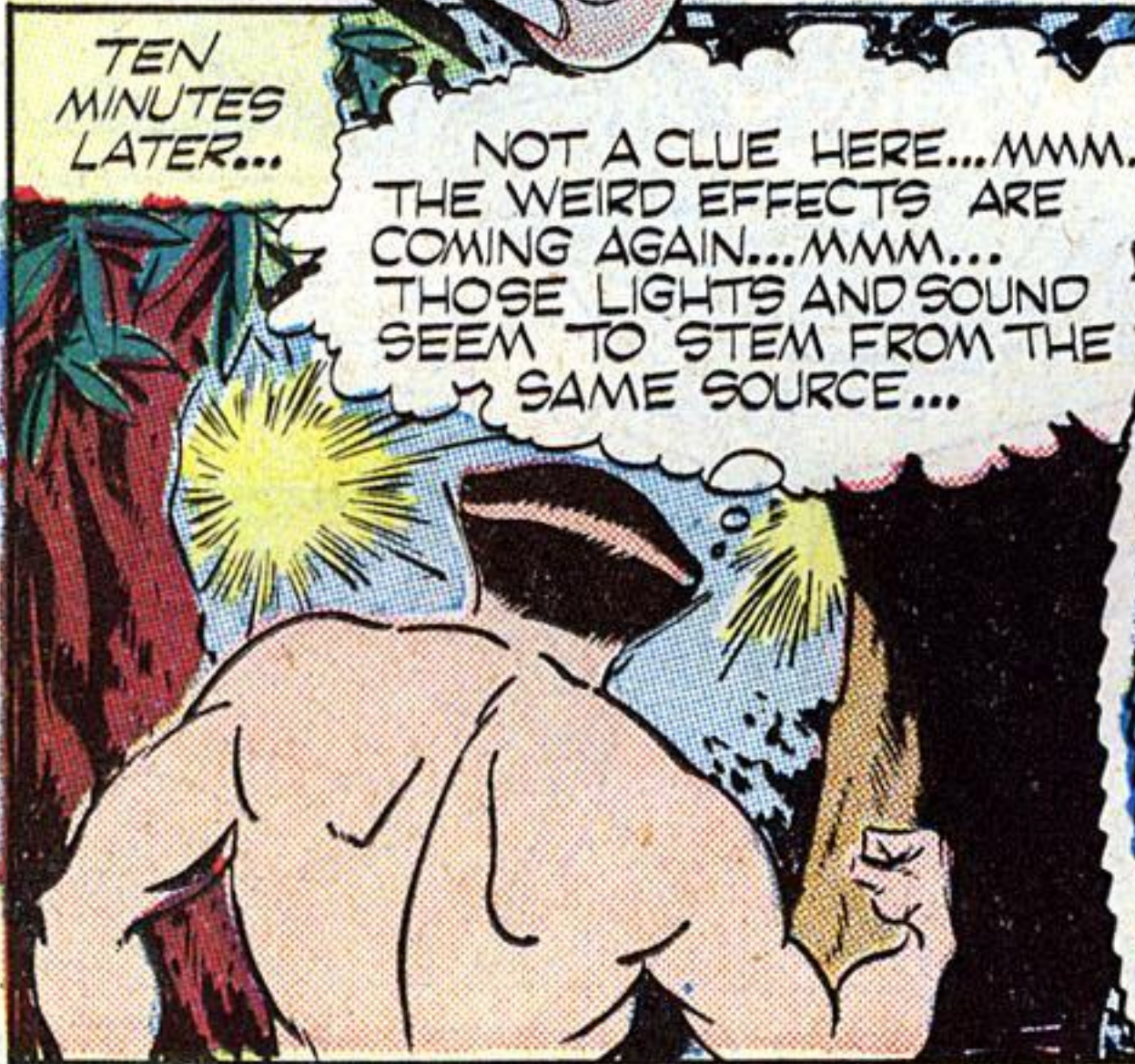
HE SAW
SOMETHING... HE
WAS ABOUT TO
TELL US... MY
POOR BOY...
PLEASE
FIND
HIM,
NAMOR...

DON'T YOU
WORRY! WE'LL
GET HIM
BACK!



TEN
MINUTES
LATER...

NOT A CLUE HERE... MMM..
THE WEIRD EFFECTS ARE
COMING AGAIN... MMM..
THOSE LIGHTS AND SOUND
SEEM TO STEM FROM THE
SAME SOURCE...



...AND IT SEEMS PRETTY
LOGICAL THAT IF I CAN FOLLOW
THE DIRECTION FROM WHICH THEY
COME, I'LL FIND THAT SOURCE...
HMM.. THAT CRY SOUNDS A LITTLE
LOUDER HERE!



HIS KEEN SENSE OF SIGHT AND
SOUND LEADS NAMOR TO A
WOODLAND, AND **FINALLY...**

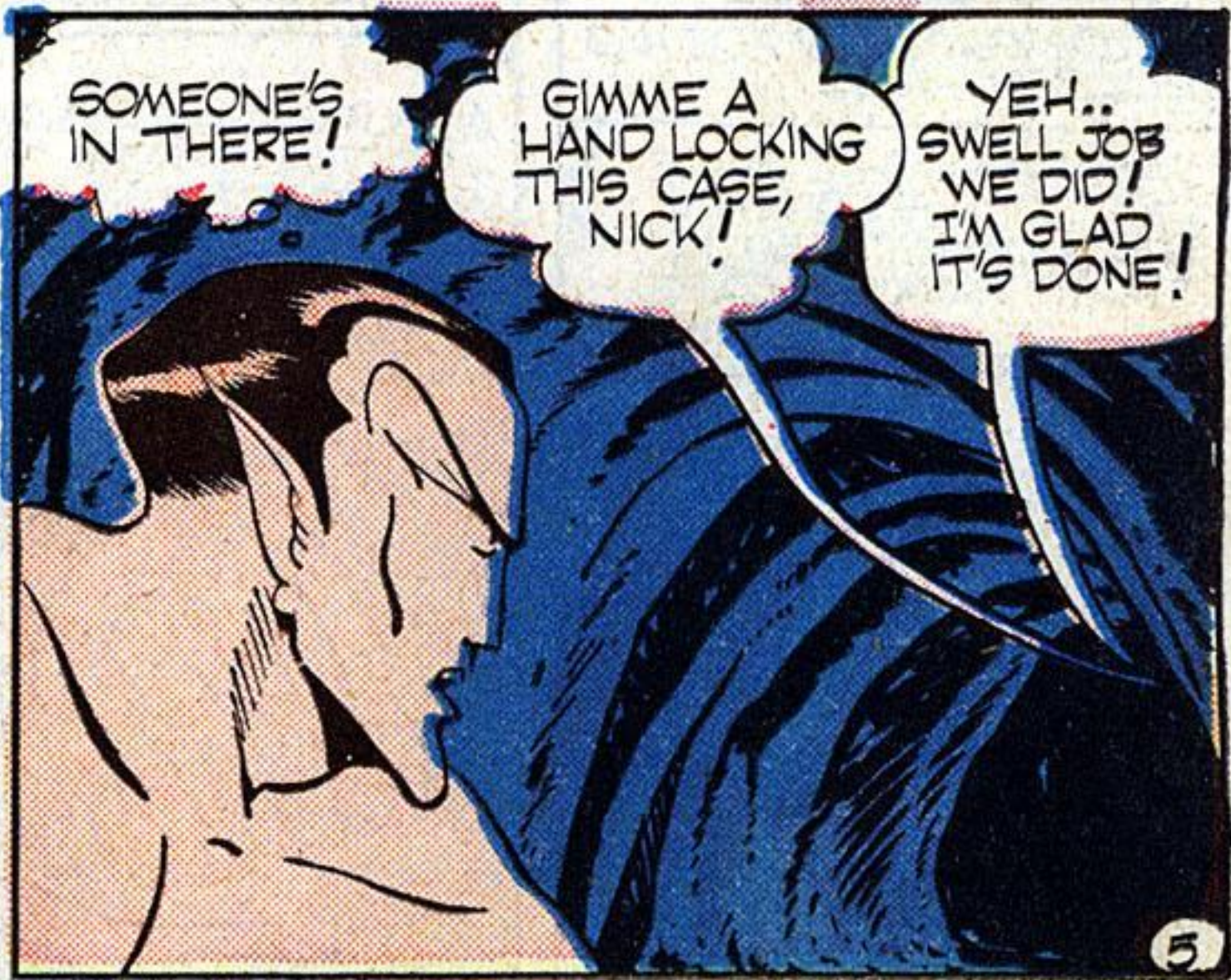
THAT WEIRD BUSINESS HAS
STOPPED... BUT IT CAME FROM
SOMEPLACE AROUND HERE.....
NOTHING BUT A CAVE...

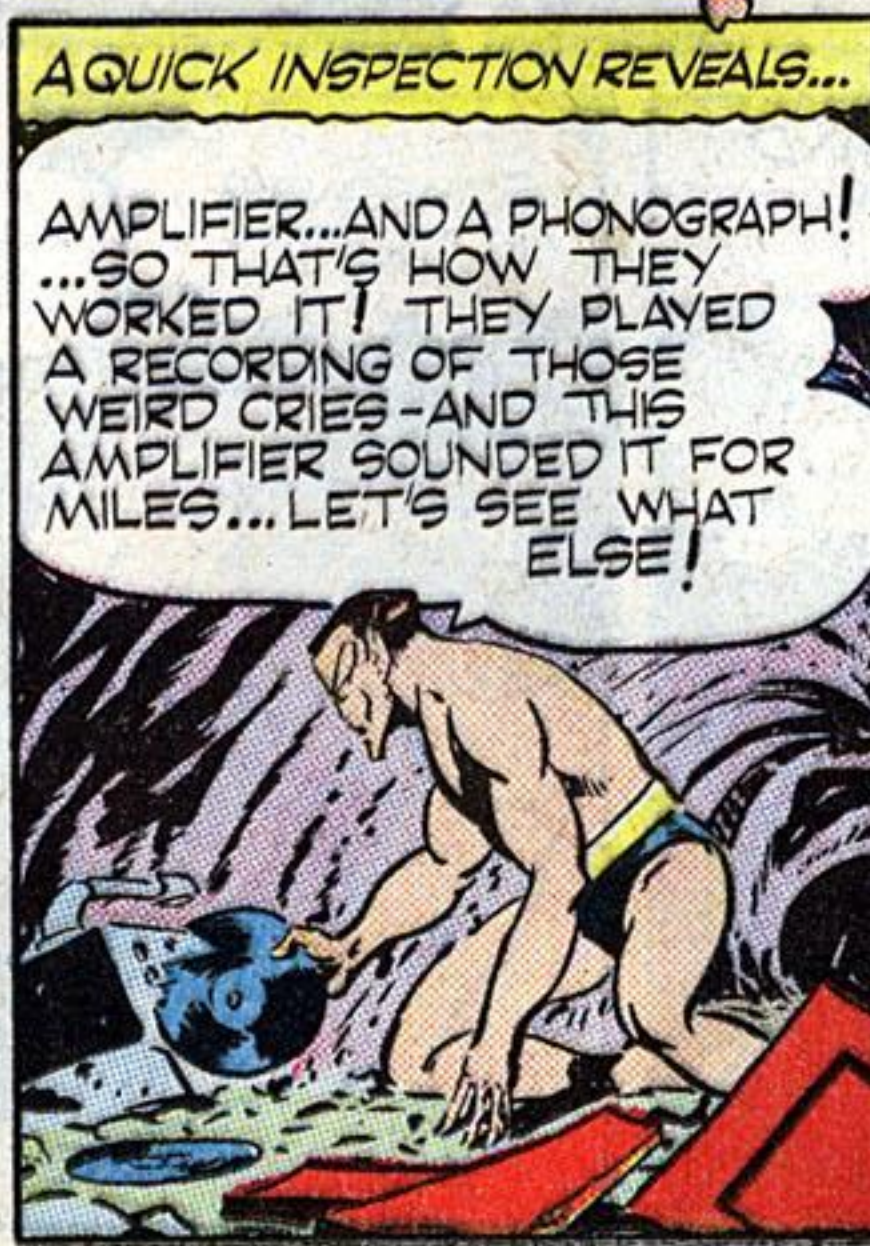
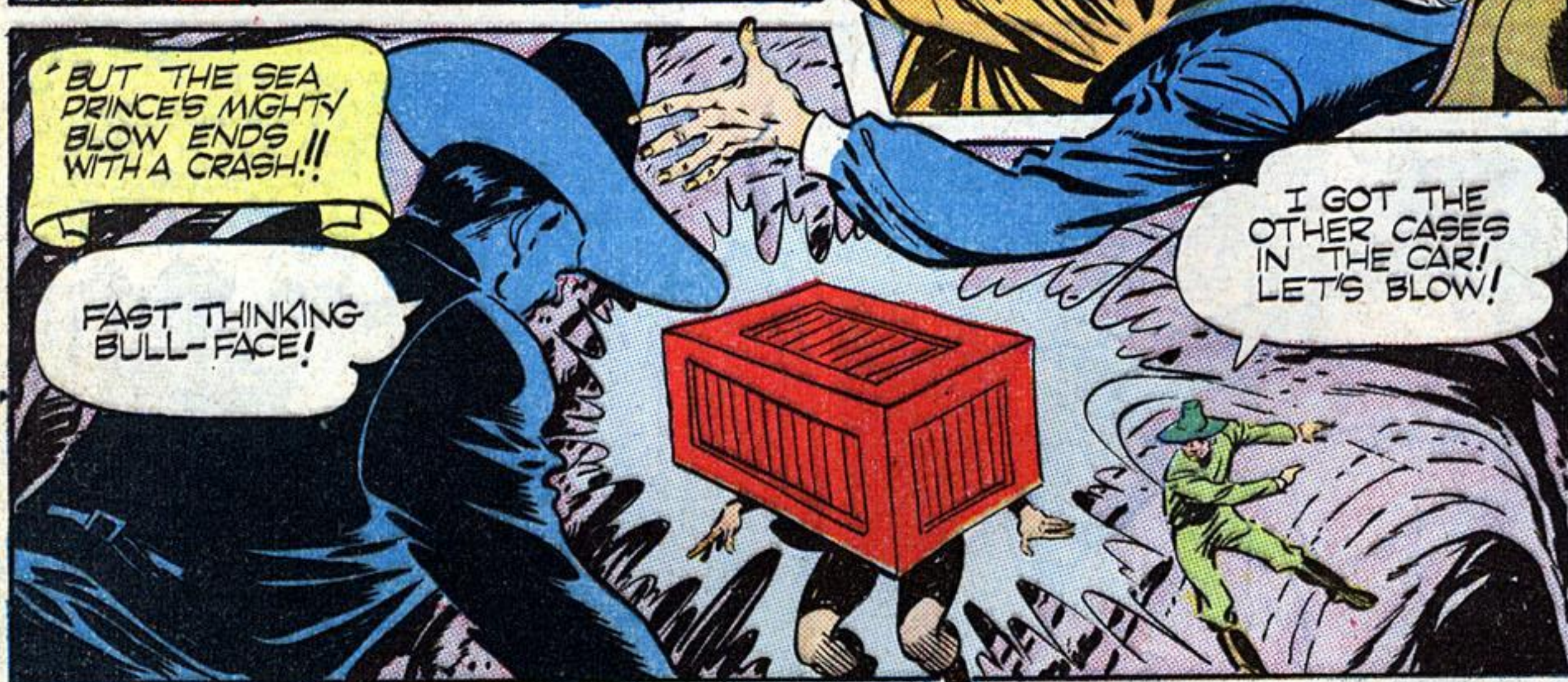


SOMEONE'S
IN THERE!

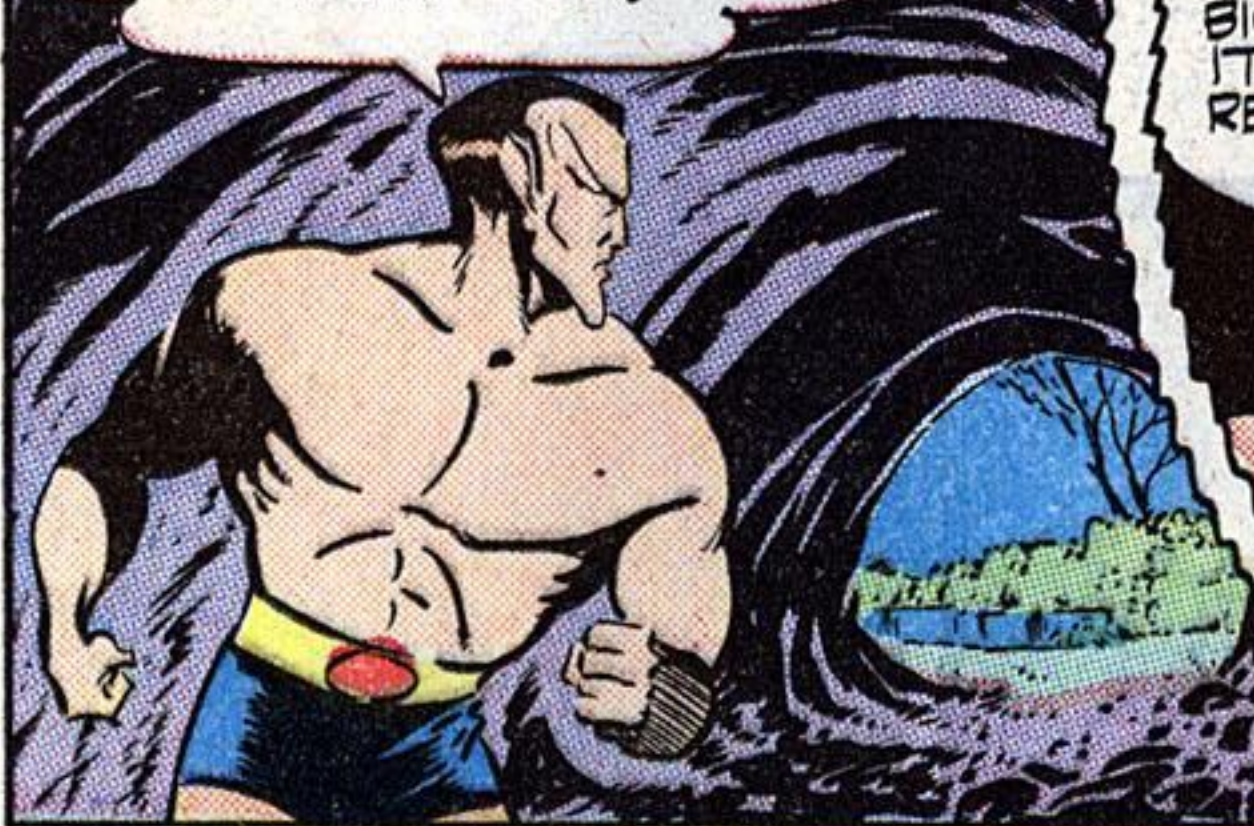
GIMME A
HAND LOCKING
THIS CASE,
NICK!

YEH..
SWELL JOB
WE DID!
I'M GLAD
IT'S DONE!





WHY DID THEY WANT TO
FRIGHTEN PEOPLE AWAY?...
AND WHERE IS JIMMY?
THAT'S WHAT I'VE GOT
TO FIND OUT... WHERE
IS THAT BOY?



A CONTINUED SEARCH FOR CLUES, AND...

RED CLAY... IT WASN'T HERE WHEN I
CAME IN! LOOKS LIKE A HEEL PRINT,
NAILS IN IT... AS I FELL, I NOTICED THAT
BIG THUG HAD HOB-NAIL BOOTS... THAT'S
IT! THAT HEEL MUST HAVE STEPPED IN
RED CLAY SOMEWHERE, BEFORE HE GOT
HERE!

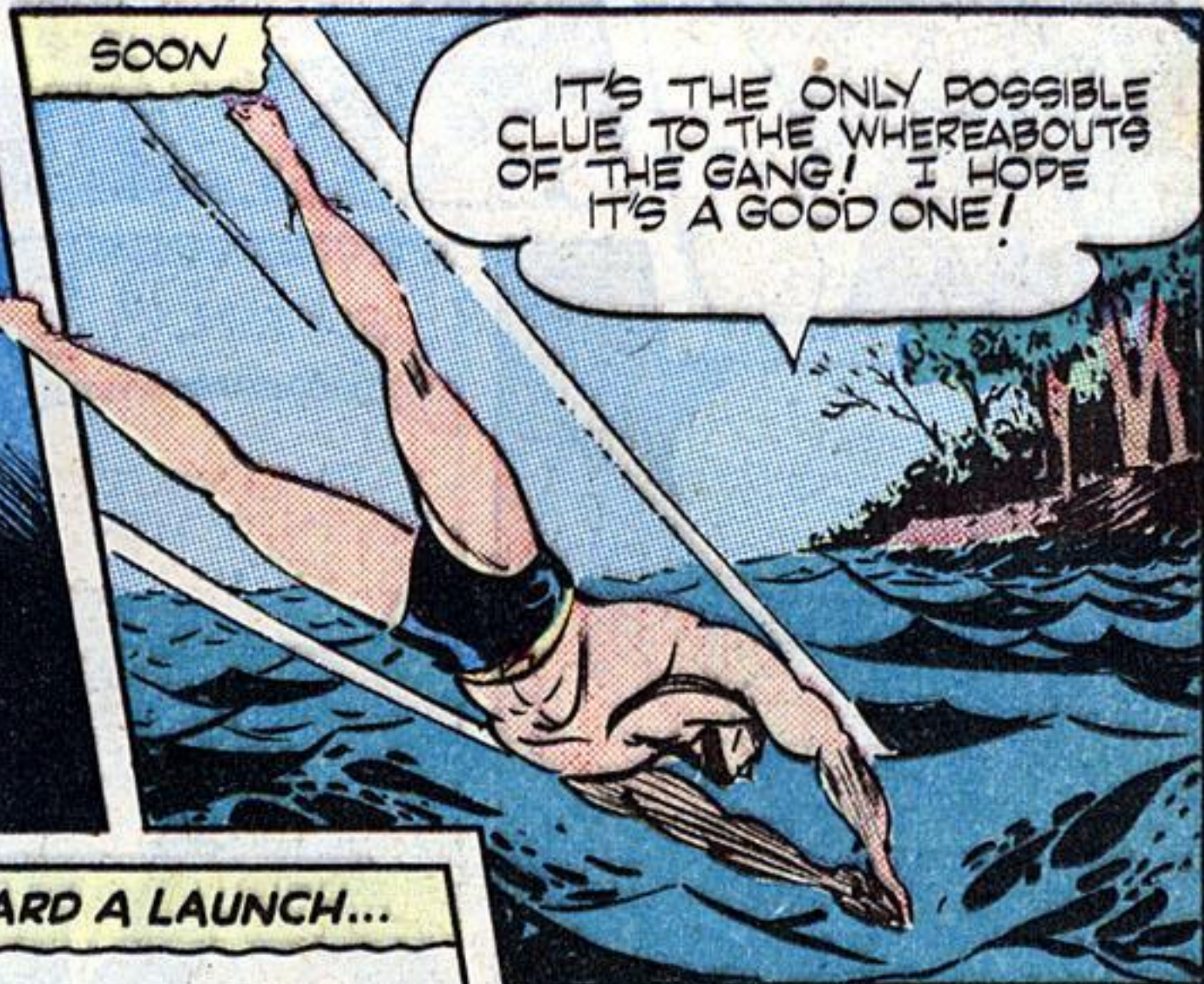


SEEMS TO ME I PASSED SOME
RED CLAY! I THINK IT WAS
WHILE I WAS SWIMMING ALONG
THE COAST... YES I REMEMBER!
I'VE GOT TO
GET BACK TO
SHORE...



SOON

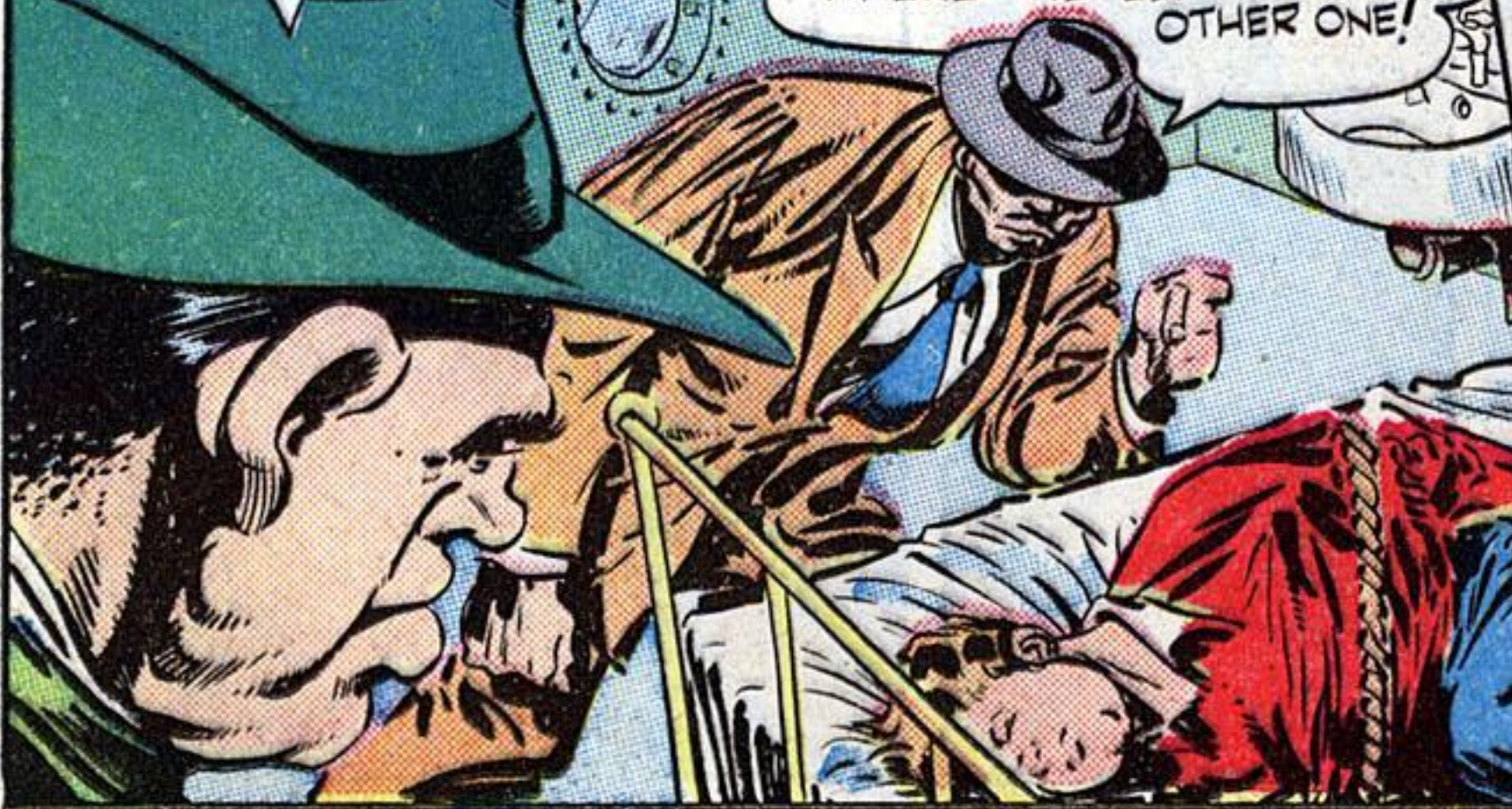
IT'S THE ONLY POSSIBLE
CLUE TO THE WHEREABOUTS
OF THE GANG! I HOPE
IT'S A GOOD ONE!



AS SUBMARINER SPEED-SWIMS... ABOARD A LAUNCH...

WE OUGHT TO
DO AWAY WITH
HIM NOW!

NOW! THE BOSS DON'T LIKE BLOOD
STAINS ON THE BOAT! WE GOT TO
WAIT UNTIL WE GET
ASHORE AND BUMP HIM OFF
WHERE WE LEFT THE
OTHER ONE!



LATER...

THIS IS IT! NOW TO
SEE WHERE THE TRAIL
OF RED CLAY LEADS!



IT LEADS TO A HIT-AND-ANOTHER DISCOVERY...

JUMPING JELLYFISH!
A MAN STABBED TO
DEATH!..... I'M
CLIMBING DOWN!

NAMOR SCARCELY
BEGINS HIS DESCENT,
WHEN VOICES ANNOUNCE
NEW ARRIVALS...

THIS IS
FAR
ENOUGH!

WE'LL DO
THE JOB
HERE!

SOUNDS LIKE
THOSE THUGS!
I'M CLIMBING
UP!

HE'S COMING TO!
HA, HA, AIN'T THAT
JUST TOO BAD!

JIMMY!

I'VE BEEN
ITCHING FOR
THIS!

SUDDENLY!

THIS IS YOUR
FINISH, WATER
BOY...

DOWN
YOU
GO!

SMACK

BANG

BUT A STRAY BULLET FINDS ITS MARK....



IT GOT JIMMY!

AS SUBMARINER IS CAUGHT OFF-GUARD....



AND THIS TAKES CARE OF YOU!

THE KID'S DONE FOR! LET'S BEAT IT!

ANOTHER ROUND LOST? PERHAPS THERE IS STILL HOPE....

THEY GOT AWAY! JIMMY'S ALIVE! I MUST GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL!

TWO HOURS LATER - IN THE GLENFIELD GENERAL HOSPITAL!

HE'S STILL IN A COMA! IF THERE WAS ONLY SOME WORD!

NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED, COMMISSIONER, IF YOU HAD INVESTIGATED WHEN THE STRANGE GOINGS-ON WERE FIRST REPORTED TO YOU!

I THOUGHT SOMEONE WAS PULLING MY LEG!

A HALF HOUR MORE - AND...

JIMMY'S COME TO! HE'S TALKING... ASKING FOR YOU! HE'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!

THANK THE LORD! TAKE ME TO MY BOY!

SAY, THAT'S GREAT NEWS!

SUBMARINER, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

FINDING OUT THE IDENTITY OF A MURDERED MAN BY TRACING A LAUNDRY MARK IN HIS SHIRT! THE MAN WAS CYRUS LOGAN, A MINING ENGINEER!

WONDER WHY HE WAS KILLED? ...AND WHAT'S JIMMY'S GOT TO TELL?

SOON AFTER...

...AND THROUGH MY BINOCULARS I SAW A MAN KNIFING ANOTHER ON A HILLTOP, AND I COULD SEE 'EM CLEAR, WITH MY BINOCS!

DID YOU SEE WHAT THE MURDERER LOOKED LIKE?

HE WAS HUMPBACK AND HAD KIND OF A BIG HEAD!

HUMP...BIG HEAD... WHY, THAT'S DWARFY- AN EX-CONVICT WHO LIVES IN A SHACK A MILE DOWN THE SHORE!

THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW!

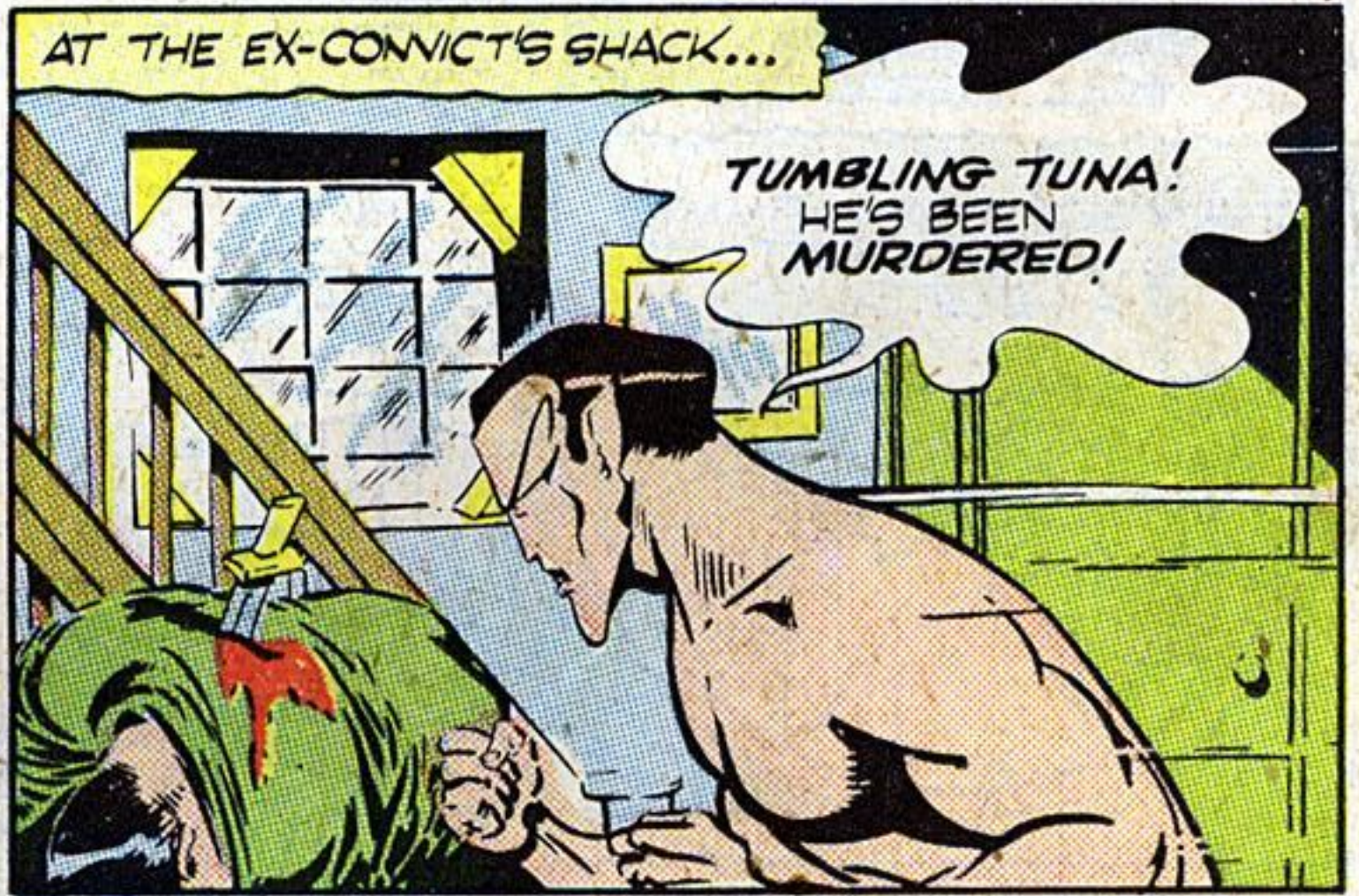


I'VE GOT TO CORNER THAT RAT AND MAKE HIM SQUEAL!



AT THE EX-CONVICT'S SHACK...

TUMBLING TUNA! HE'S BEEN MURDERED!



AS SUBMARINER STARTS OUT...

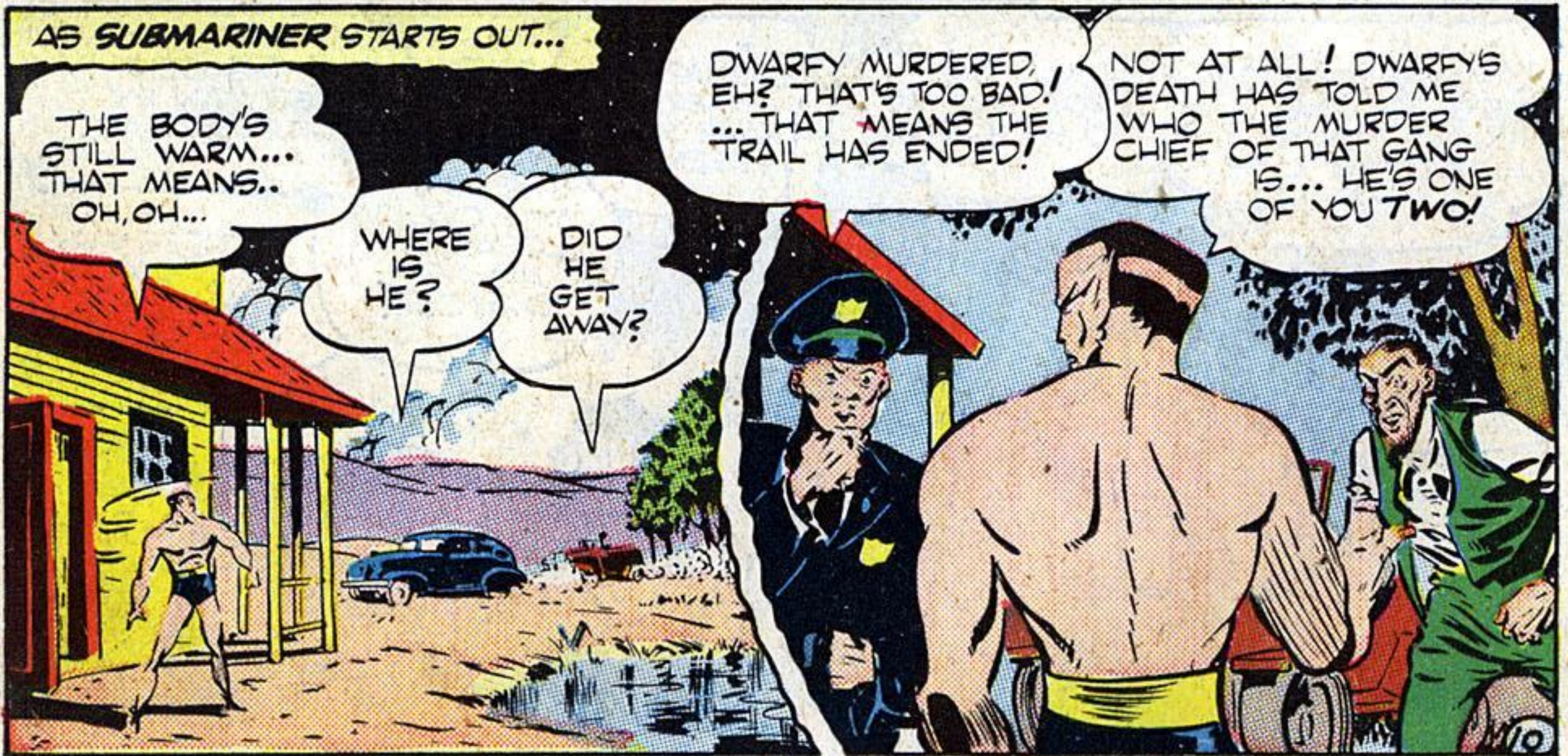
THE BODY'S STILL WARM... THAT MEANS... OH, OH...

WHERE IS HE?

DID HE GET AWAY?

DWARFY MURDERED, EH? THAT'S TOO BAD! ... THAT MEANS THE TRAIL HAS ENDED!

NOT AT ALL! DWARFY'S DEATH HAS TOLD ME WHO THE MURDER CHIEF OF THAT GANG IS... HE'S ONE OF YOU TWO!





ONE OF YOU MUST
HAVE QUICKLY
NOTIFIED A HENCHMAN
TO KILL DWARFY-
HE'S BEEN DEAD
A COUPLE OF
MINUTES...

WELL, I
AIN'T THE
ONE!

YOU DON'T
THINK I...

I KNOW THAT COMMISSIONER!
IF YOU WERE GUILTY, YOU
WOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN OUT
DWARFY'S IDENTITY SO READILY!
WILLIAMS, YOU'RE IT!

NO!

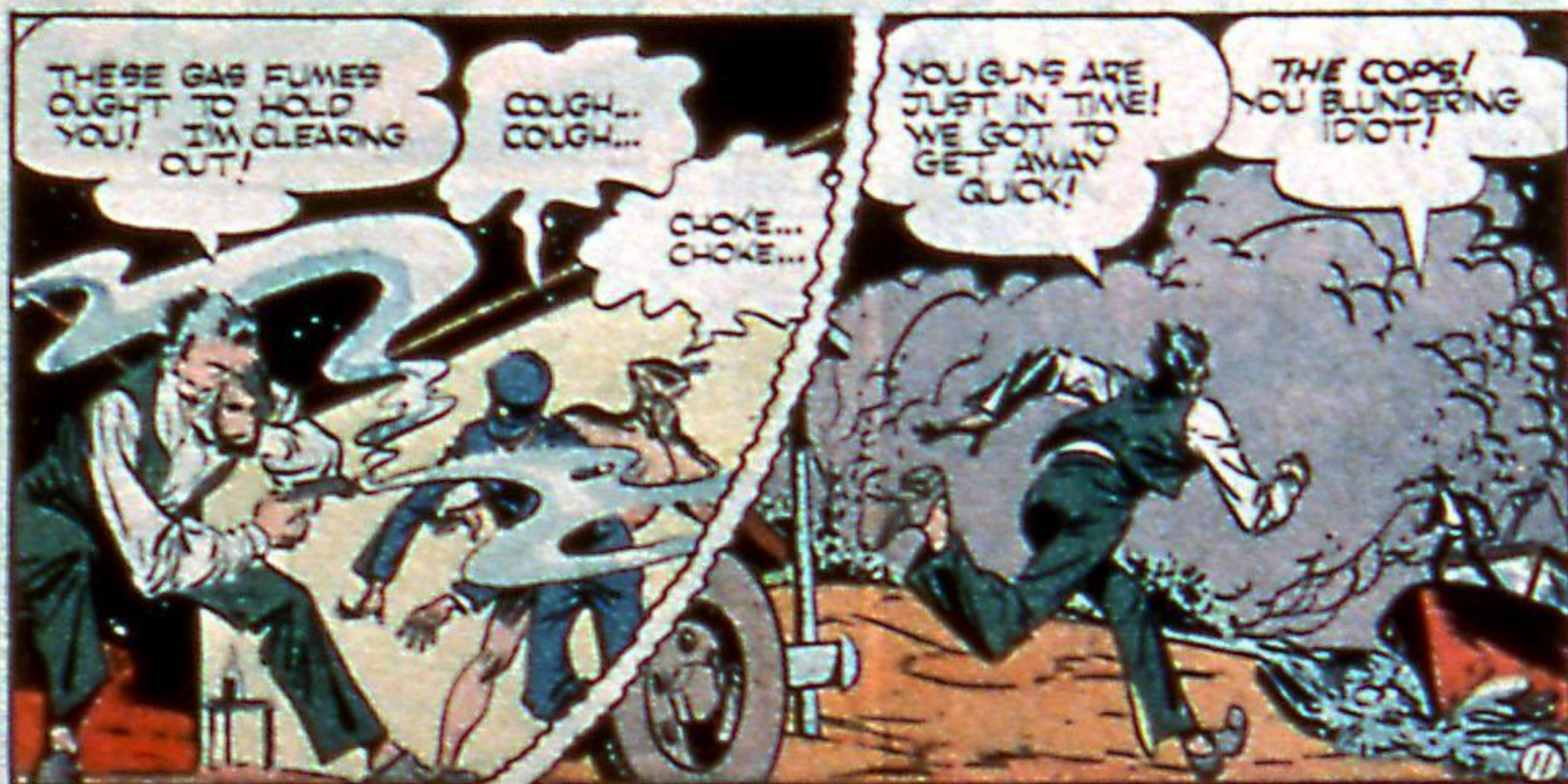


YES, TALK
FAST, OR...

DON'T ... I'LL TALK... LOGAN AND
I DISCOVERED VALLABLE ORE
DEPOSITS AT WEKAWEE-WORTH A
FORTUNE -ON
GOVERNMENT
PROPERTY! WE
DROVE EVERYONE
OUT OF TOWN,
SO WE COULD
MINE IT WITHOUT
BEING FOUND
OUT...



THEN I FOUND OUT THAT LOGAN
WAS PLANNING TO CHEAT ME-I
PAID DWARFY TO BUMP HIM OFF...
AND I HAD BULL-FACE BUMP OFF
DWARFY - BUT YOU'RE NOT
TAKING ME!



THESE GAS FUMES
OUGHT TO HOLD
YOU! I'M CLEARING
OUT!

COUGH...
COUGH...

CHOK...
CHOK...

YOU GUYS ARE
JUST IN TIME!
WE GOT TO
GET AWAY
QUICK!

**THE COPS!
YOU BLUNDERING
IDIOT!**

MEANWHILE - NAMOR
STAGGERS TO THE
DOOR...

WATER...
WATER...

THE COOL LIQUID PUMPS NEW LIFE INTO HIM...

AH...THERE'S NOTHING
LIKE THIS! NOW FOR
WILLIAMS!

SURFACING
SUBMARINER SEES...

I'M OVERTAKING IT
FAST...AND THEN...

THEN- THE
WHIRLWIND
CRASH OF
STEEL-STRONG
FISTS...

THAT DOES IT! I'LL
FISH 'EM OUT AND
MAKE UP A NEAT
PACKAGE FOR THE
POLICE!

LATER...

GOLLY, IT'S SWELL TO BE
OUT OF THE HOSPITAL...
I HEARD HOW YOU
HAULED IN THAT GANG,
SUBMARINER! I WISH
I'D BEEN THERE TO
SEE!

YOU SAW
ENOUGH JIMMY
FOR ONE YOUNG
FELLOW!

THE END

Miss AMERICA



MODERN CIVILIZATION TAKES NO STOCK IN THE FANTASTIC TALES OF WITCHES AND WITCHLORE, OR THE WEIRD AND MYSTERIOUS DOINGS OF THESE LEGENDARY EVIL DOERS! AND EVEN MORE SKEPTICAL IS A MERE SLIP OF A GIRL, MADELINE JOYCE, WHO IN HER CRIME FIGHTING ROLE OF **MISS AMERICA** ENCOUNTERS A SPINE CHILLING ADVENTURE WHEN SHE UN-EARTHS THE ---

"CLUE of WITCH'S ROCK"

MADELINE JOYCE, ON HER WAY TO SPEND A WEEK-END WITH FRIENDS IN THE BERKSHIRE MOUNTAINS, TRAVELS A TREACHEROUS ROAD BORDERING THE PRECIPICE --- WHEN SUDDENLY A CRY KNIFES THE NIGHT!

I LOST FOUR HOURS BY TAKING THE WRONG TURN BACK THERE! HOPE I'M RIGHT THIS TIME! M-M-M! WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDED LIKE A WOMAN'S SCREAM!



MADELINE ROUNDS THE TURN IN A BURST OF SPEED TOWARD THE ANGUISHED CRY!

OH! THAT FIGURE IS TRYING TO HURL A YOUNG GIRL OFF THAT ROCK! G-GOSH! IT'S A WITCH!



WITCH OR NOT? I'M NOT STANDING BY TO SEE MURDER! OH-OH! THAT AWFUL THING IS RUNNING AWAY!



SUDDENLY A HOLLOW MOCKING LAUGH SOUNDS FROM THE DARK--

FAINTED FROM FRIGHT! (GULP) THE WITCH??? AND GLOWING IN THE DARK??



I DON'T FANCY PLAYING "TAG" AT THIS LATE HOUR, BUT YOU'RE "IT" MR. OR MRS. WITCH! HERE I COME!

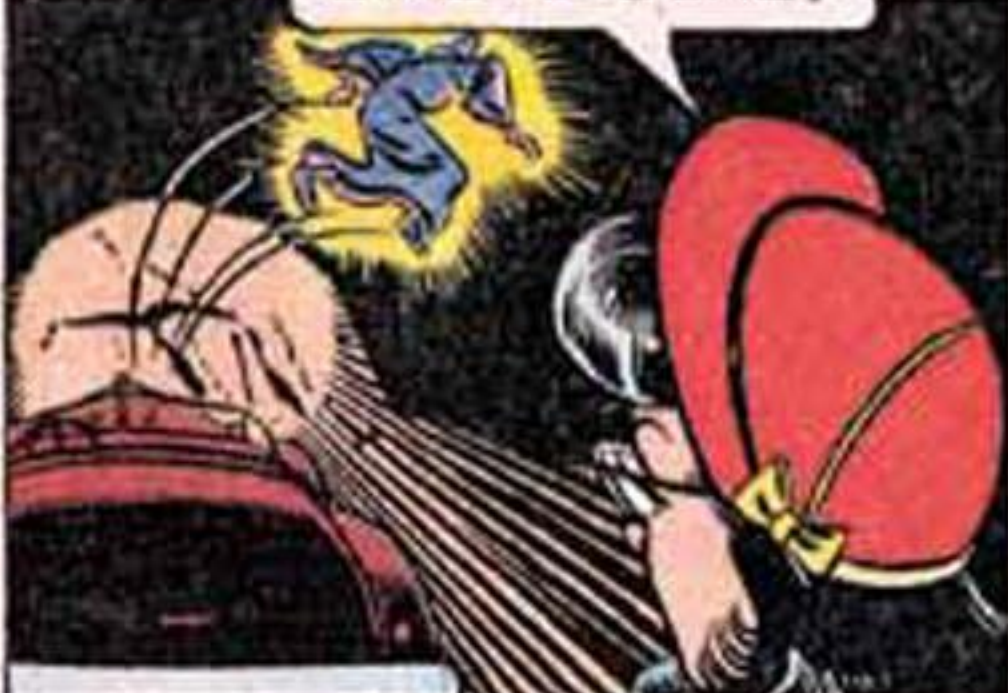


A FEW QUICK STRIDES AND THE FLEET-FOOTED GIRL IS ALMOST UPON THE GLOWING FIGURE, ONLY TO HAVE IT MYSTERIOUSLY VANISH OUT OF HER GRASP!



AGAIN MADELINE HEARS THE EERIE LAUGH AS SHE DASHES BACK TO THE CAR AND DISCOVERS THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL HAS DISAPPEARED!

THE WITCH?? LEAPING OVER THE PRECIPICE?? AND THE GIRL IS GONE!



MADLINE DECIDES MISS AMERICA WILL HAVE TO TAKE OVER FROM THIS POINT!

MOMENTS LATER--

HOPE I'M RIGHT ABOUT THAT WITCH NOT THROWING THE GIRL OVER THE CLIFF BEFORE I GOT BACK! HELLO! WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE NEAR THAT INN?



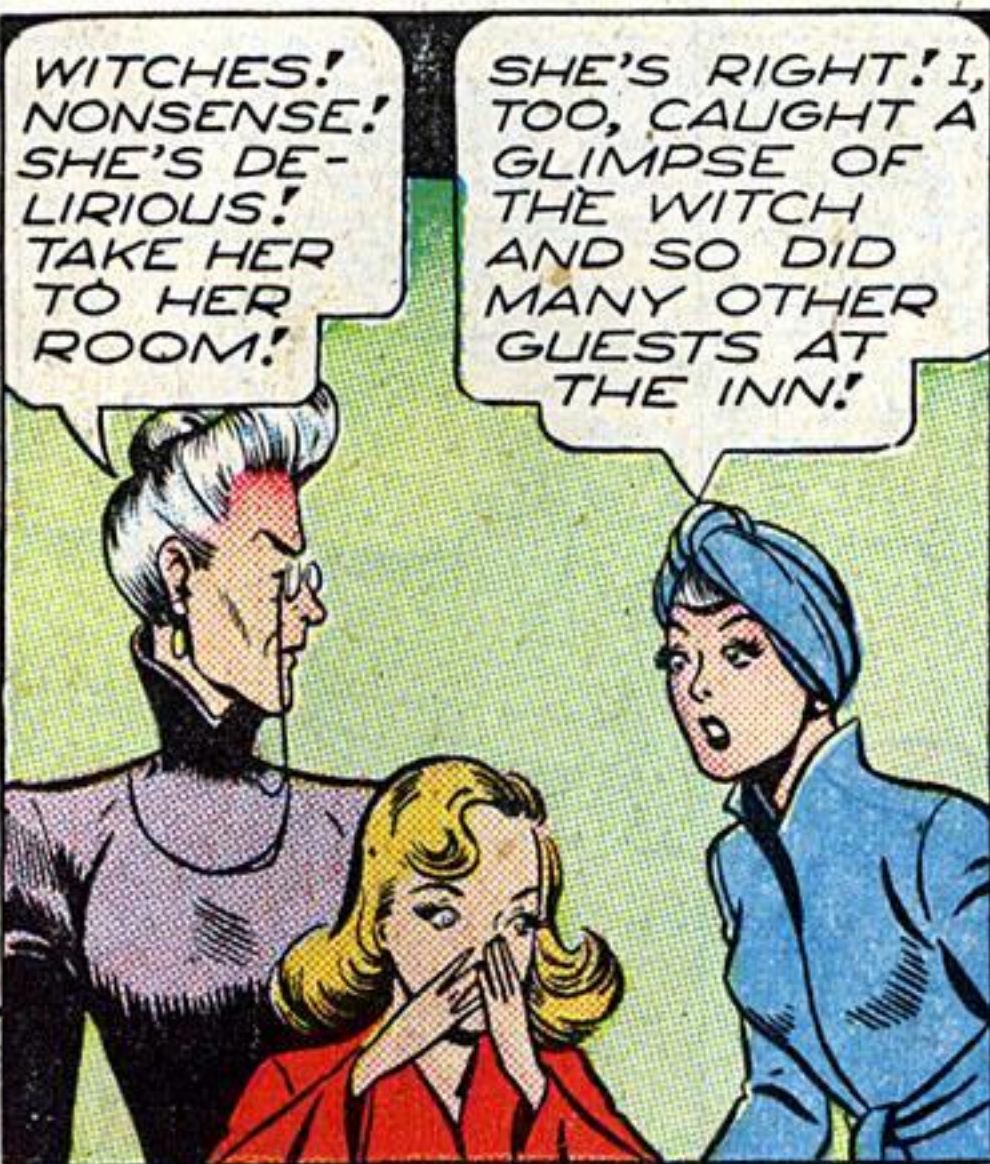
IT'S THE GIRL! SHE'S HYSTERICAL!

WHAT HAPPENED? YOU'RE TREMBLING!

IT WAS THE WITCH! SHE TRIED TO THROW ME OFF WITCH'S ROCK!

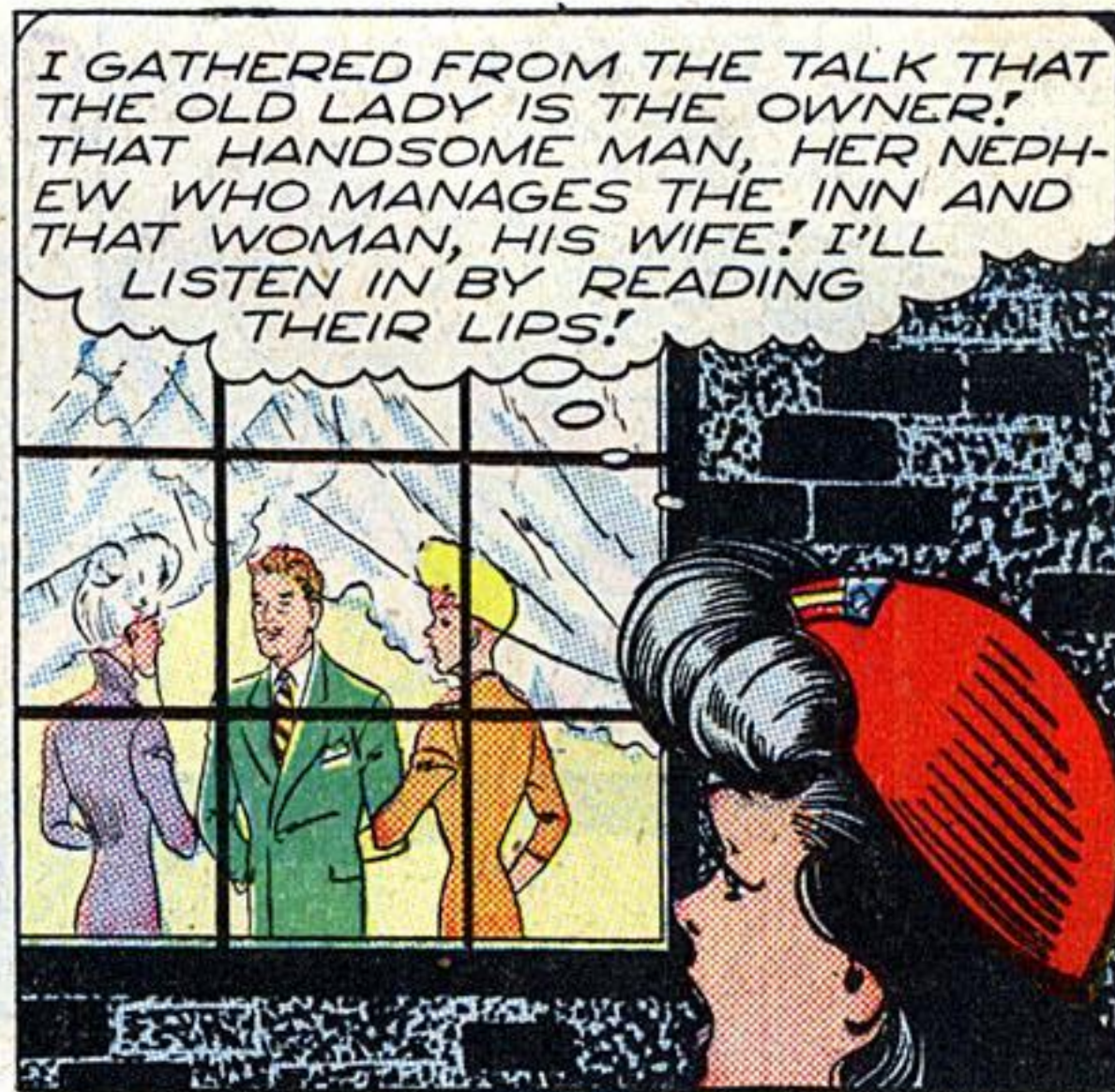


MISS AMERICA HEARS ONE OF THE ONLOOKERS MAKE A STARTLING STATEMENT!

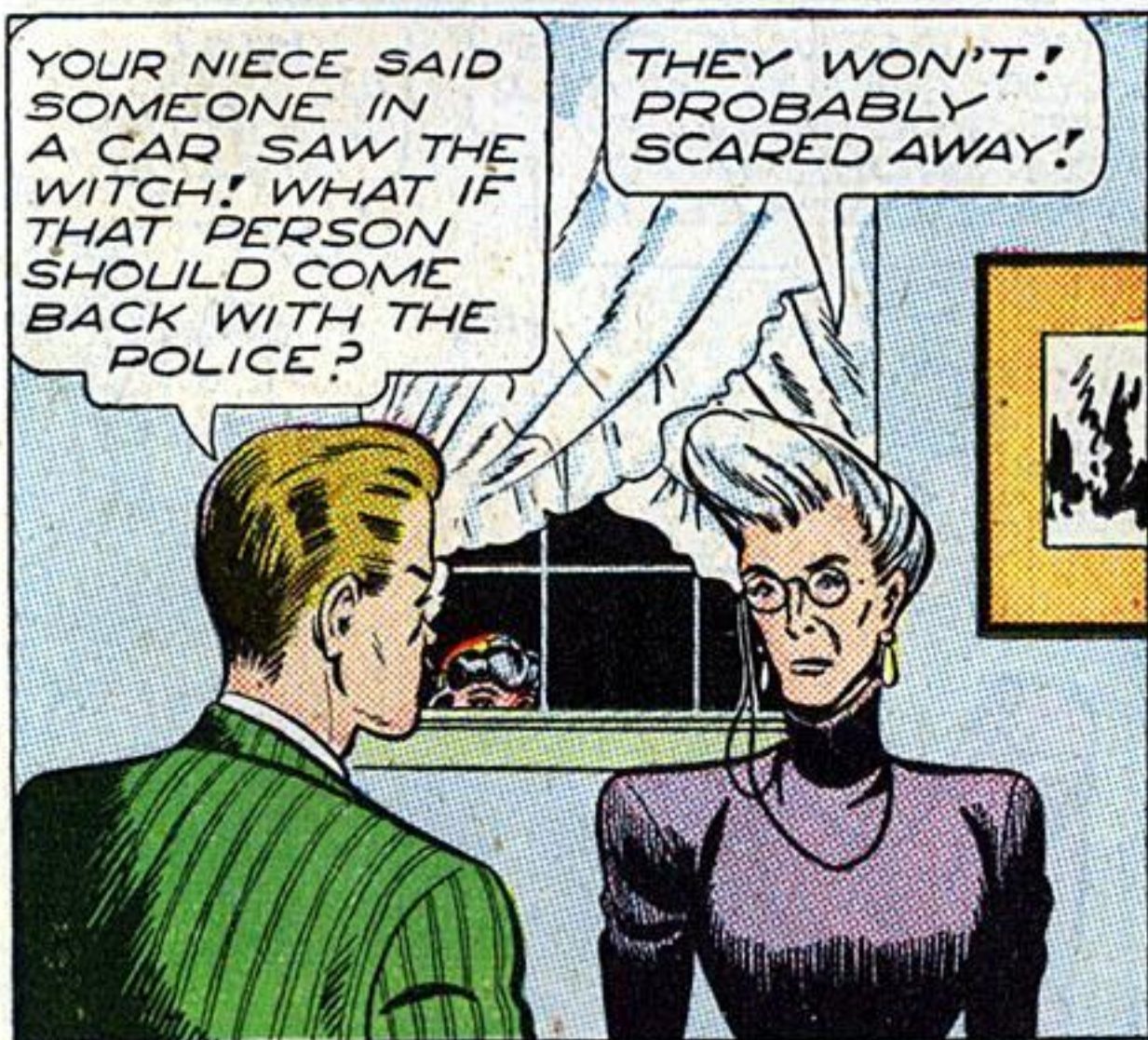


WITCHES! NONSENSE! SHE'S DELIRIOUS! TAKE HER TO HER ROOM!

SHE'S RIGHT! I, TOO, CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THE WITCH AND SO DID MANY OTHER GUESTS AT THE INN!



I GATHERED FROM THE TALK THAT THE OLD LADY IS THE OWNER! THAT HANDSOME MAN, HER NEPHEW WHO MANAGES THE INN AND THAT WOMAN, HIS WIFE! I'LL LISTEN IN BY READING THEIR LIPS!



YOUR NIECE SAID SOMEONE IN A CAR SAW THE WITCH! WHAT IF THAT PERSON SHOULD COME BACK WITH THE POLICE?

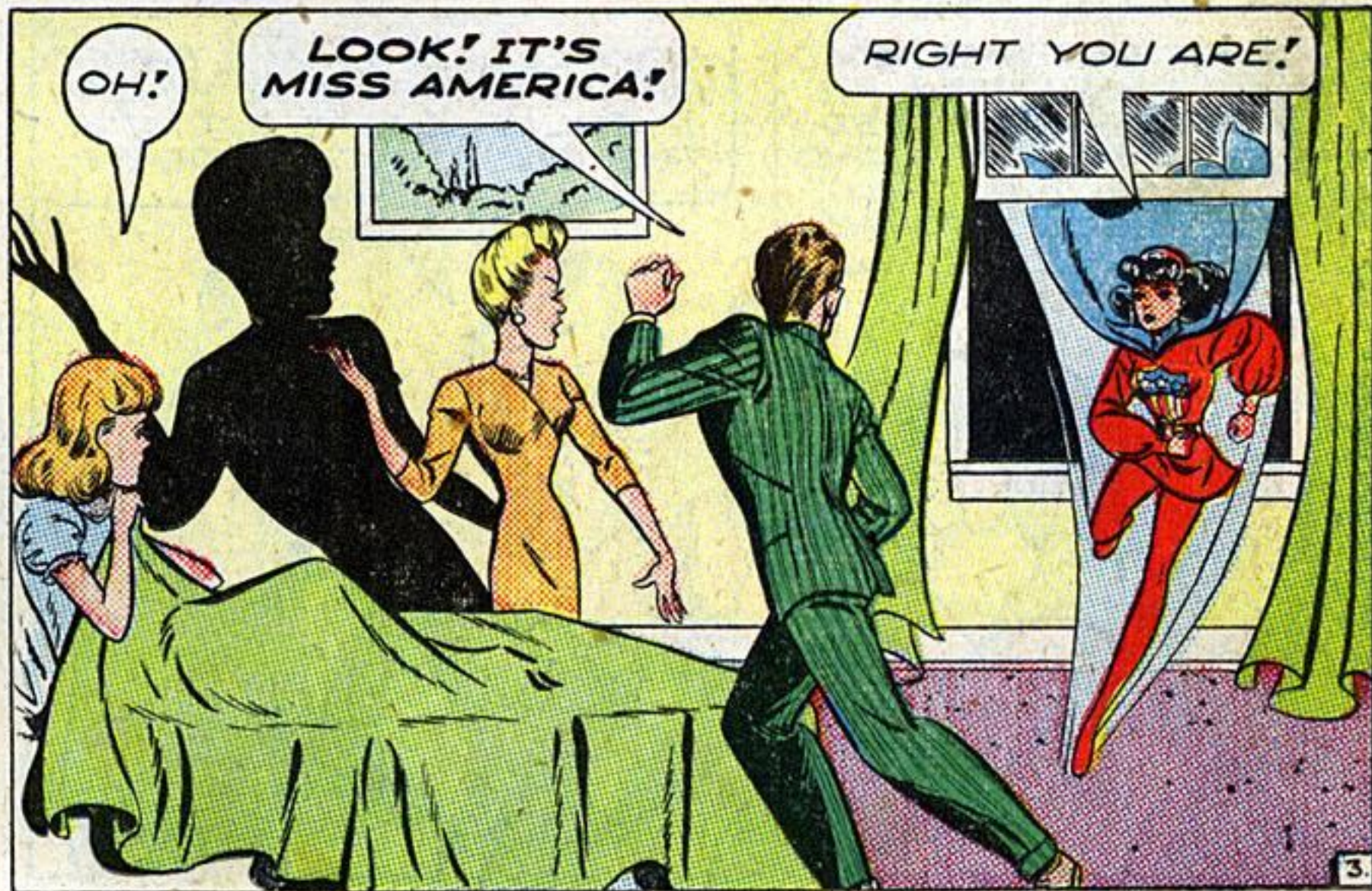
THEY WON'T! PROBABLY SCARED AWAY!



BUT WE CAN'T TAKE CHANCES! TOO MUCH TALK ABOUT THE WITCH AMONG THE GUESTS ANYWAY! YOU GET RID OF JULIE LIKE I SAID! I'LL GET RID OF THE COSTUME!



SO THEY'RE GOING TO GET RID OF THE GIRL AND THE COSTUME, EH? THIS IS ONE CASE THAT'S GOING TO WIND UP QUICKLY! AH! HERE'S JULIE'S ROOM!



OH!

LOOK! IT'S MISS AMERICA!

RIGHT YOU ARE!

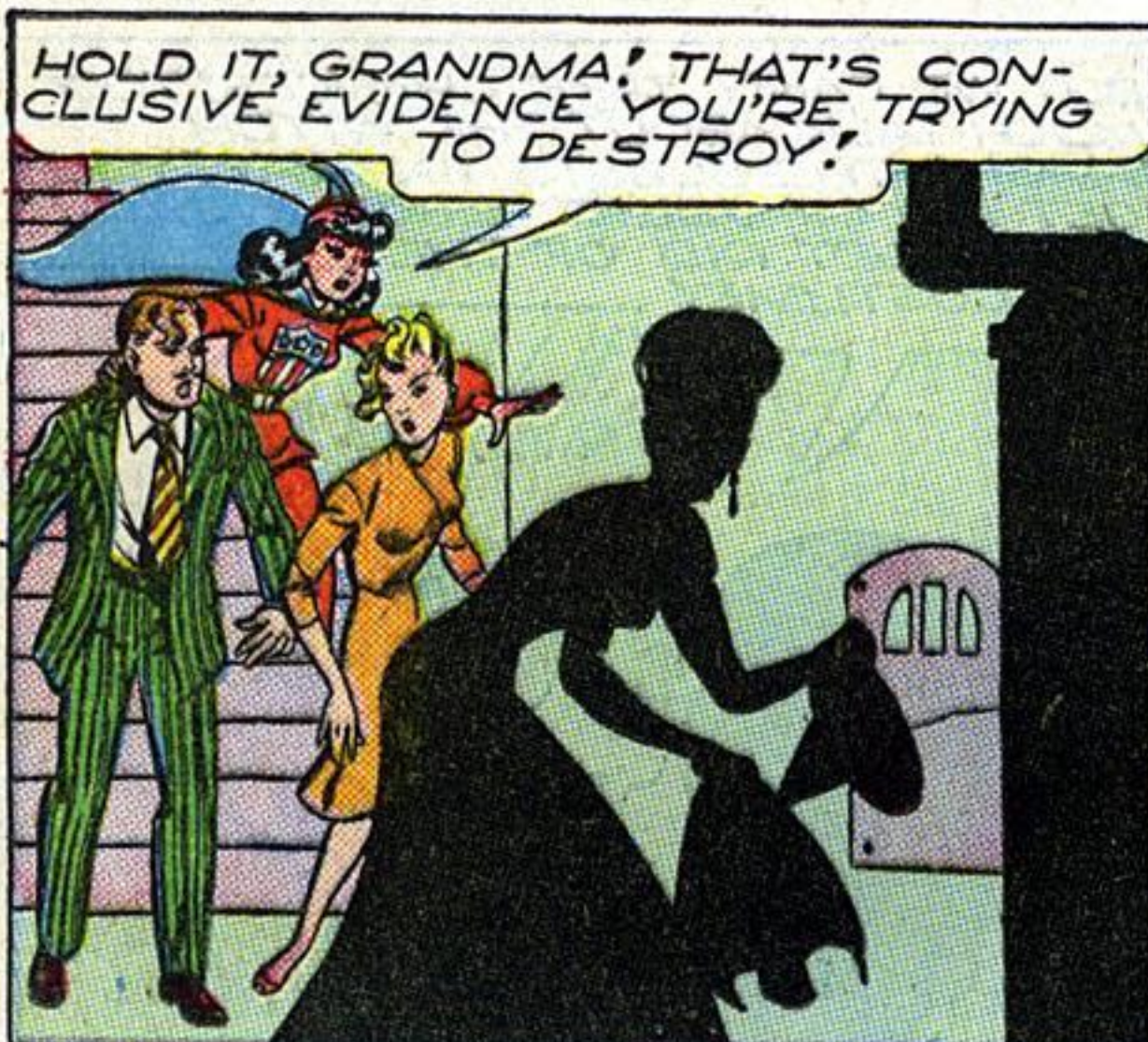


SORRY, SISTER! COULDN'T STOP TO AIM--IF I'M TO TAKE OUT THE ARMED INTERFERENCE!

SO SWIFT AND DEVASTATING IS MISS AMERICA'S ATTACK THAT THE NEPHEW AND HIS WIFE ARE SOON HER CRINGING CAPTIVES!



TAKE IT EASY, MISS! I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS THESE TWO SHOW ME WHERE THE COSTUMES ARE KEPT!



HOLD IT, GRANDMA! THAT'S CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE YOU'RE TRYING TO DESTROY!



THIS COSTUME PLUS YOUR TRYING TO KILL THE GIRL WILL FIT YOU THREE INTO A NICE COZY CELL!

KILL JULIE? YOU MUST BE INSANE!



NICE GOING! THE NEXT THING YOU'LL TELL ME IS YOU DIDN'T DRESS UP AS THE WITCH AND TRY TO THROW THAT GIRL OFF THE ROCK!

HOW COULD I? ALL THREE OF US WERE HERE WHEN JULIE CAME BACK! THE GUESTS CAN VOLUCH FOR THAT!



HOW ABOUT THIS COSTUME?

IT IS MINE! I DID WEAR THE COSTUME AND POSE AS THE WITCH UP TO A FEW MONTHS AGO! MY INN'S REPUTATION IS FOUNDED ON THE LEGEND OF WITCH'S ROCK! IT WAS GOOD BUSINESS TO GIVE THE GUESTS A THRILL! I DID IT FOR THE ATMOSPHERE IT LENT THE INN! BUT IT WAS ALL HARMLESS I ASSURE!



SOME MONTHS AGO ONE OF THE GUESTS WAS FOUND DEAD IN THE GORGE AT THE FOOT OF WITCH'S ROCK! THE POLICE SAID IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! MY GUESTS STARTED WHISPERING THAT THE WITCH DID IT!



HMM? WAS IT AN ACCIDENT?

HOW DARE YOU SUGGEST THAT SHE IS A MURDERESS!

AUNTIE REALIZED THAT TO KEEP UP THE MASQUERADE AFTER THAT WAS DANGEROUS! WE KNOW THE EVIDENCE IS DAMAGING AGAINST HER! AND WHILE WE CAN'T OFFER PROOF, IT IS THE TRUTH!

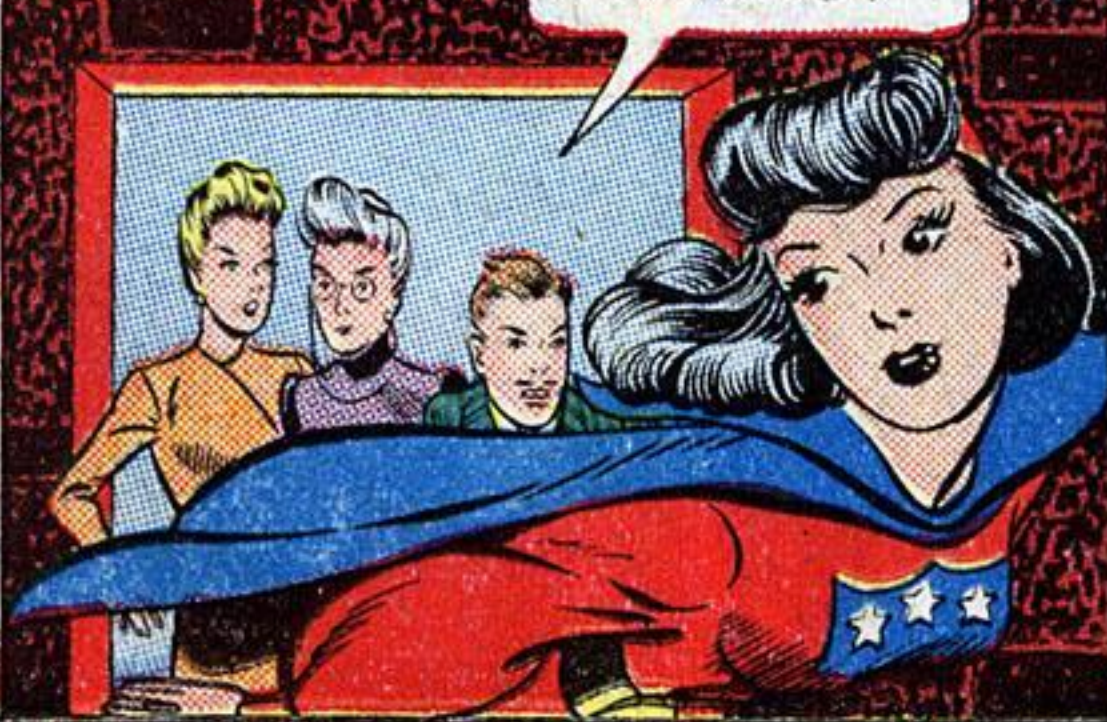


STORY IS LOGICAL ENOUGH! BUT I'M NOT SATISFIED! PARTICULARLY WITH THE NEPHEW AND WIFE! PEOPLE WHO ARE INNOCENT DON'T PUT UP THE KIND OF FIGHT THEY DID AGAINST "MISS AMERICA! I MUST MAKE THEM THINK I BELIEVE THEM!



BLESS YOU, MISS AMERICA-- FOR BELIEVING A SADDENED OLD LADY!

I'LL REPORT IT TO THE POLICE AS YOU SUGGESTED, FIRST THING IN THE MORNING!



MISS AMERICA, ZOOMING BACK TO HER ROADSTER NEAR WITCH'S ROCK, QUICKLY SWITCHES TO MADELINE AGAIN AND A FEW MINUTES LATER GOES ROARING UP TO THE INN WITH HORN HONKING!

IT WORKED! I AROUSED THE WHOLE INN! I WANT TO BE CERTAIN THAT WITCH IS AMONG MY LISTENERS WHEN I ANNOUNCE WHO I AM!





THE POPEYED LISTENERS HEAR MADELINE TELL THE POLICE THAT SHE DISCOVERED AN IMPORTANT CLUE NEAR WITCH'S ROCK!

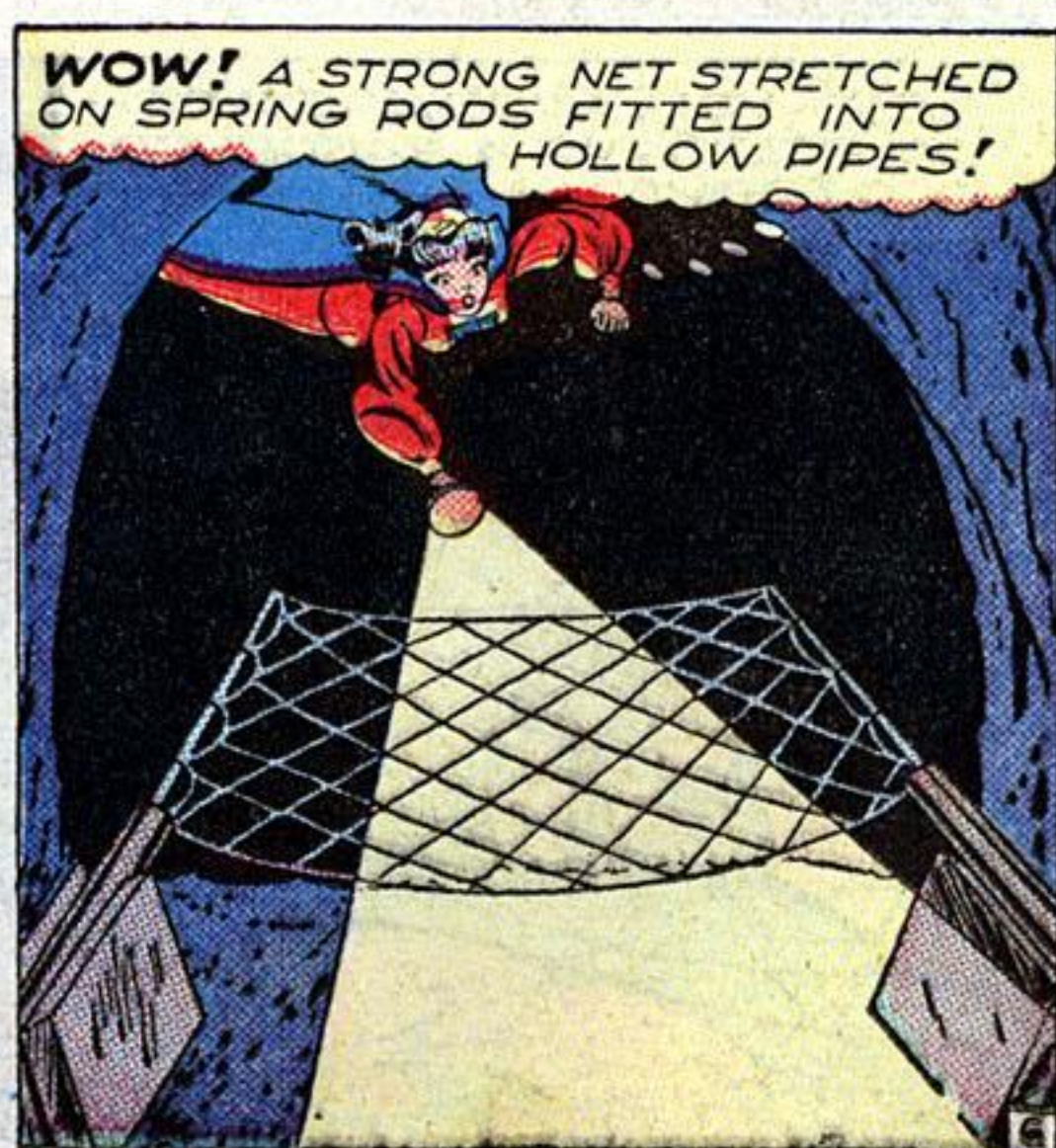
I'LL MEET YOU IN TWENTY MINUTES!



MISS AMERICA, POISED ATOP WITCH'S ROCK, IS ABOUT TO SWEEP OFF MADELINE'S HAT AND CLOAK WHEN HER SENSITIVE EARS HEAR SLITHERING FOOTSTEPS!!



AFTER CARRYING OUT HER MASQUERADE AS THE HELPLESS GIRL, MISS AMERICA RIPS OFF THE HINDERING HAT AND CLOAK, WATCHING WITCH'S ROCK AS SHE FALLS THRU SPACE!



AN IRON RUNG LADDER LEADING UP TO WITCH'S ROCK! AND THIS TUNNEL DUG IN A STRAIGHT LINE TOWARD THE INN!



RACING ALONG THE TUNNEL, MISS AMERICA REACHES THE END WHICH SLOPES UP SHARPLY AND TERMINATES IN A CLEVERLY CONCEALED TRAP!



WHEN THE BODY OF THE MEDDLING GIRL IS FOUND IN THE MORNING, THE POLICE WILL NATURALLY BLAME IT ON THE WITCH!

DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET MISS AMERICA TO TESTIFY THAT SHE CAUGHT YOUR AUNT TRYING TO BURN THE COSTUME?



OF COURSE! SHE WILL COME FORWARD WHEN AUNTIE IS HELD FOR THE MURDER OF THIS GIRL AND FOR THE ACCIDENT THAT HAPPENED MONTHS AGO! HA---HA!



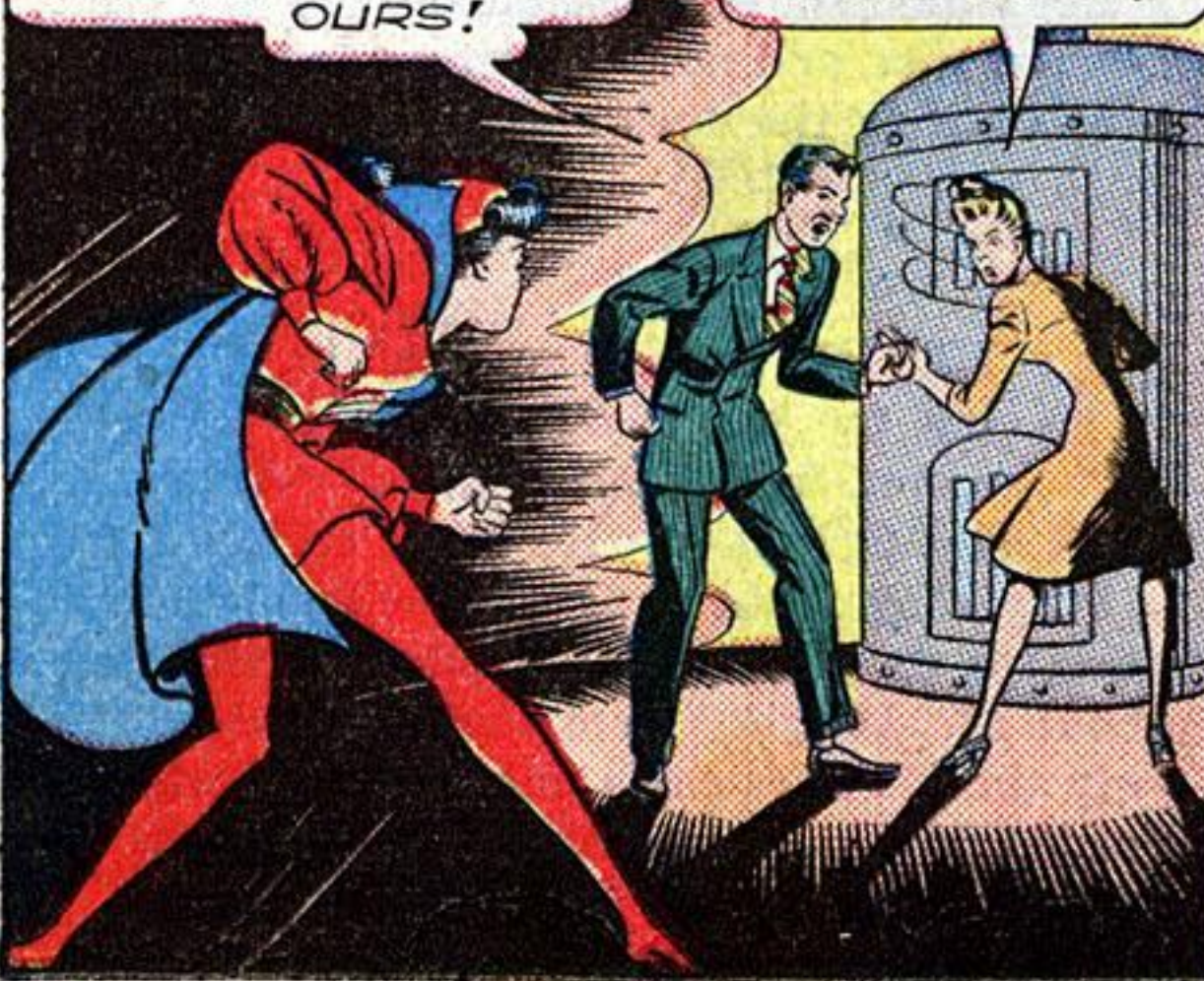
WHAT ABOUT THE NET IN THE CAVE?

HA---HA! THAT'LL CLINCH IT! I HAD AUNTIE BUY ALL THE STUFF MONTHS AGO! THE STORE WILL TESTIFY TO THAT!



THEN AUNTIE'S MONEY AND INN WILL BE OURS!

MISS AMERICA?? WE'RE LOST!



YOUR GAME OF "WITCHES" IS OVER! NOW YOU'LL PLAY ANOTHER GAME WITH THE ELECTRIC CHAIR! AND YOUR AUNT CAN LIVE HER LIFE IN PEACE WITHOUT THE FEAR THAT ANY MORE WITCHES WILL BE HAUNTING WITCH'S ROCK!



THE END

PUSH-OVER

IT had always given Pete a creepy-feeling down the small of his back, to come out to the house-boat where old man Wright lived. Not that there had ever been anything definite Pete could put his finger on, anything to justify his uneasiness. Mr. Wright was a quiet old gent, minded his own business, always paid for his grub when Pete hauled out a load of it, once a week.

Of course there was no telling what kind of a guy Mr. Wright might have been before he came here, which hadn't been too long ago. He'd traveled a lot, Pete knew. He'd been in Africa up until the start of the war, when he'd come back to the States, and finally had rented the house-boat. Nothing out of the ordinary about him to arouse uneasiness or suspicion . . .

The lights were burning in the house-boat now, as Pete parked his bicycle against a tree, gathered the packages out of the basket. He looked about at the wooded hills, the old landing ramp stretching out into the smooth waters of the lagoon.

Carefully Pete picked his way out the landing ramp, stepped down to the narrow run along the side of the craft. He moved forward toward the door—which opened suddenly to disclose a man in uniform. A cop.

"Hold it there," the cop said peering toward Pete. "What's your business out here?"

"Groceries—" Pete stopped. "W-what's happened? Mr. Wright ordered this stuff—"

The policeman turned back briefly, speaking to someone beyond the door. Then he came out again, nodding his stolid, hard face. "Okay. You can come in, although the old buzzard won't be needing anything to eat again. Somebody did him in!"

* * * * *

INSIDE Pete stared down at the crumpled body behind the little table. There were no signs of violence, but Pete decided to let that go. It was plainly evident from the still, hardened face that the old man was dead.

The cop waited by the door. Another man stood near the far wall, beside an open trunk, through which he had evidently been searching. A third man stood near the body, hands in pockets, black eyes fixed steadily on Pete. The stranger said, "Detective Jones is my name, kid. And this is my side-kick, Detective Dayton. That guy there . . ." He waved toward the policeman . . . "Is Patrolman Hannagan."

Patrolman Hannagan twirled his club, narrowly missing his fingers. "Flat foot," he growled. "Some day I'll be a sleuth. Like them."

Pete said, "I guess there isn't much sense leaving this stuff here now. How—how did it happen?"

For a moment there was silence. Detective Jones glanced at his two companions. "We came here to find out who killed the old man. And why. Although . . . I've already got that figured out."

Pete waited. This was just like a movie thriller . . . only he felt sort of sorry that it had to be Mr. Wright. After all, he certainly never harmed anyone.

Detective Jones said, "You been delivering grub out here right along, for the old guy?"

Pete nodded. "Ever since he came here."

"What about old man Wright? How'd he seem to you? Did you ever see anyone hanging around? Suspicious characters?"

For a moment Pete hesitated. It was a pretty isolated spot, and no one ever came here unless it was during the duck season.

* * * * *

INEVER noticed anyone," he said, forcing the words out, trying to keep the scared feeling out of them. "At least, no one I ever figured—" He hesitated.

Why, they might be figuring he had had something to do with it—"I—I don't know much about Mr. Wright," Pete said suddenly. "The only times I ever came out here were when he needed grub. He was always good to me. Always paid his bills—"

"Guess it was the diamonds." Detective Day-

ton said, speaking for the first time in heavy, dull voice. It made Pete jump. "He had a couple of uncut sparklers. Must be worth plenty."

The two detectives exchanged glances. Pete felt his body stiffen. Diamonds . . . uncut . . . worth plenty . . .

"Guess that was it, alright," Detective Jones admitted slowly. "We found two of them hidden in his stuff." He paused a moment, then said in a lighter voice, "Guess we've done all we can here for now. You better scram kid. We'll be locking up and going back to the city now. Got a couple of leads to work on. Patrolman Hannagan, you see to it the kid gets off without spilling his groceries."

Carefully Pete gathered up the two bundles. His mind was twisting and turning restlessly, as he walked out the door.

* * * * *

AT the end of the landing platform, Pete paused for a last look back. "I still don't know why anyone would want to do a thing like that. The diamonds were his. And just to kill him for them . . ." He stopped.

Patrolman Hannagan laughed gruffly. "I'm twenty years on the force, and I've seen plenty of jobs like this one. It'll be a push-over. Them two back there have it lined up, already."

He looked back, twirling the club in his hands. He missed a catch, cracking his fingers sharply and for a moment muttered under his breath, rubbing the backs of his fingers. He growled, "We gotta get back to the city in a hurry now. They've a couple of hot leads—"

"Guess that was your car I saw back down the road a ways," Pete said. "If you're in a hurry you better take the old Fox Hills road right out through Elting. It's a short-cut to the city."

"Fox Hills Road?" the policeman questioned. "That's—where?"

"Turn left at the first road fork," Pete directed.

The officer said, "None of us know this country much. I don't want to. Give me the bright lights anytime. Thanks for the tip. It's the Fox Hills Road back."

Excitement was steep in Pete's throat as he peddled furiously home. There wasn't any time to be lost. Maybe he was wrong, but he didn't think so. At least it wouldn't hurt to let the State Troopers know what had happened. And that they could stop the two detectives and their policeman escort on the Fox Hills Road, which

wasn't a short-cut at all. It would take twice as long at least. It would give the Troopers time to set a trap at either end!

* * * * *

IT was warm and bright in the Troopers Barracks. Pete sat stiffly in the chair against the wall, looking hard across at the three men against the opposite side of the room. Detectives Jones and Dayton. And Patrolman Hannagan. They didn't look so dapper just now. It was quite obvious they'd objected to being brought back, even if they were detectives . . .

"They've confessed," Trooper Stallingsworth said grimly. "We had plenty of time to set up a barricade at the end of the old Fox Hills Road—"

"Some short-cut," ex-policeman Hannagan growled, glaring across at Pete. "I knowed all along we shouldn't have given this runt a chance to get away. Just Slim's idea—getting chicken-hearted in his old age. Didn't want to make a mess!"

For a moment there was silence in the office. Pete felt all eyes upon him, the troopers and the sheriff, and Mr. Barns, who owned the food store where Pete worked. It was Mr. Barns who asked curiously, "What I'd like to know, Pete, is how come you got wise to these murderers?"

* * * * *

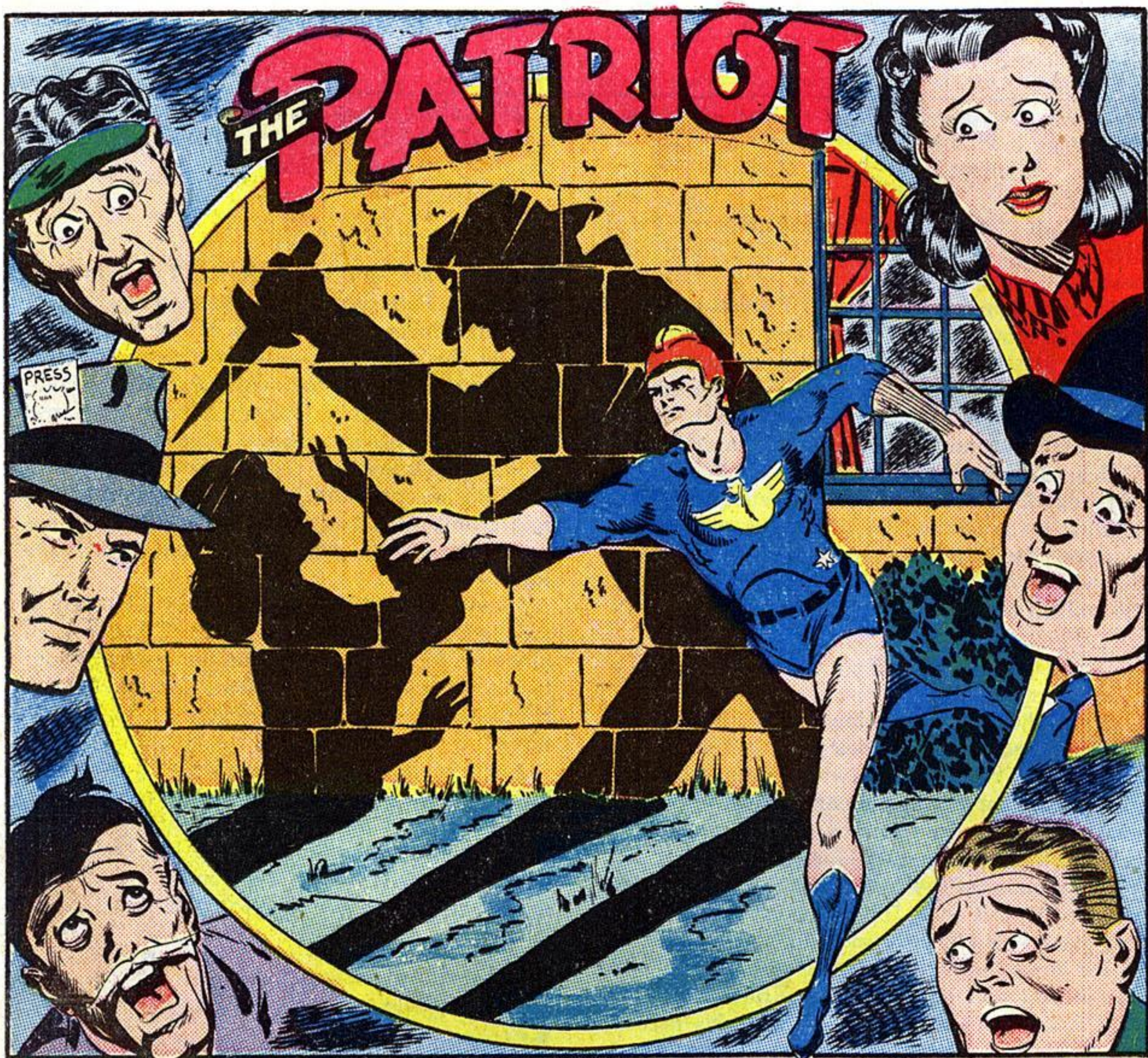
PETE hesitated, feeling hot color creep into his cheeks. Trooper Stallingsworth prompted, "Go ahead, Pete. Looks like you've got the makings of a good trooper in you, already."

"The guy who was supposed to be a policeman," Pete explained with difficulty, wishing he wasn't so red in the face. "He told me he'd been on the force twenty years. But when he tried to twirl that club of his . . . he cracked his knuckles. I didn't think it would take twenty years to learn to do that. That's why I figured he must be a phony. Only why he dressed up like that, and then put on an act . . ."

"Didn't know what they were up against," the big Trooper explained. "They wanted the diamonds Mr. Wright brought back from Africa. They knew it'd take time to find where they were hidden, and in case anyone came snooping around—"

Ex-detective Jones looked at ex-patrolman Hannagan. "Chump," Jones snarled. "You couldn't be a detective like Joe and me. You had to be a cop. Some cop!"

THE END



THE PATRIOT, TAKES UP THE DARK AND BLOODY TRAIL TO SOLVE--
The **WHISPERING DEATH!!**

January

REPORTER BARES UTILITY FRAUD

UTILITY CORP WHICH CARRIED THOUSANDS OF SMALL INVESTORS TO RUIN, WAS DUE TO A MANIPULATION OF STOCKS BY THOMAS JENKINS, VICE PRESIDENT. THE MOVE CAME AS A COMPLETE SHOCK TO JARED WHITMAN, PRES. OF THE FIRM, BEHIND WHOSE REPUTATION JENKINS WAS HIDING HIS OWN

PERSONAL FORTUNE WENT DOWN WITH THE FIRM. JENKINS IN A MOVE TO COVER HIS OWN GUILT TRIED TO FILE A PETITION OF BANKRUPTCY, BUT WAS UNCOVERED BY OUR REPORTER JEFF MACE. THE EVIDENCE HAS BEEN

U.S. He

GREAT STUFF, JEFF! JENKINS WAS A SLIPPERY SNAKE --- NOW THANKS TO YOU, HE'S GOING TO JAIL! INSPECTOR BRIAN IS ON THE WAY TO MAKE THE PINCH NOW ---!

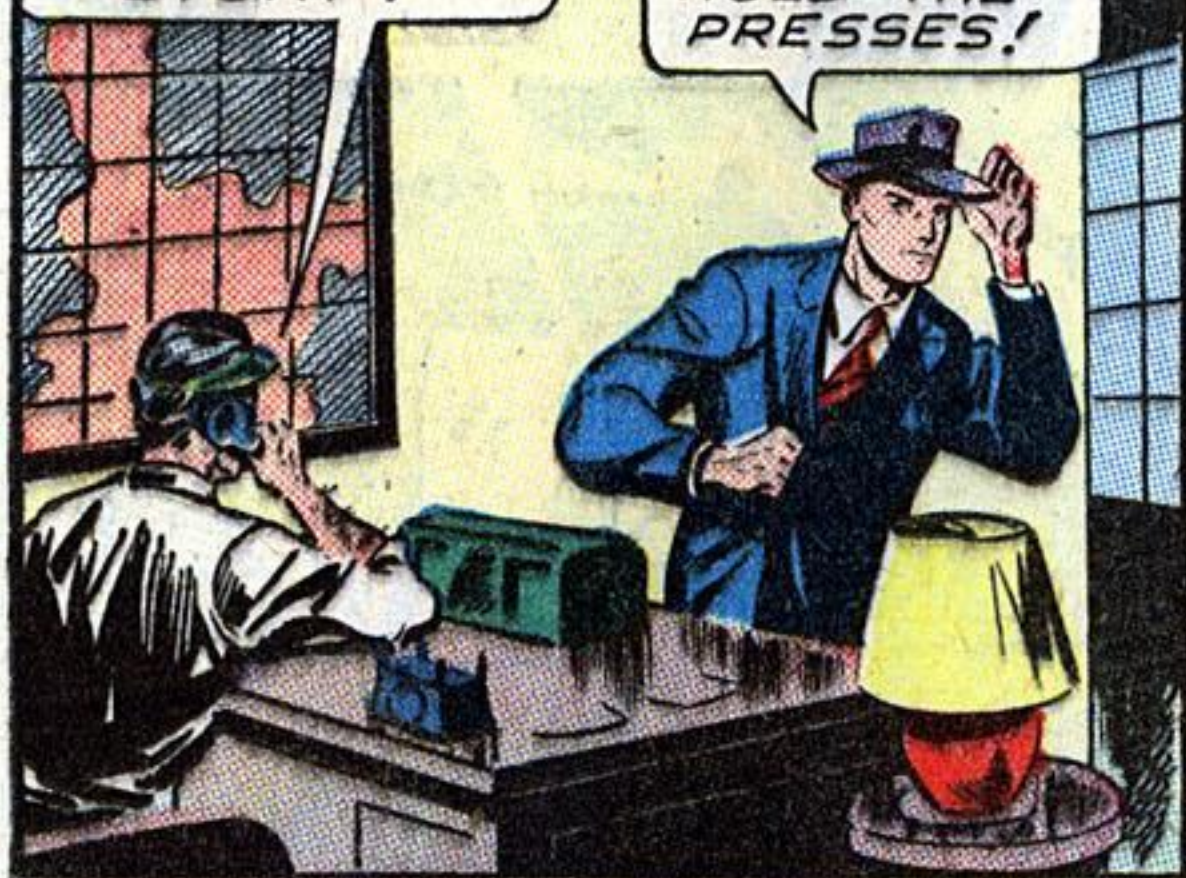
YEAH! PROVIDING ONE OF HIS VICTIMS DON'T GET TO HIM FIRST!!!



WHAT? WHEN DID IT HAPPEN?
THANKS, INSPECTOR! YOU'RE A PAL!

JENKINS WAS MURDERED HALF
AN HOUR AGO! JEFF, GO OUT
AND GET THE
STORY!

HOLD THE
PRESSES!



THAT MEANS THE KILLER POISONED
THE BLADE! BUT WHY? THE
THRUST ALONE WOULD KILL?

ARE YOU
SURE OF
THE POISON?

COURSE I
AM-- I KNOW
CYANIDE WHEN
I SEE IT! YOU
CAN MOVE
THE BODY TO
THE MORGUE
NOW!



WHILE THE BODY IS REMOVED,
JEFF PHONES HIS OFFICE....

ANY
SUSPECTS?

PLENTY! THE
MOST LIKELY
ONES ARE, WHIT-
MAN, HIS DAUGHTER
KATHY AND BULL
MALONE, A GYM
INSTRUCTOR OF
WHITMAN'S! I'LL
HANG AROUND
AND SEE WHAT I
CAN PICK UP!



JEFF ARRIVES AT THE JENKINS
MANSION, AS THE CORONER FIN-
ISHES EXAMINATION OF THE CORPSE!

HI, INSPECTOR!
HOW'D HE GET
IT!

DON'T KNOW YET!
CORONER HASN'T
FINISHED HIS---?
HERE IT IS NOW!
WHAT'S THE
VERDICT, HARRY?

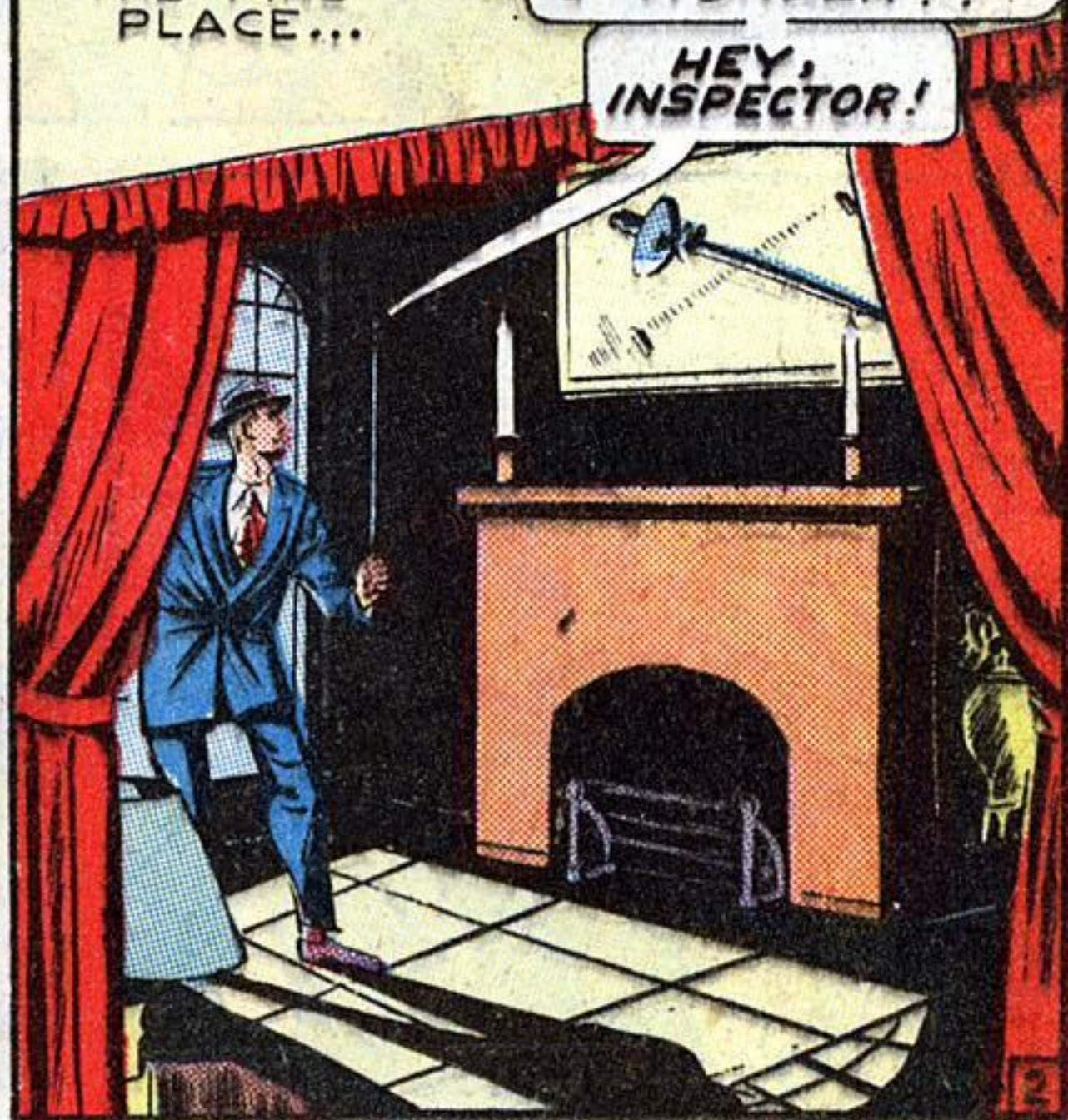
STABBED
THROUGH
THE CHEST
WITH A THIN
BLADED INSTRU-
MENT, PROBABLY
A KNIFE OR OLD
FASHIONED DUEL-
ING WEAPON!
ONE CURIOUS
FACT IS THE
WOUND SHOWS
TRACES OF
CYANIDE!



HANGING UP,
JEFF TURNS
AND NOTICES
ONE OF A PAIR
OF RAPIERS
MISSING FROM
ITS PEG ABOVE
THE FIRE
PLACE...

THE KILLER MUST
HAVE TAKEN THE
MURDER WEAPON
WITH HIM--- THAT
COLLECTION? ONE
OF THE SWORDS
ARE MISSING---
I WONDER??

HEY,
INSPECTOR!



INSPECTOR, I THINK I KNOW THE WEAPON THAT KILLED JENKINS! LOOK OVER THE FIREPLACE!

THE MATE TO THAT SPANISH DUELING SWORD IS GONE! MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, JEFF, BUT THAT WON'T HELP US CATCH THIS KILLER!



IT WILL NARROW THE CHOICE DOWN! DON'T YOU SEE? THE KILLER MUST BE SOMEONE FAMILIAR WITH THIS HOUSE! A STRANGER ON THE KILL, WOULD BRING HIS OWN WEAPON!

IT'S POSSIBLE!



YOU AIN'T ACCUSING ANYONE OF US? WE ALL HAD THE MOTIVE! YEAH, EVEN ME---I LOST MY LIFE SAVINGS IN THE COMPANY! BUT I DID NOT KILL HIM!

NO ONE'S ACCUSING ANYONE-- BUT YOU'RE ALL UNDER SUSPICION! I SUGGEST YOU RETURN TO YOUR HOME! I'LL WANT TO QUESTION YOU LATER!



AS THE TRIO LEAVE---

JENKINS WAS AFRAID FOR HIS LIFE, JEFF! EXCEPT FOR AN HOUR EVERY AFTER-NOON ON THIS TERRACE, HE'D LOCK HIMSELF IN THE HOUSE ALL DAY--- HE CARRIED A GUN TOO!

HOW DID THE KILLER WALK UP AND PLUNGE A SWORD INTO HIM? I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!



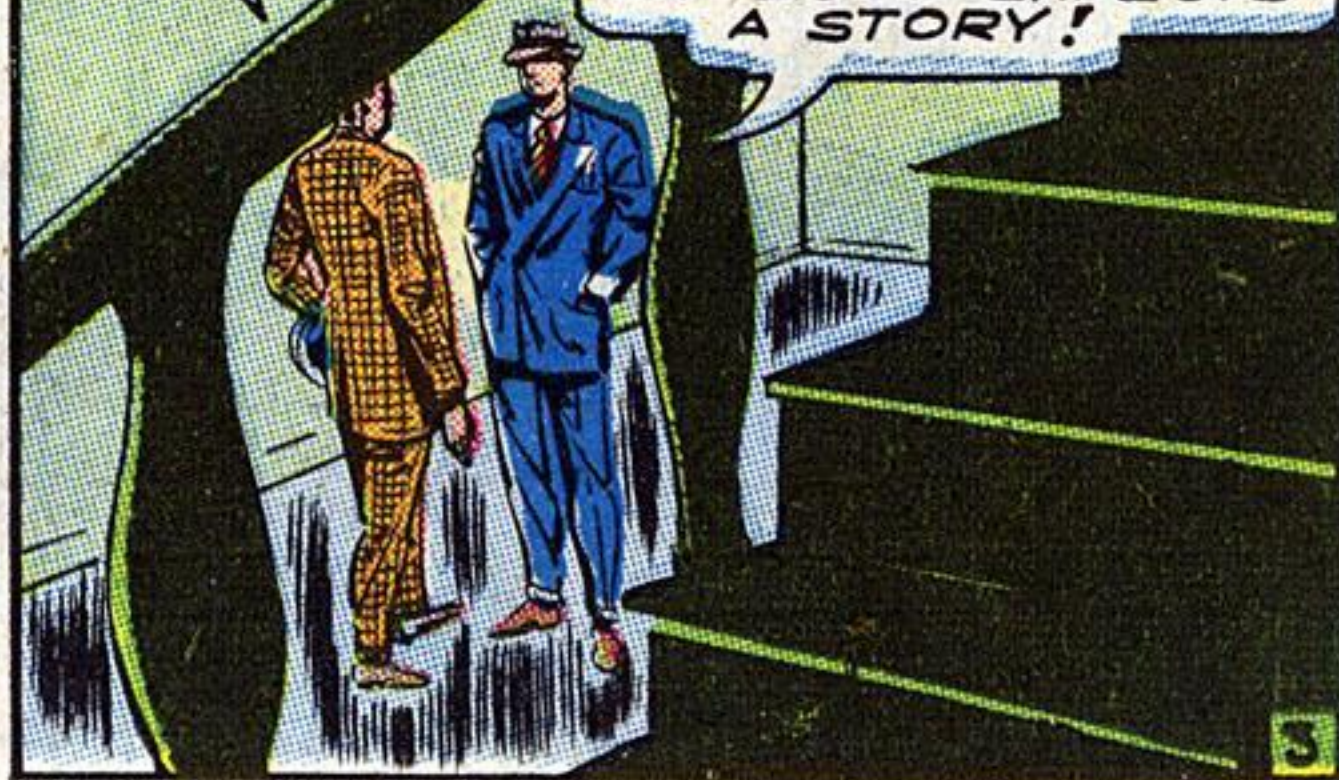
THAT'S IT! HOW? HE WOULDN'T LET HIS OWN MOTHER NEAR HIM--- IF WE COULD FIND THE SWORD--- THERE MIGHT BE PRINTS ON IT!

HAVE YOU HAD THE GROUNDS SEARCHED YET?



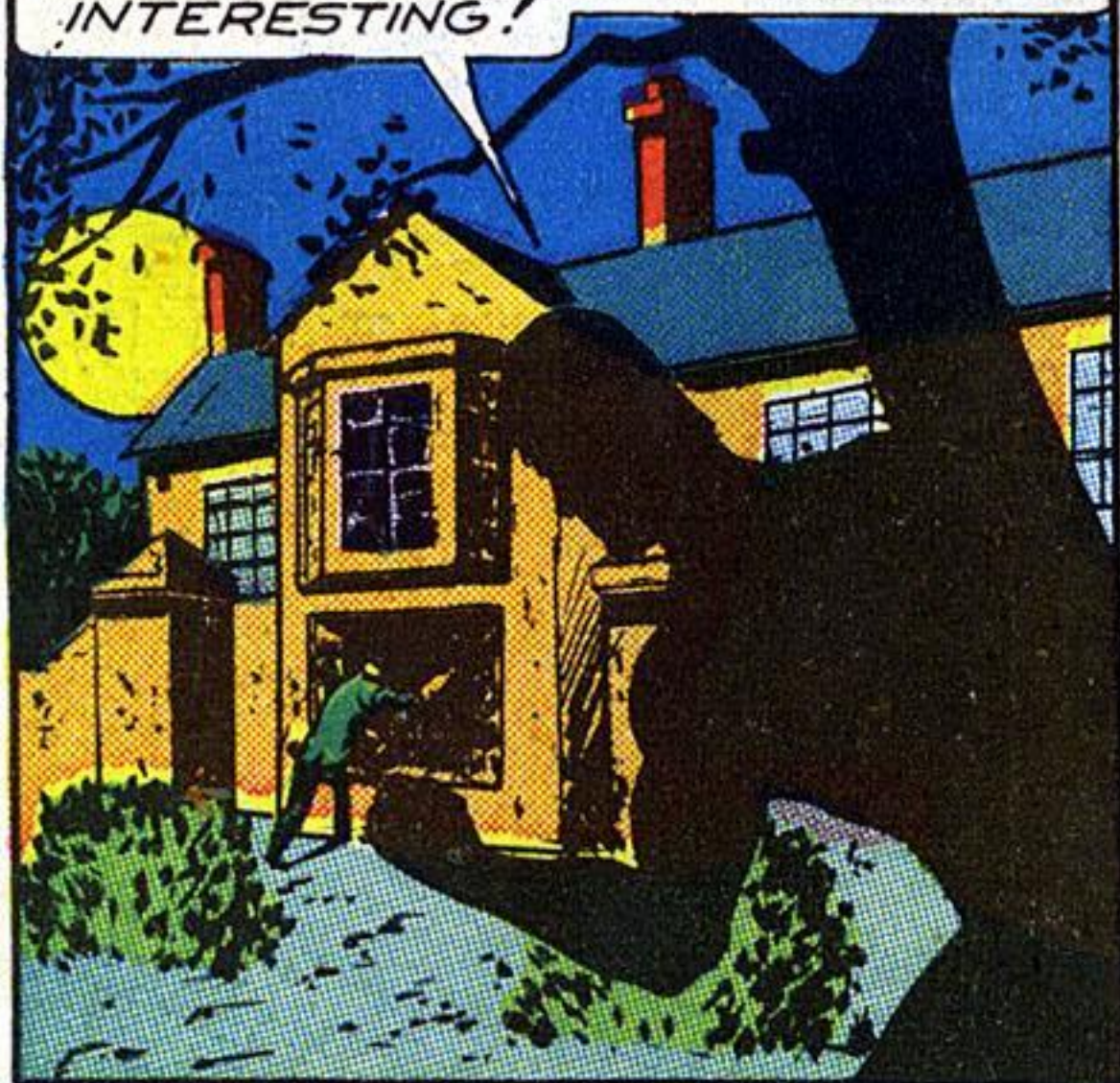
NO--- BUT I'VE PHONED FOR THE BOYS--- WE'LL COVER THIS PLACE WITH A FINE COMB!

GOOD! BUT I CANT HELP THINKING THE SOLUTION IS ON THE WHITMAN ESTATE! I'M GOING TO DO A LITTLE SNOOPING! MEANWHILE, BACK TO THE OFFICE--- MY BOSS EXPECTS A STORY!



THAT SAME NIGHT, A FIGURE MAKES WAY, TO THE WHITMAN-ESTATE, THE---PATRIOT!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL FIND, BUT--- SOMEONE ELSE ON THE PROWL ---THIS MAY PROVE INTERESTING!



GONE! HE MUST HAVE DISAPPEARED THROUGH ONE OF THESE DOORS! I'LL HAVE TO HUNT HIM OUT!



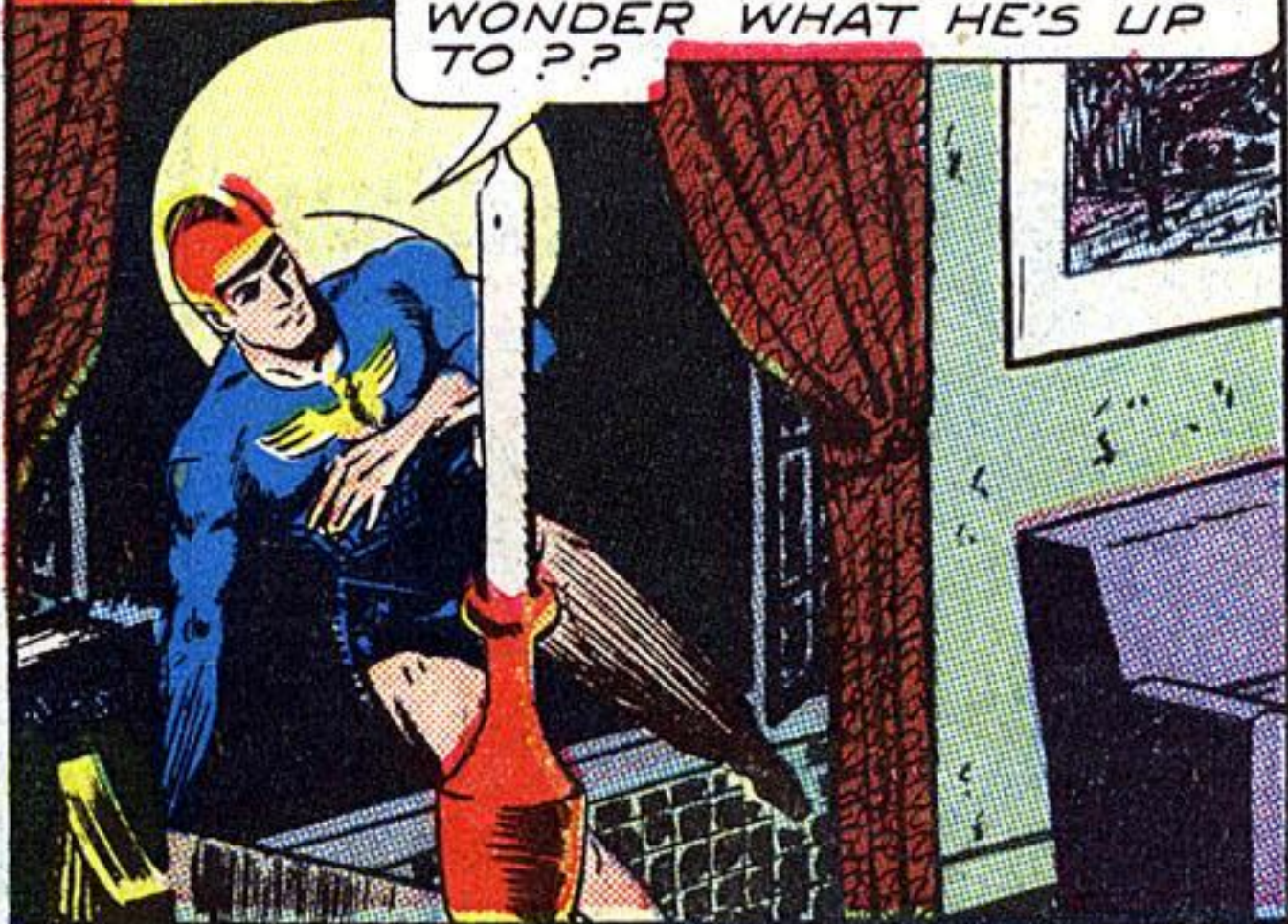
STARTLED YOU, EH? ITS JUST THE BEGINNING!

THE BEGINNING OF YOUR END!



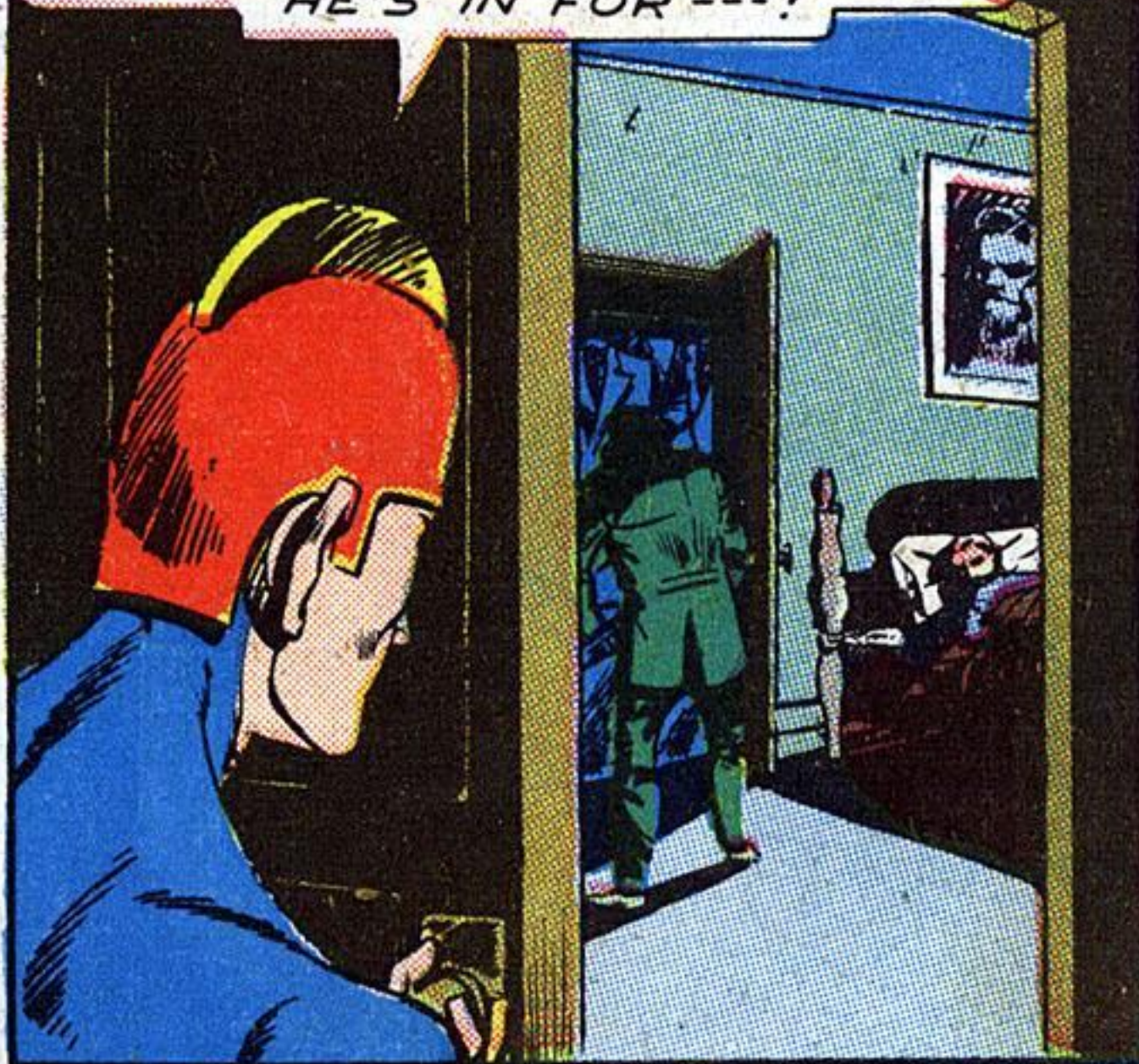
THE PATRIOT FOLLOWS!

HE'S MOUNTING THE STAIRS, SEEMS WELL ACQUAINTED WITH THE HOUSE TOO! I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO??



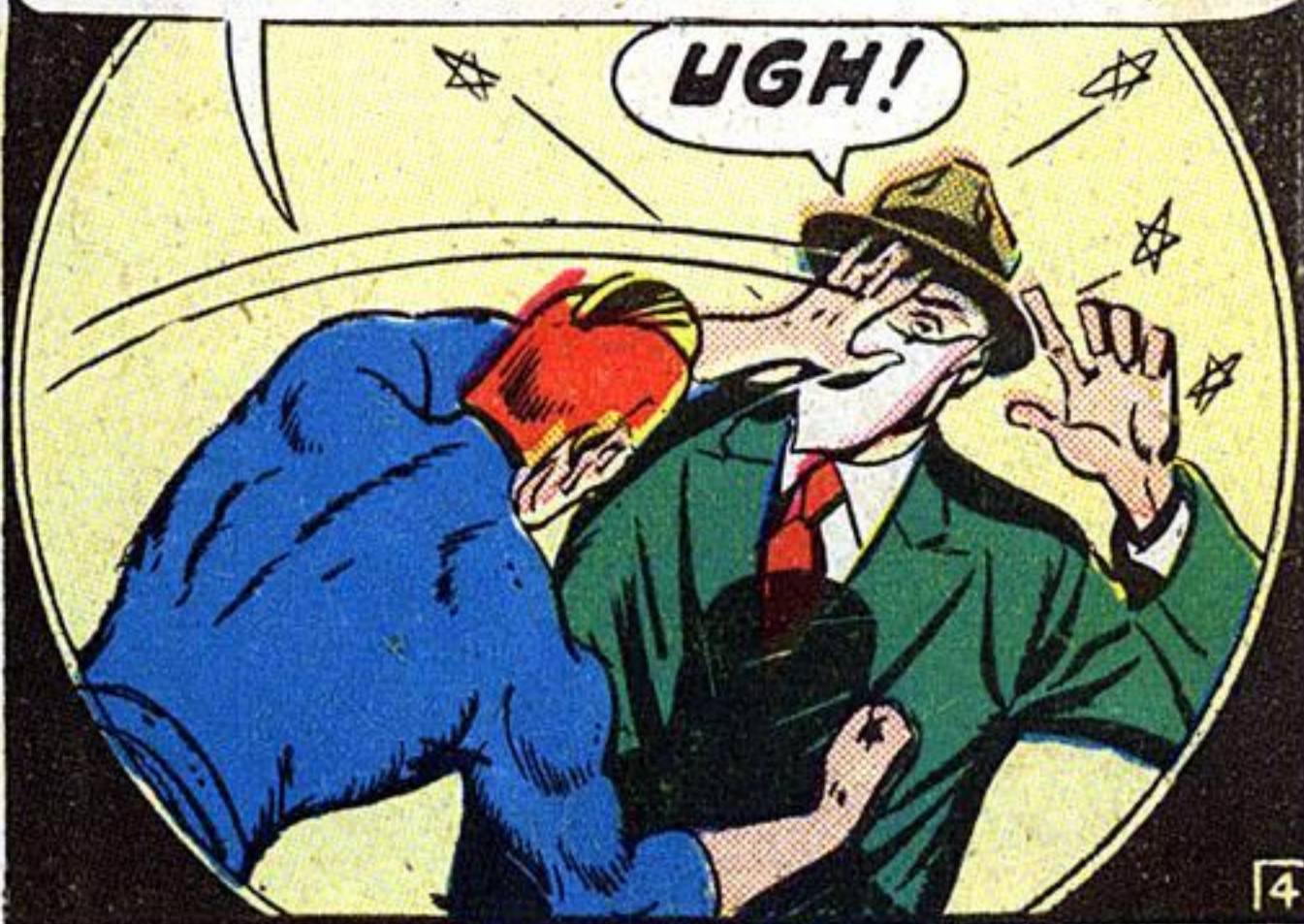
AND AS HE CAREFULLY OPENS THE DOOR--- HE SEES HIS QUARRY---

WHITMAN'S ROOM! SO, NOW I KNOW WHAT THAT SNEAK IS UP TO! HE'S TRYING TO FRAME WHITMAN FOR MURDER--- WHAT A SURPRISE HE'S IN FOR ---!



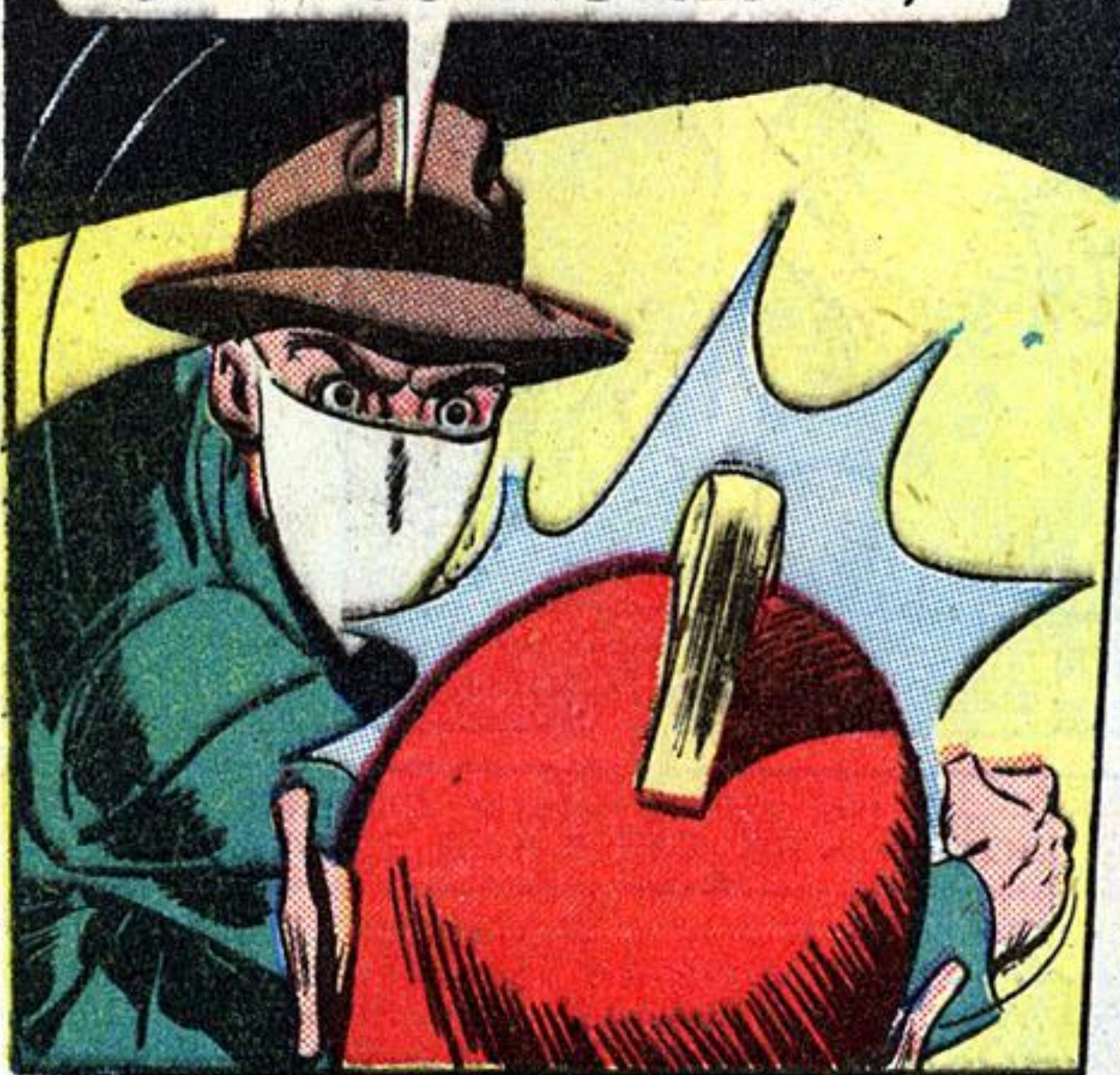
PLENTY OF YOUR KIND HAVE SAID THAT--- THEY'RE ALL IN JAIL!

UGH!



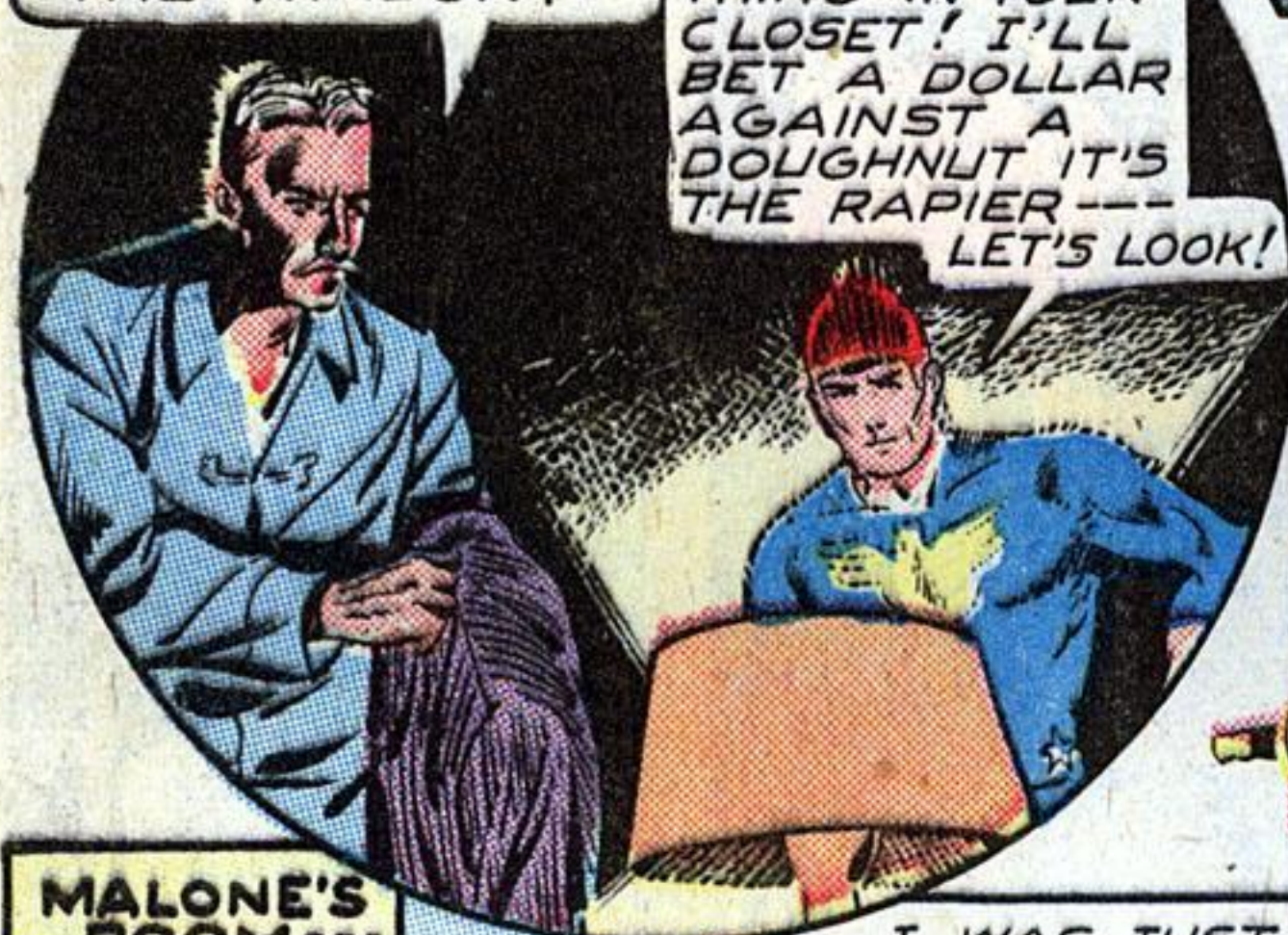
BUT THE MASKED MAN COMES BACK WITH A SMASHING BLOW-----

YOU'LL NEVER BURN ME--
YOU SNOOPING CLOWN!



WHAT HAPPENED?
WHO WAS THAT
CREATURE THAT
JUMPED THRU
THE WINDOW?

THE KILLER!
I CAUGHT HIM
TRYING TO
PLANT SOME-
THING IN YOUR
CLOSET! I'LL
BET A DOLLAR
AGAINST A
DOUGHNUT IT'S
THE RAPIER---
LET'S LOOK!



**MALONE'S
ROOM---**

WHAT THE---
HEY! CAN'T A
GUY HAVE SOME
PRIVACY?

I WAS JUST
CHECKING UP!
SOMEONE PLANT-
ED THE MURDER
WEAPON IN
WHITMAN'S ROOM!
I TACKLED HIM,
BUT HE GOT
AWAY!

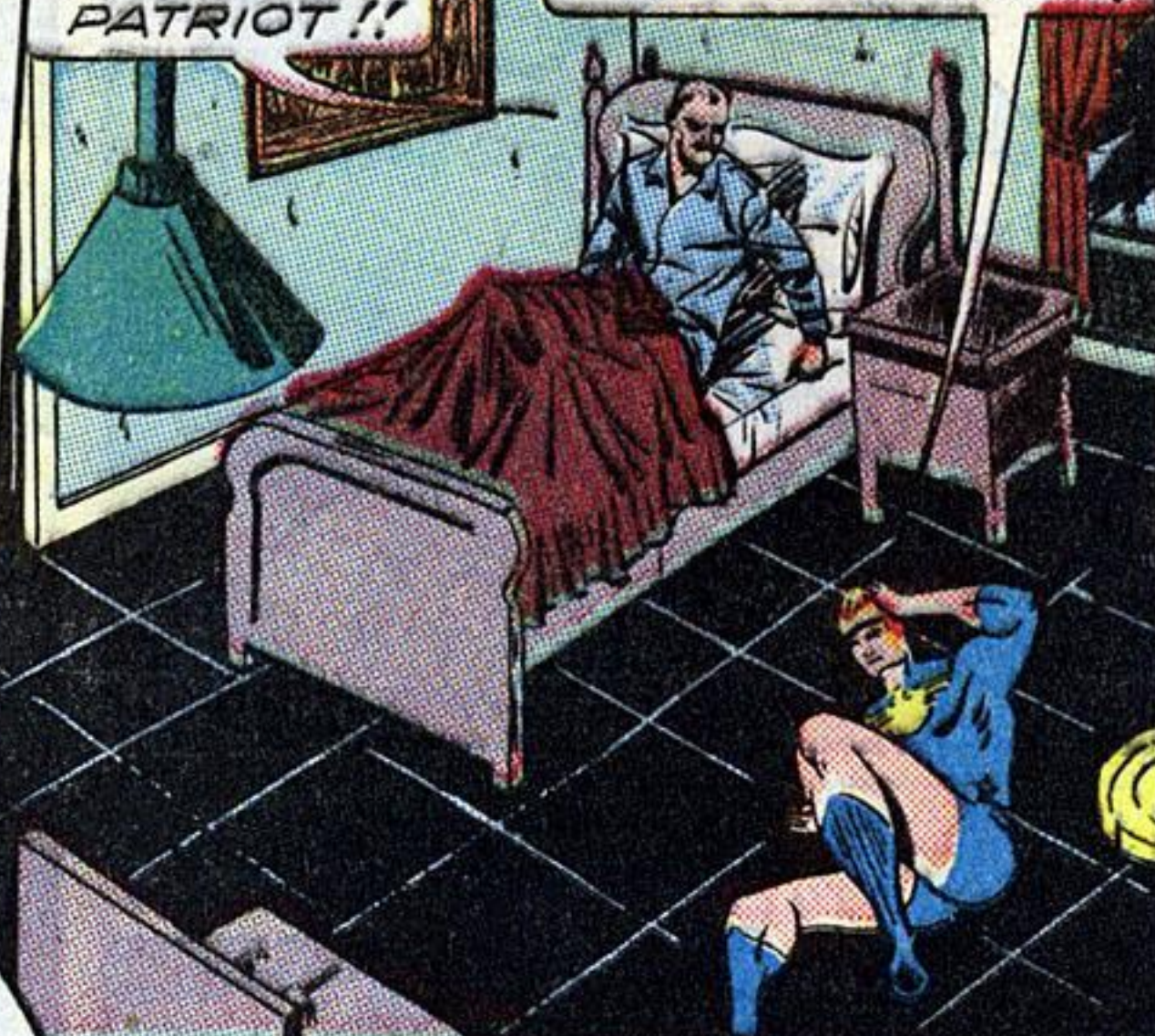


AND
THE
MASKED
INTRUDER
LEAPS
FROM
THE
WINDOW



WHA-- THE
PATRIOT!!

WHAT A WALLOP!



PATRIOT'S HUNCH IS CONFIRMED!

THE SPANISH RAPIER! SOMEONE
WAS TRYING TO FRAME ME FOR
MURDER-- BUT WHO?

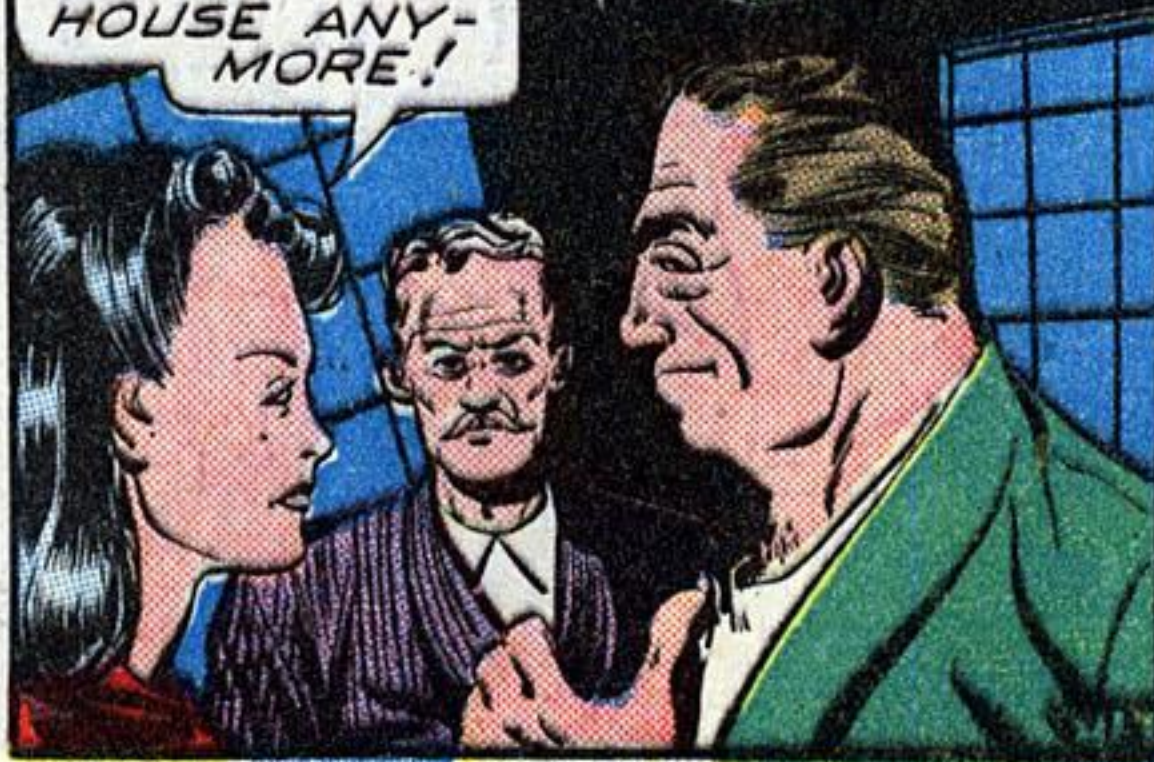
I DON'T KNOW!
BUT I'M GOING
TO CHECK UP--
WHERE DOES
BULL MALONE
SLEEP?



SLEEP IM-
POSSIBLE,
THE HOUSE-
HOLD GATHERS
IN THE LIVING
ROOM---

DON'T WORRY,
MISS KATHY---
FROM NOW ON,
BULL MALONE'S
STANDING GUARD!

I DON'T FEEL
SAFE IN THIS
HOUSE ANY-
MORE!





WHITMAN'S A COLLECTOR TOO! ONLY HE COLLECTS ARROW HEADS, THAT'S FUNNY--- ONE OF THEM IS MISSING! I'VE GOT IT --- I KNOW WHO KILLED JENKINS!



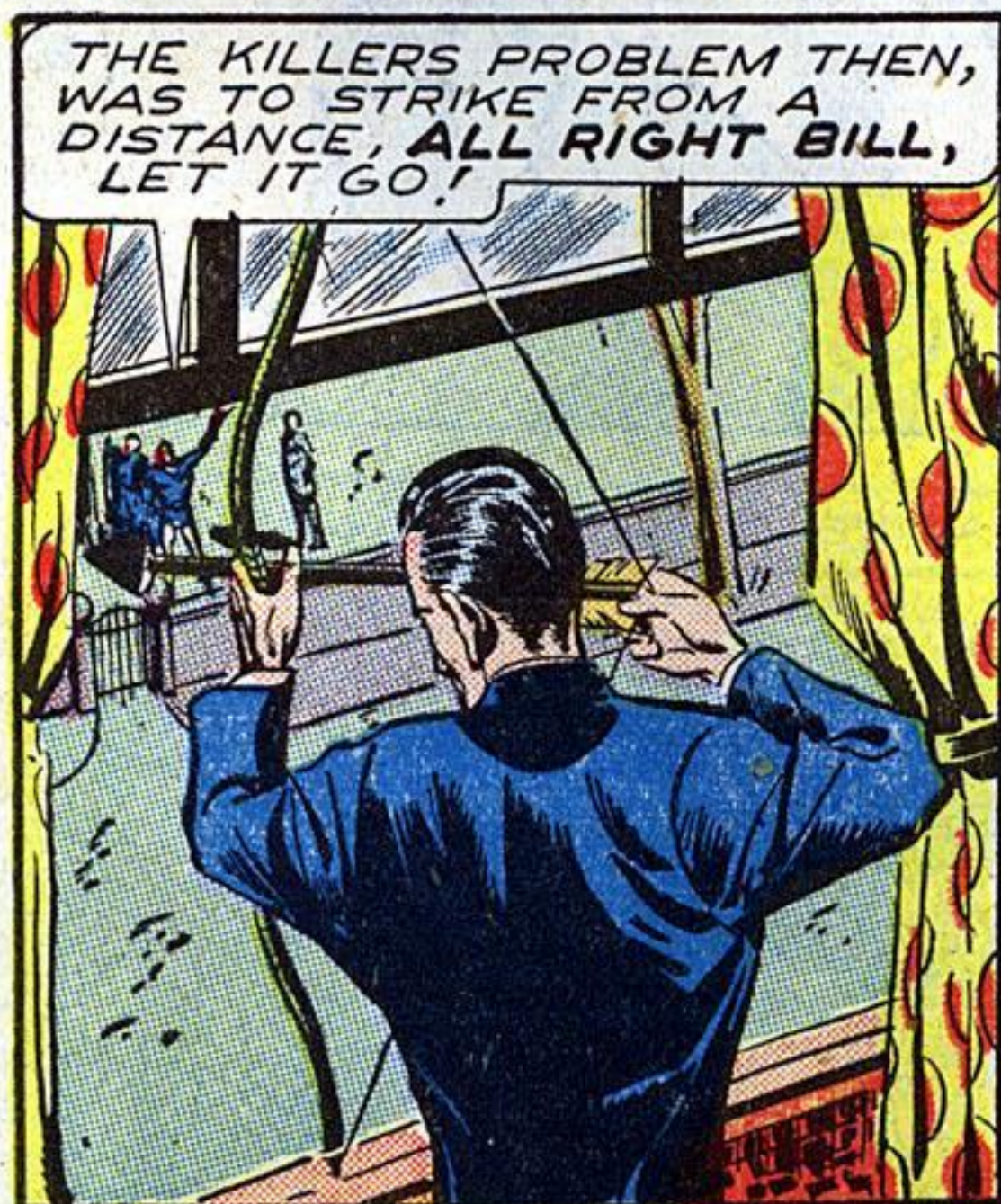
EXCLUDING HIMSELF, PATRIOT RACES BACK TO ONE OF THE ROOMS



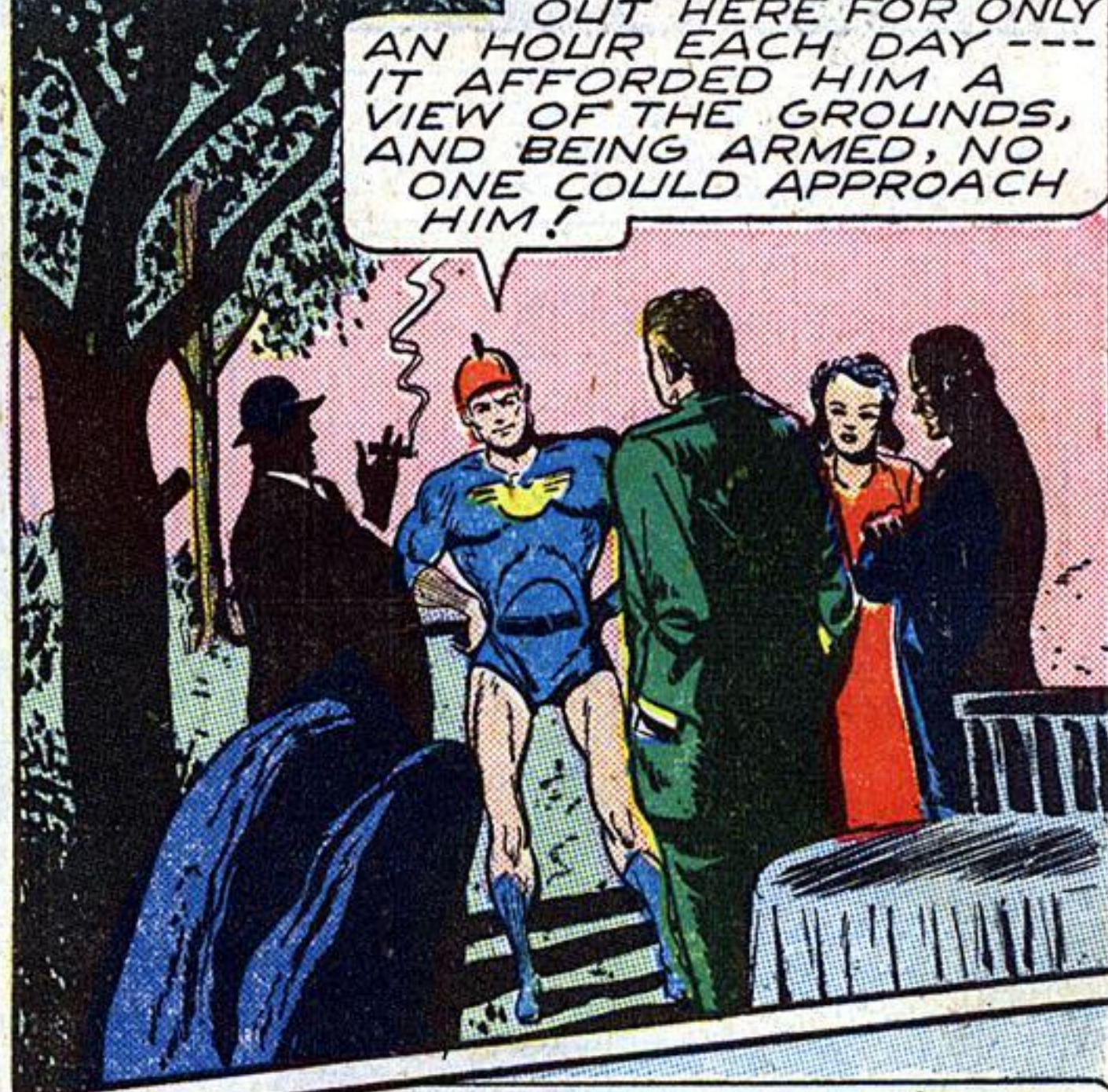
HMM... YOU CAN GET A FULL VIEW OF THE JENKINS TERRACE FROM HERE--- JUST AS I THOUGHT!



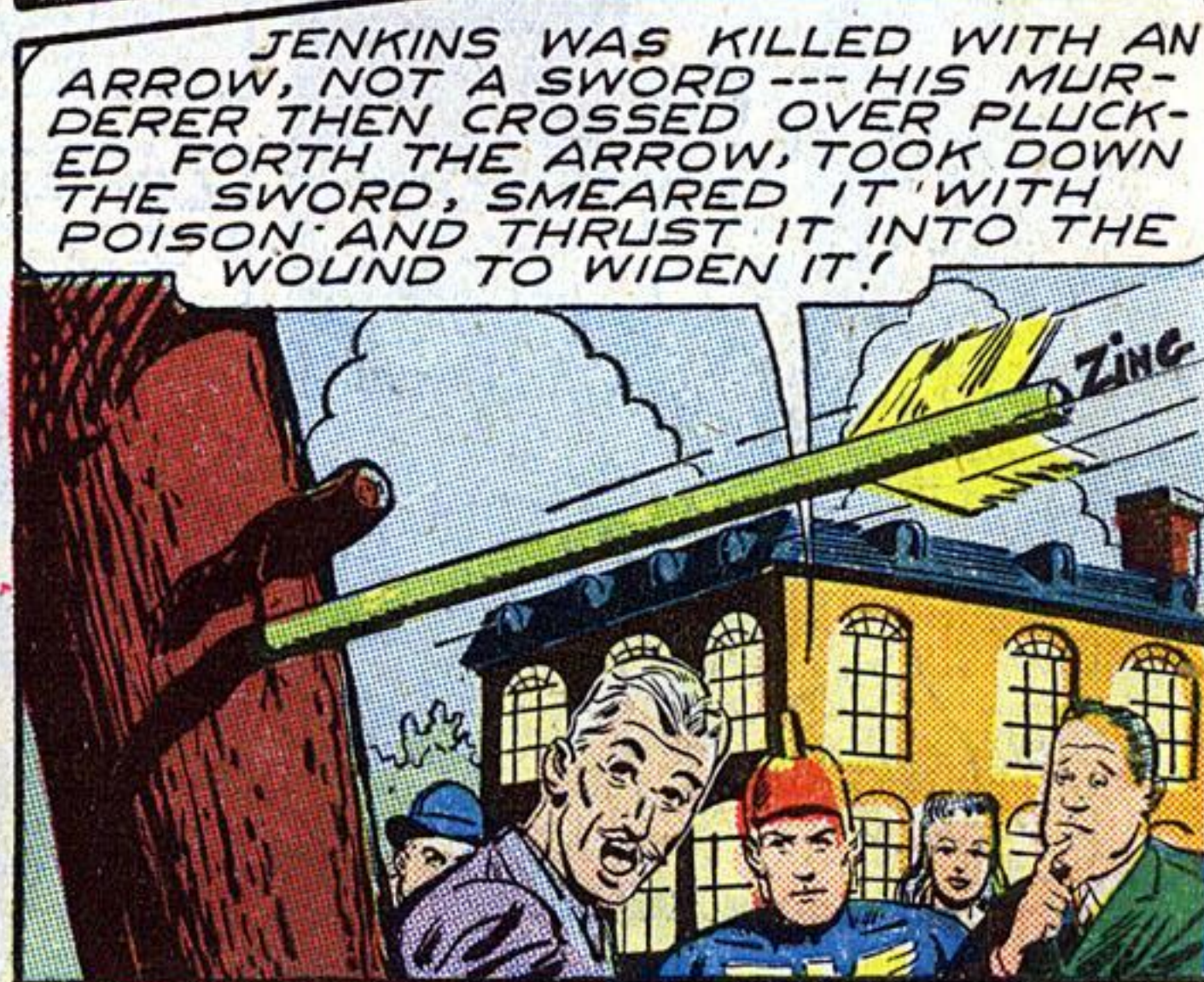
INSPECTOR BRIAN? PATRIOT SPEAKING--NEVER MIND HOW I GOT INTO THIS! I THINK I KNOW THE KILLER-- COME UP AND BRING **BILL TROY, THE ARCHERY CHAMPION**--- I WANT HIM TO HELP ME SET A TRAP!



THE KILLERS PROBLEM THEN, WAS TO STRIKE FROM A DISTANCE, **ALL RIGHT BILL, LET IT GO!**

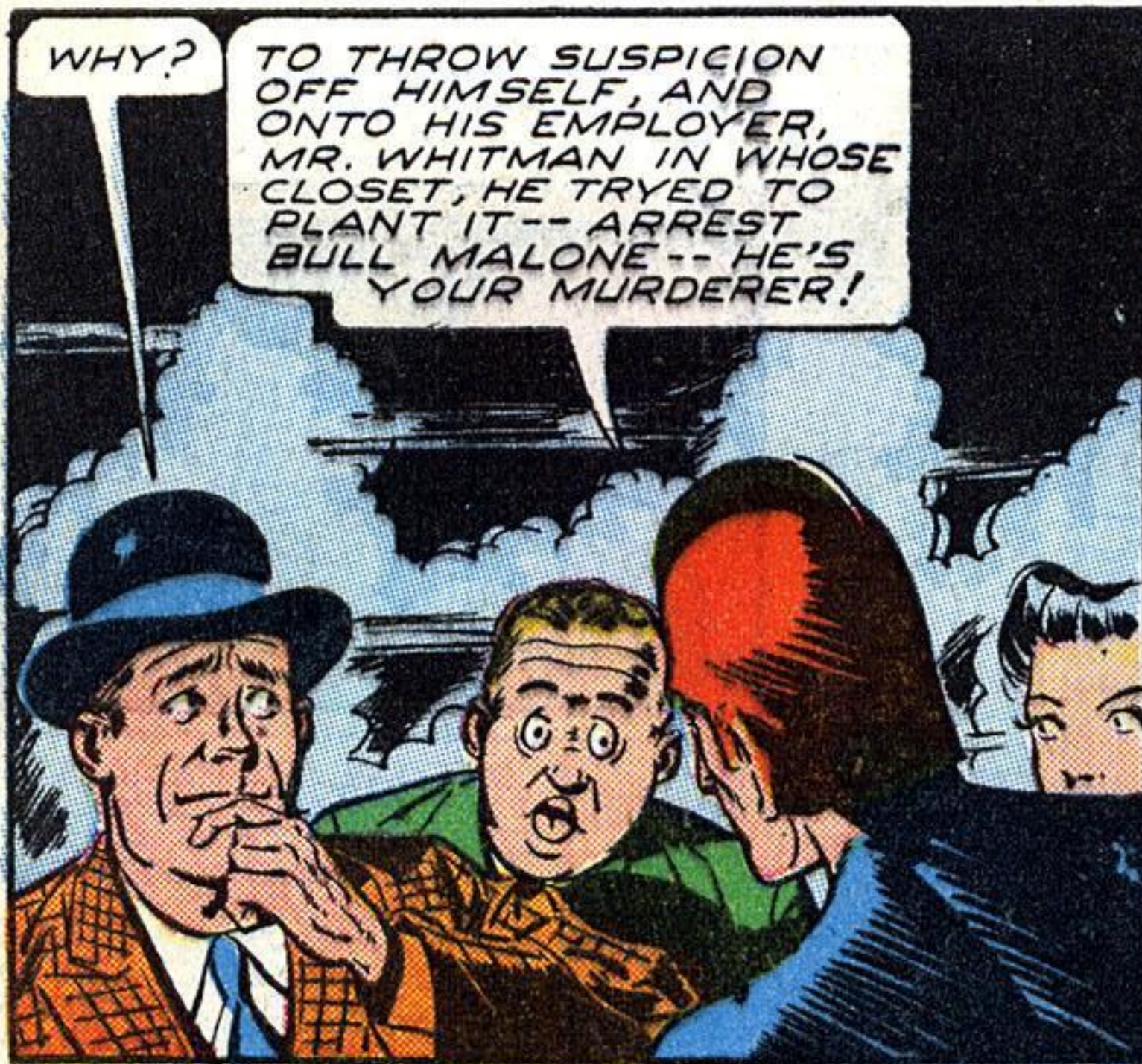


BEFORE REVEALING THE KILLER, I'LL EXPLAIN THIS CASE! AS WE KNOW JENKINS FEARED FOR HIS LIFE, HE SPENT HIS DAYS BEHIND LOCKED DOORS, COMING OUT HERE FOR ONLY AN HOUR EACH DAY --- IT AFFORDED HIM A VIEW OF THE GROUNDS, AND BEING ARMED, NO ONE COULD APPROACH HIM!



JENKINS WAS KILLED WITH AN ARROW, NOT A SWORD --- HIS MURDERER THEN CROSSED OVER PLUCKED FORTH THE ARROW, TOOK DOWN THE SWORD, SMEARED IT WITH POISON AND THRUST IT INTO THE WOUND TO WIDEN IT!

THE PATRIOT MOTIONS TO SOMEONE IN THE WHITMAN BUILDING ----



WHY?

TO THROW SUSPICION
OFF HIMSELF, AND
ONTO HIS EMPLOYER,
MR. WHITMAN IN WHOSE
CLOSET, HE TRIED TO
PLANT IT-- ARREST
BULL MALONE-- HE'S
YOUR MURDERER!



YES, I SUSPECTED
YOU WHEN
I SAW THAT
ARCHERY THROPHY
IN YOUR ROOM
AND FOUND AN
ARROW HEAD
MISSING FROM
WHITMAN'S
COLLECTION!

SMART
AREN'T,
CHA?
SURE, I
KILLED
HIM! HE
WIPE
OUT MY
SAVINGS
WITH HIS
CROOKED
SCHEMES!



BUT YOU AIN'T GETTIN'
ME-- STAND BACK, NO-
BODY'S GONNA TAKE ME!



LET'S SEE HOW GOOD YOU
ARE WITHOUT WEAPONS!

COFF!



THIS IS CURTAINS
FOR A KILLER!

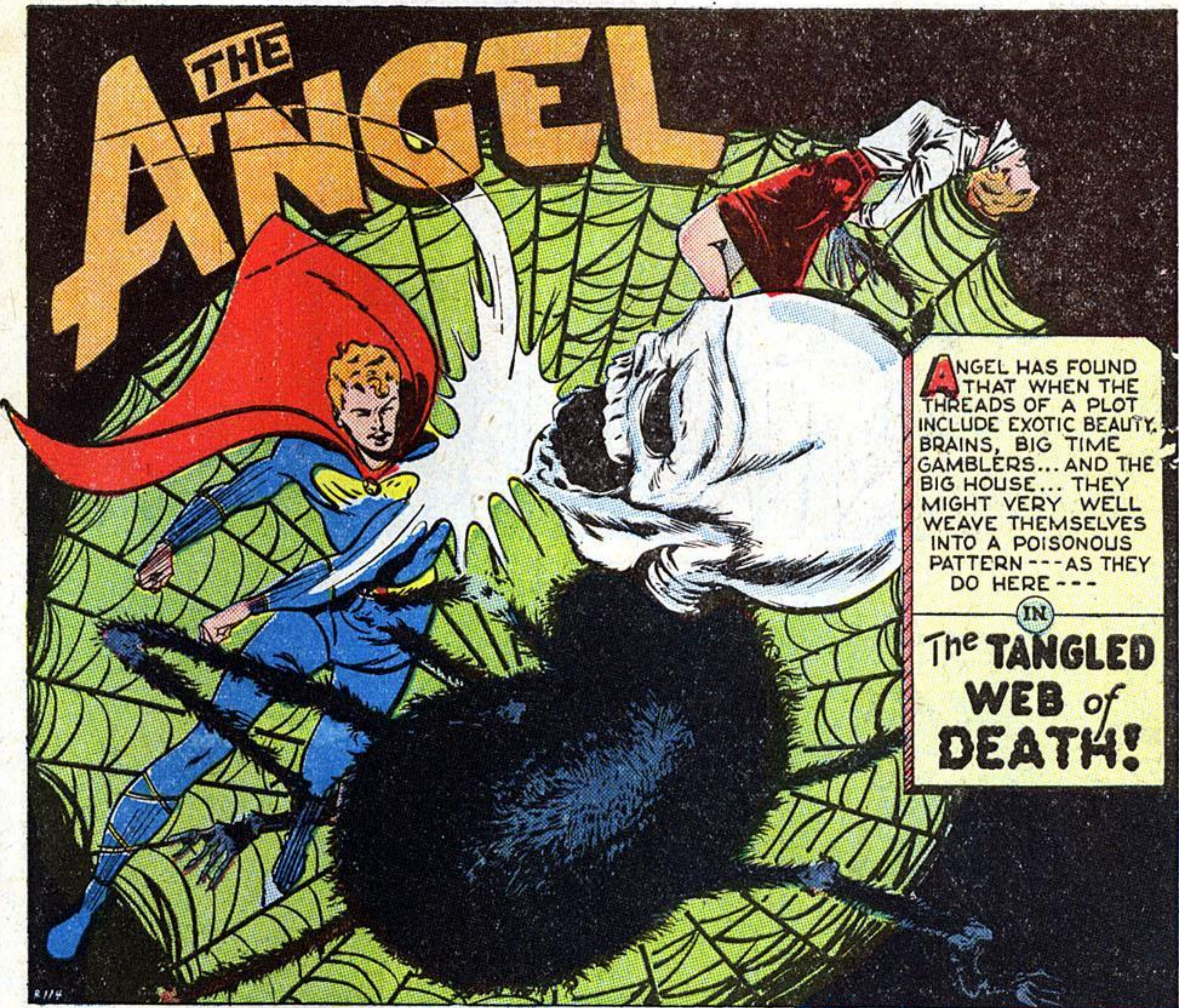


LATER AT HEADQUARTER!

HELLO, INSPECTOR--
ANYTHING NEW ON
THE JENKINS CASE?

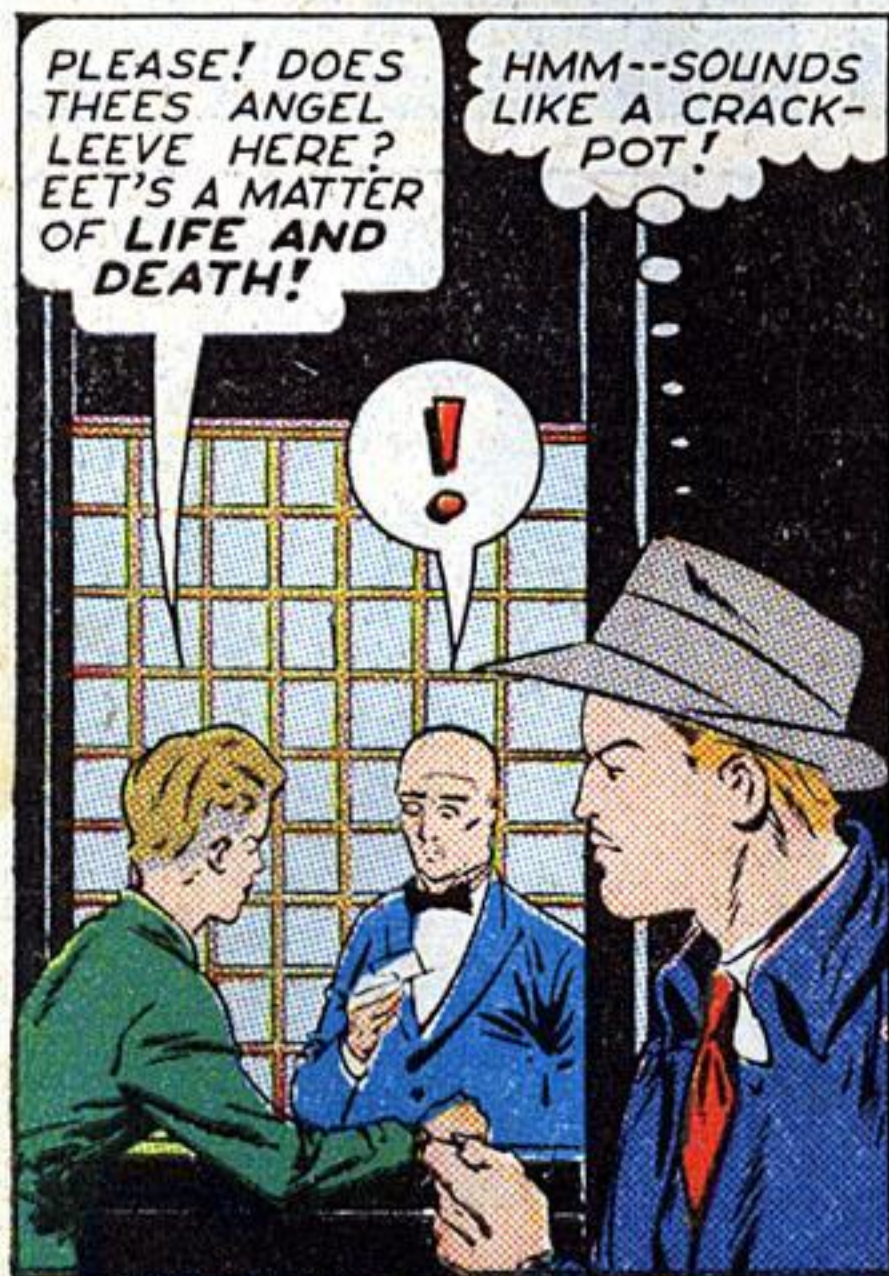
ANYTHING
NEW? WHY,
MR. MACE--- THE
PATRIOT SOLVED
THE CASE TWENTY
MINUTES AGO, AND
HOW THE PATRIOT
GOT MIXED UP IN-
TO IT IS BEYOND
ME!

THE END



ANGEL HAS FOUND THAT WHEN THE THREADS OF A PLOT INCLUDE EXOTIC BEAUTY, BRAINS, BIG TIME GAMBLERS... AND THE BIG HOUSE... THEY MIGHT VERY WELL WEAVE THEMSELVES INTO A POISONOUS PATTERN --- AS THEY DO HERE ---

IN
The TANGLED WEB of DEATH!



PLEASE! DOES THEES ANGEL LEEVE HERE? EET'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!

HMM--SOUNDS LIKE A CRACK-POT!



AH--- WHOSE LIFE AND DEATH, MISS?

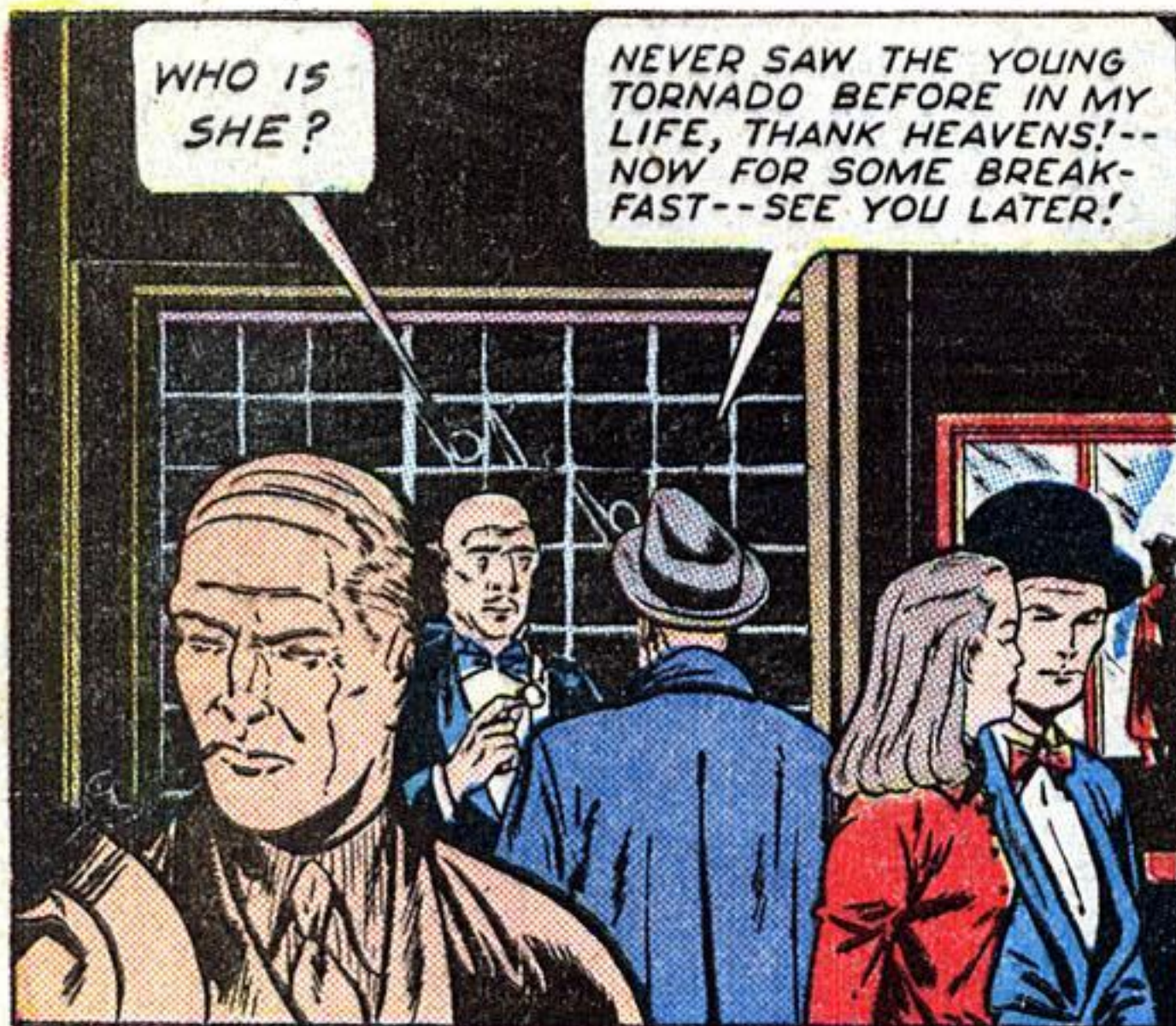
WHO ARE YOU?

OH--HEH!-- HE'S THE-- ER --- HOUSE DETECTIVE!



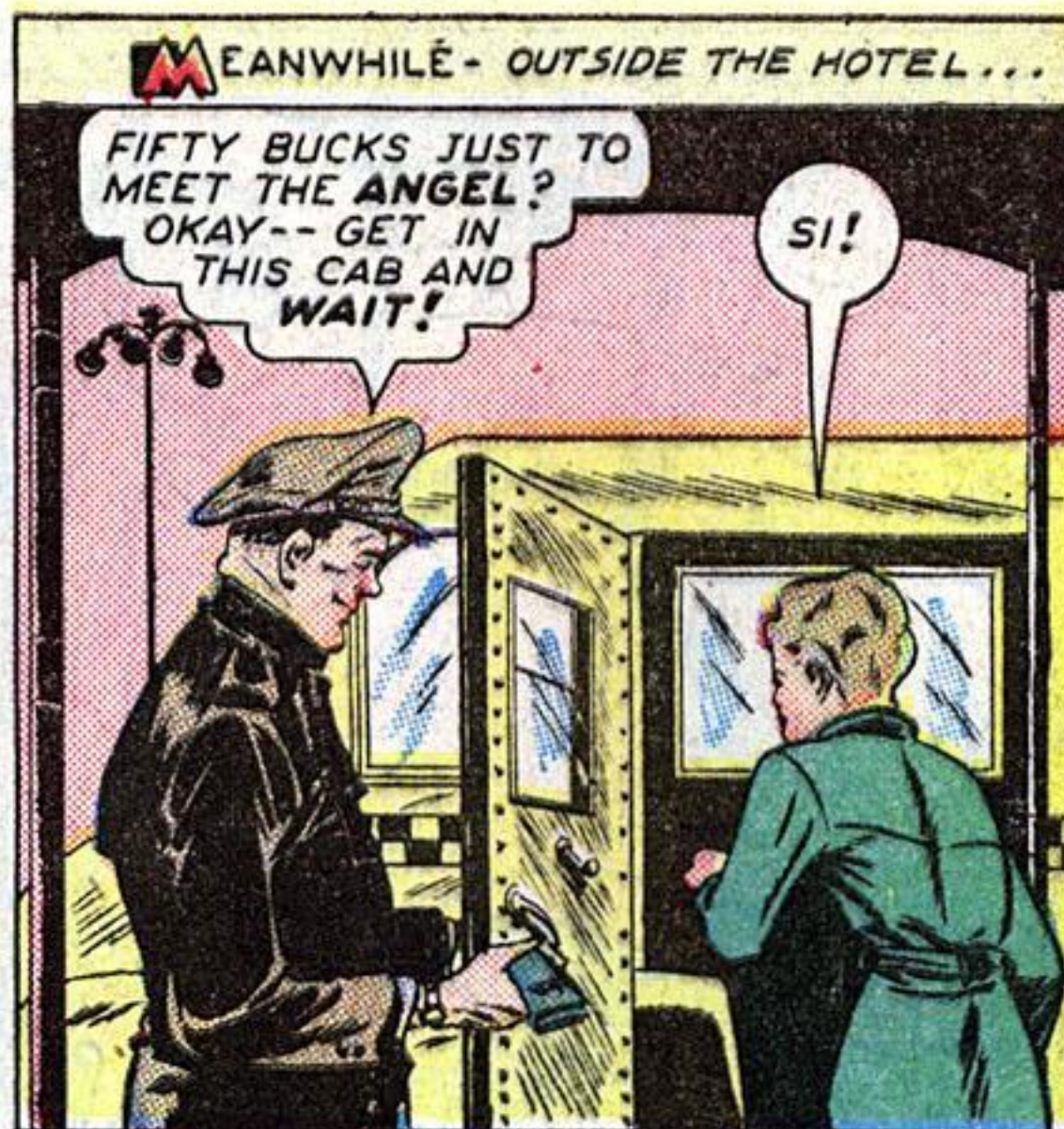
HOUSE DETECTIVE! PHOOEY! I'LL FINE THEES ANGEL EEF I HAVE TO HAUNT HEEM!

OOP!



WHO IS SHE?

NEVER SAW THE YOUNG TORNADO BEFORE IN MY LIFE, THANK HEAVENS!-- NOW FOR SOME BREAKFAST-- SEE YOU LATER!



MEANWHILE - OUTSIDE THE HOTEL...

FIFTY BUCKS JUST TO MEET THE ANGEL? OKAY-- GET IN THIS CAB AND WAIT!

SI!



DOWNTOWN--- TO THE CARLTON!

YES, SIR!



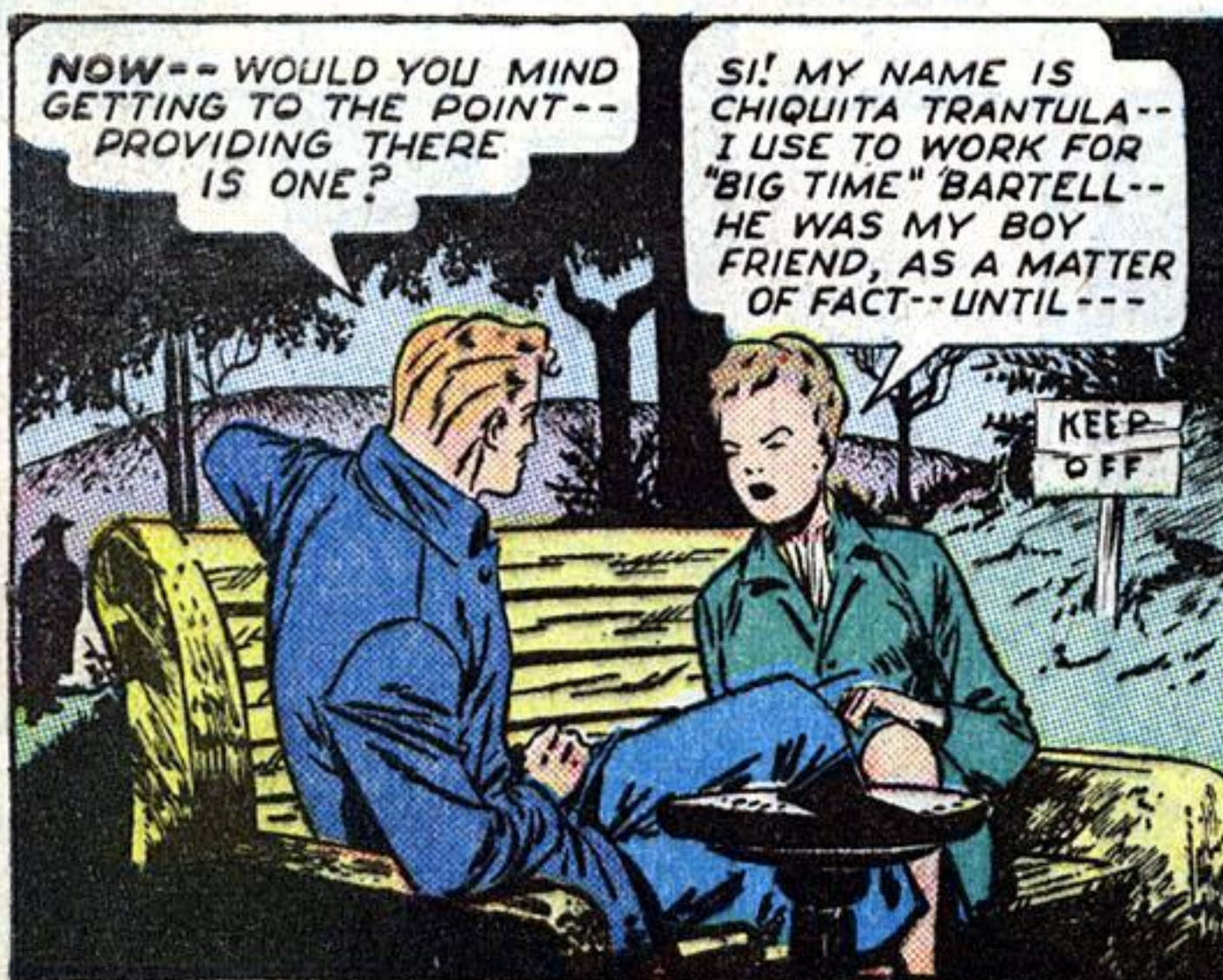
GLAD I GOT RID OF ---

HAH! MEESTER HOUSE DETECTIVE-- ANGEL!



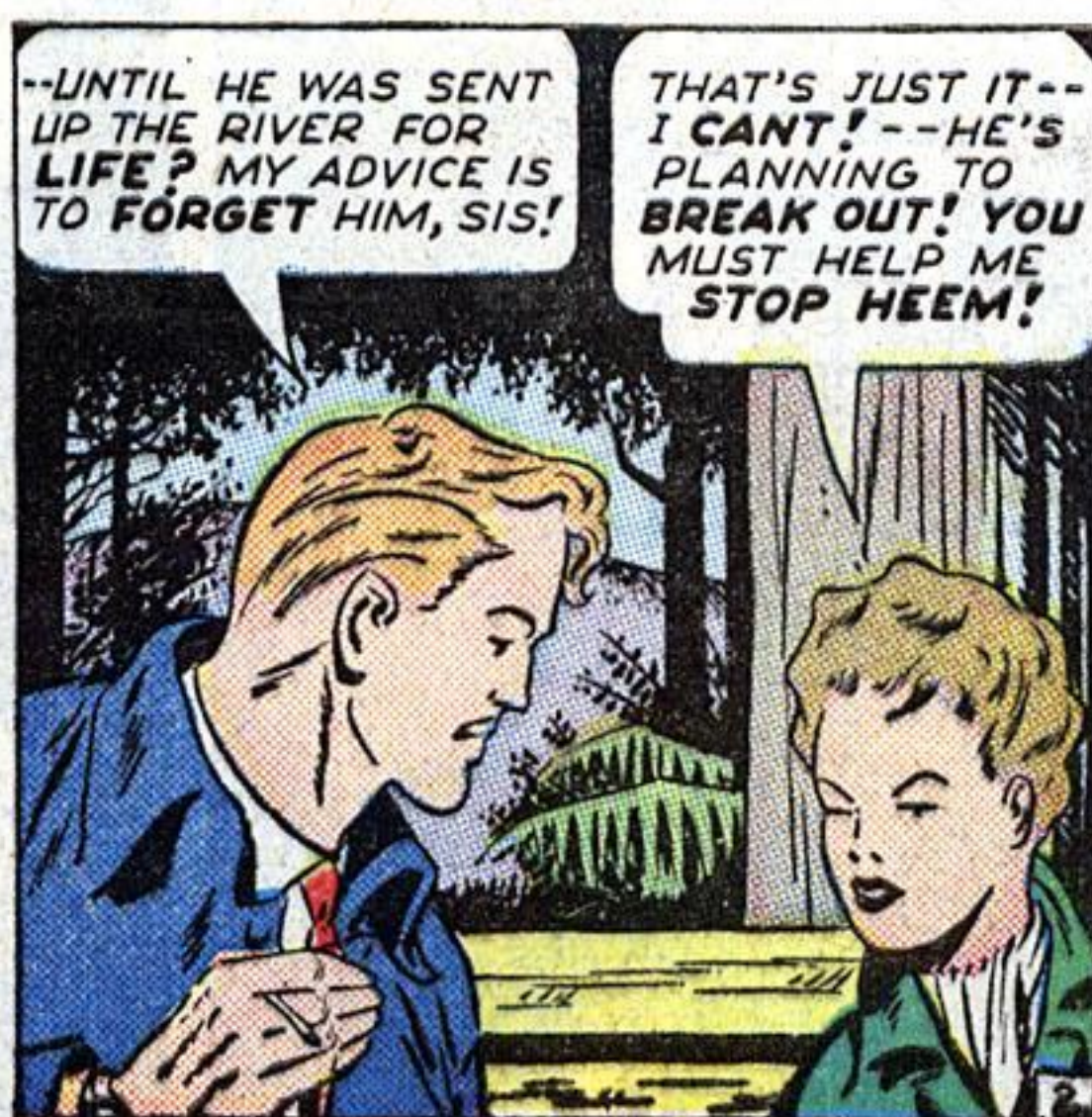
WE'LL GET OUT AND WALK, DRIVER-- HERE!

OKAY, MAC-- THANKS!



NOW-- WOULD YOU MIND GETTING TO THE POINT-- PROVIDING THERE IS ONE?

SI! MY NAME IS CHIQUITA TRANTULA-- I USE TO WORK FOR "BIG TIME" BARTELL-- HE WAS MY BOY FRIEND, AS A MATTER OF FACT-- UNTIL---



--UNTIL HE WAS SENT UP THE RIVER FOR LIFE? MY ADVICE IS TO FORGET HIM, SIS!

THAT'S JUST IT-- I CANT!-- HE'S PLANNING TO BREAK OUT! YOU MUST HELP ME STOP HEEM!



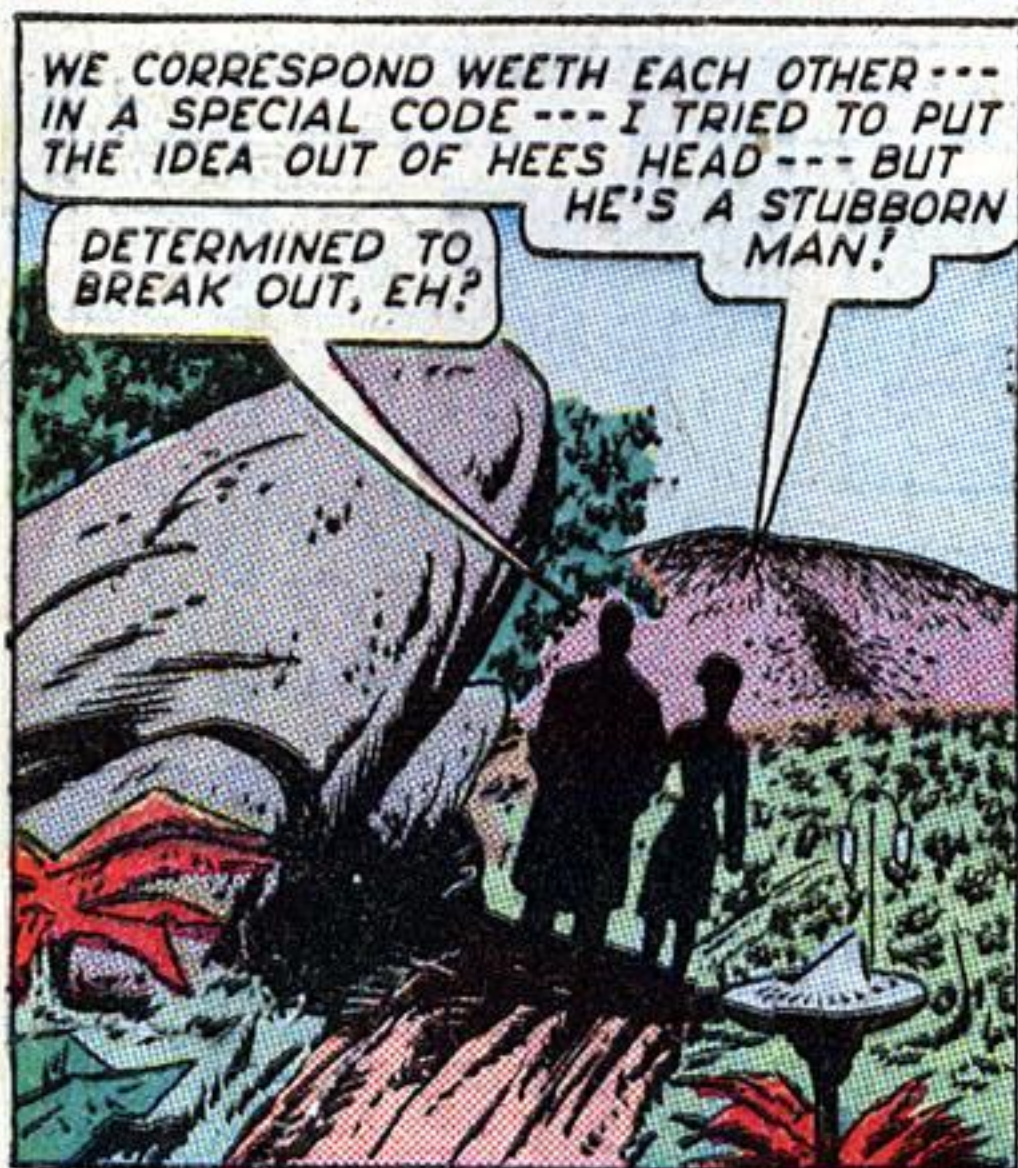
WHY TELL ME? THAT'S UP TO THE POLICE---

NO! MY REASON FOR ASKING YOUR HELP IS TO PREVENT HEE'S GETTING HURT!



BIG TIME EES NOT YOUNG ENOUGH TO CLIMB WALLS OR SWIM RIVERS! YOU MUST CONVINCE HEEM HEE'S BETTER OFF TO WAIT--FOR JUSTICE! ---HE MIGHT BE KEELED EEF HE TRIED TO ESCAPE!

MMM--- YES, THERE'S AN EXCELLENT CHANCE!--BUT TELL ME, HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS?



WE CORRESPOND WEETH EACH OTHER --- IN A SPECIAL CODE --- I TRIED TO PUT THE IDEA OUT OF HEES HEAD --- BUT HE'S A STUBBORN MAN!

DETERMINED TO BREAK OUT, EH?



SI! HE HAS A LOT OF MONEY HIDDEN SOMEPLACE -- WEETH IT HE THINKS HE COULD FIND PEACE AND FREEDOM -- WILL YOU HELP?

OKAY, CHIQUITA --- I'LL DO ALL I CAN!

THAT AFTERNOON---

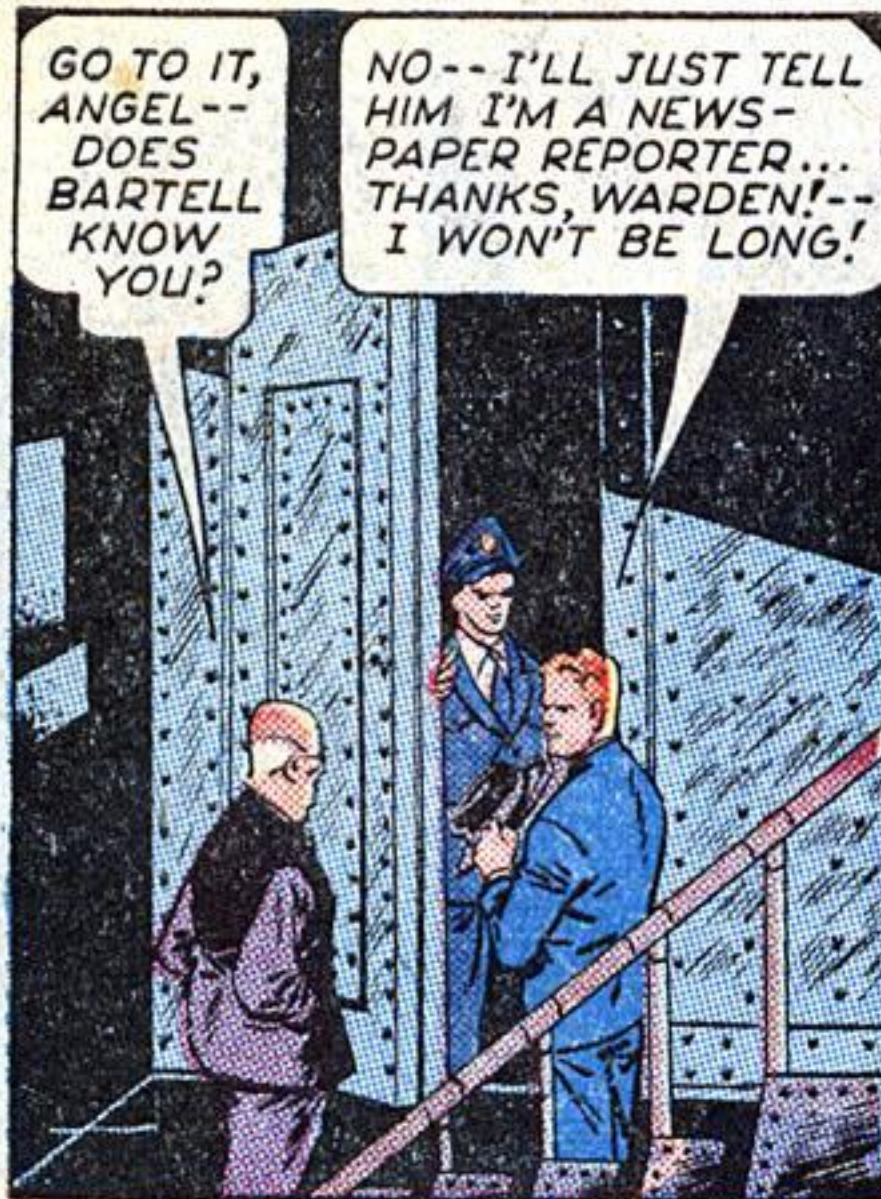


HNNPH! IF HE DID ESCAPE SHE'D BE SET FOR LIFE! OH WELL... I NEVER DID PRETEND TO UNDERSTAND WOMEN!



ANGEL! HOW ARE YOU?

FINE THANKS, WARDEN! -- ANY CHANCE OF MY GETTING IN TO SPEAK TO "BIG TIME" BARTELL? -- I HAVE A HUNCH HE'LL BE ABLE TO HELP OUT ON AN OLD CASE!



GO TO IT, ANGEL-- DOES BARTELL KNOW YOU?

NO-- I'LL JUST TELL HIM I'M A NEWS-PAPER REPORTER... THANKS, WARDEN!-- I WON'T BE LONG!



NEWSPAPER REPORTER, "BIG TIME"-- THEY'RE GOING TO PUT YOU IN THE FUNNY PAPERS!

HELLO, BARTELL-- I'M DAVIS FROM THE GLOBE--MIND IF I COME IN?

NO WAY I CAN STOP YOU!



BARTELL ANSWERS QUESTIONS, ANGEL GETTING HIS POINTS ACROSS FOR A HALF HOUR -- FINALLY --

YOU'RE A SMART MAN FOR TAKING THINGS AS THEY COME "BIG TIME"-- UP HERE, LIKE ANYPLACE ELSE-- LIFE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT!

GUESS YOU HAVE SOMETHING THERE, DAVIS, THANKS FOR THE VISIT!



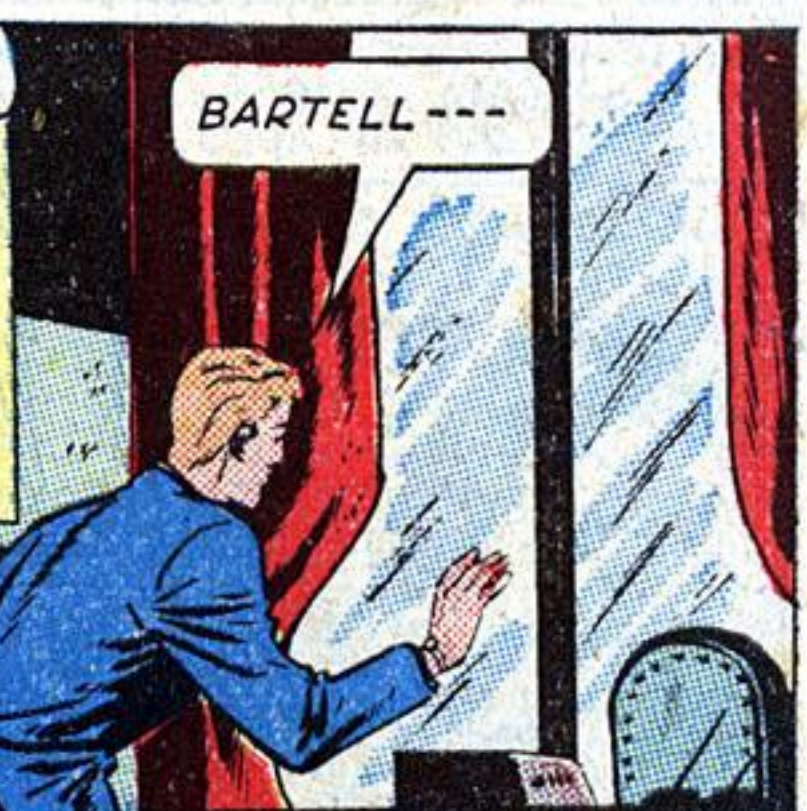
ANGEL STOPS TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO THE WARDEN, WHEN--



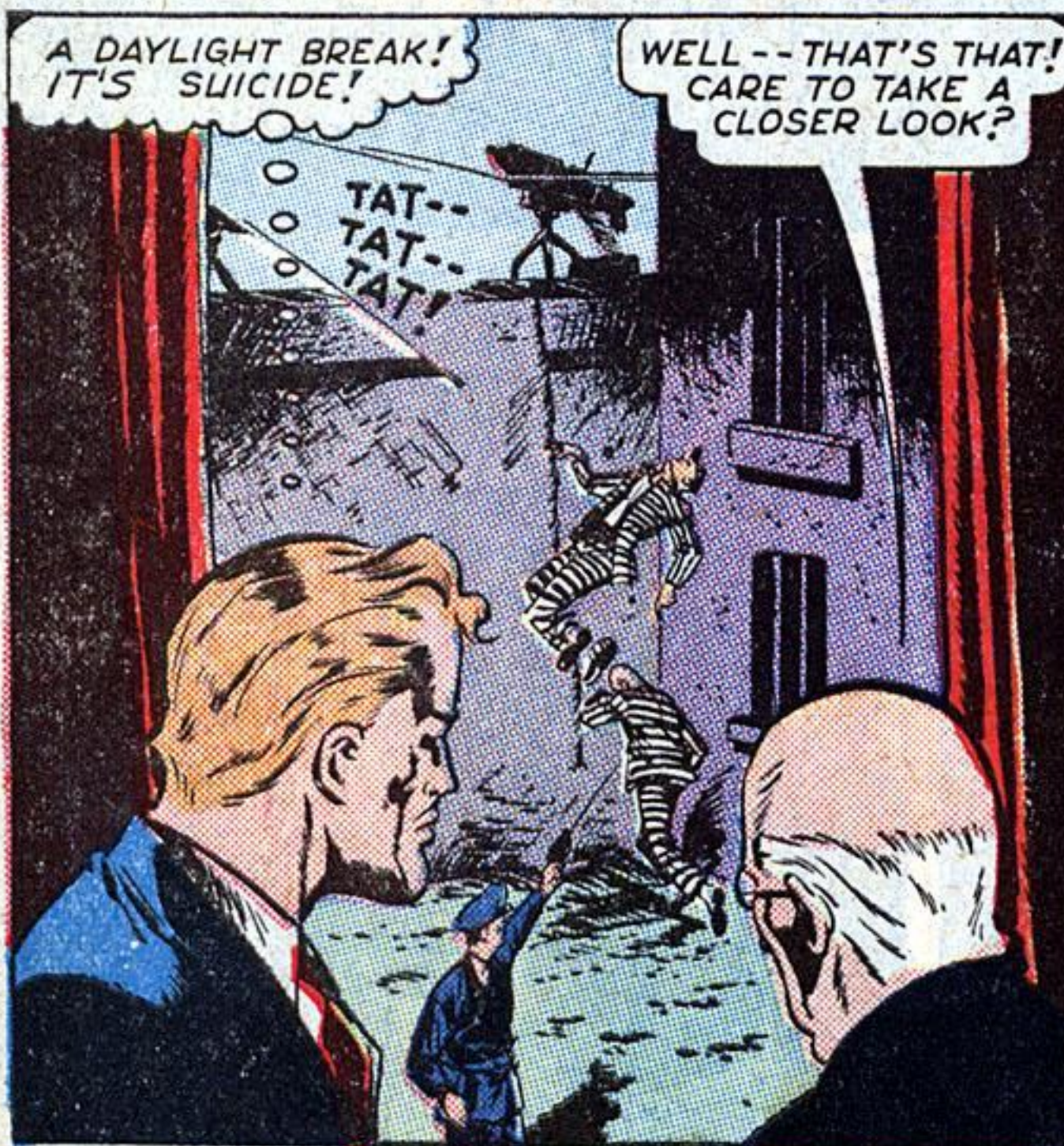
SIRENS! IT'S A BREAK!



TO THE WINDOWS!-- THEY OVERLOOK THE YARD!



BARTELL---



A DAYLIGHT BREAK! IT'S SUICIDE!

TAT-- TAT-- TAT!

WELL -- THAT'S THAT! CARE TO TAKE A CLOSER LOOK?

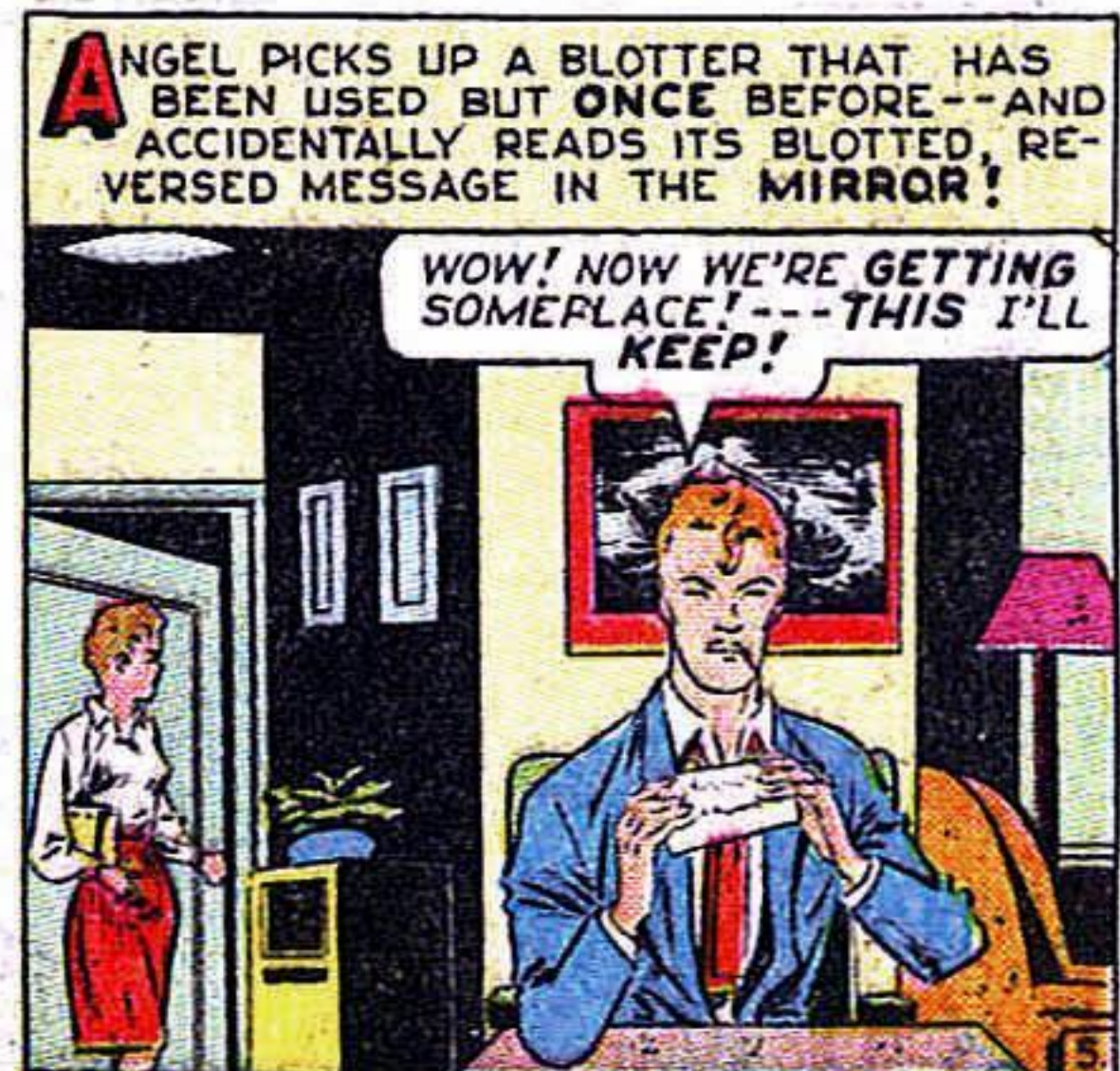
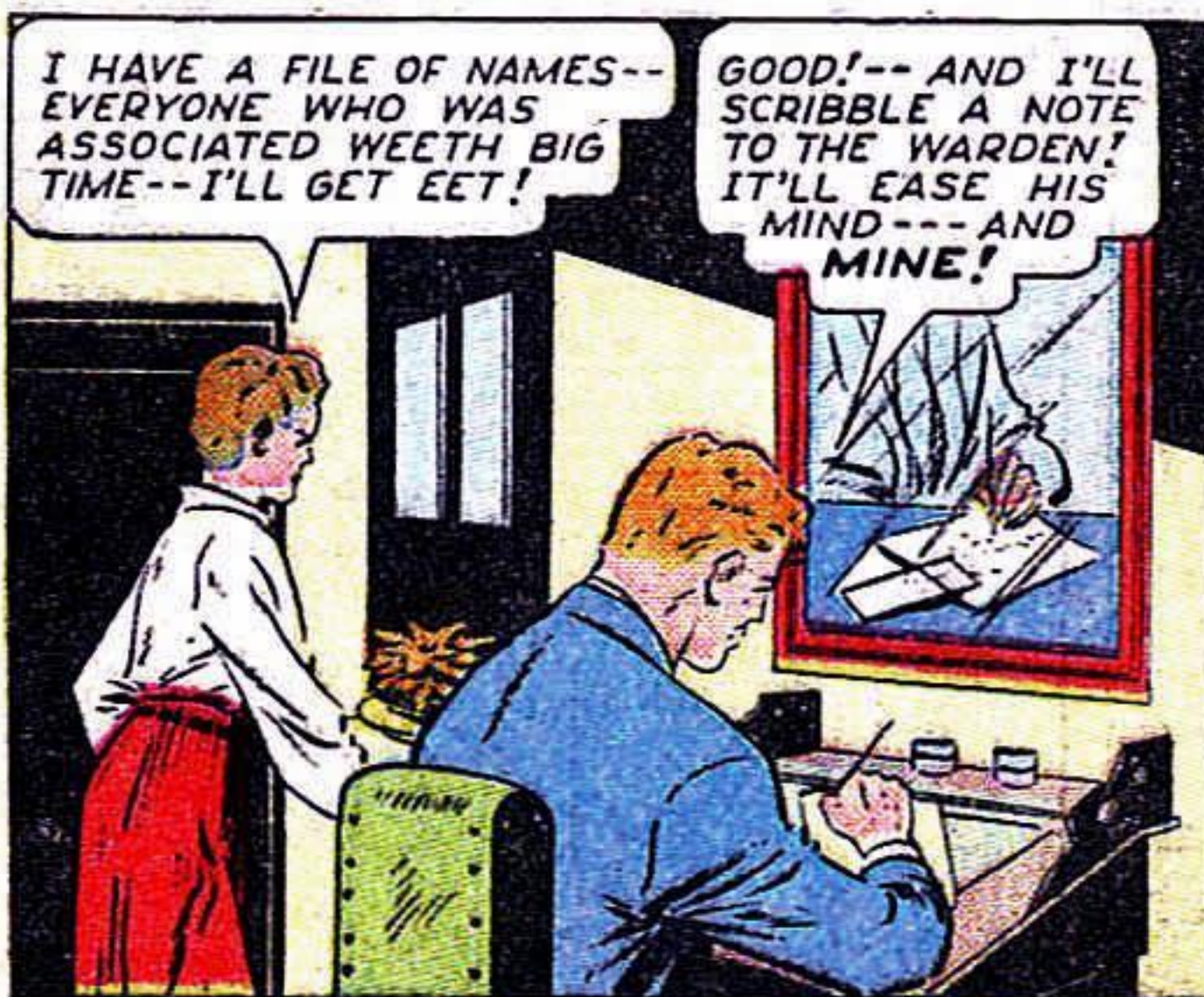
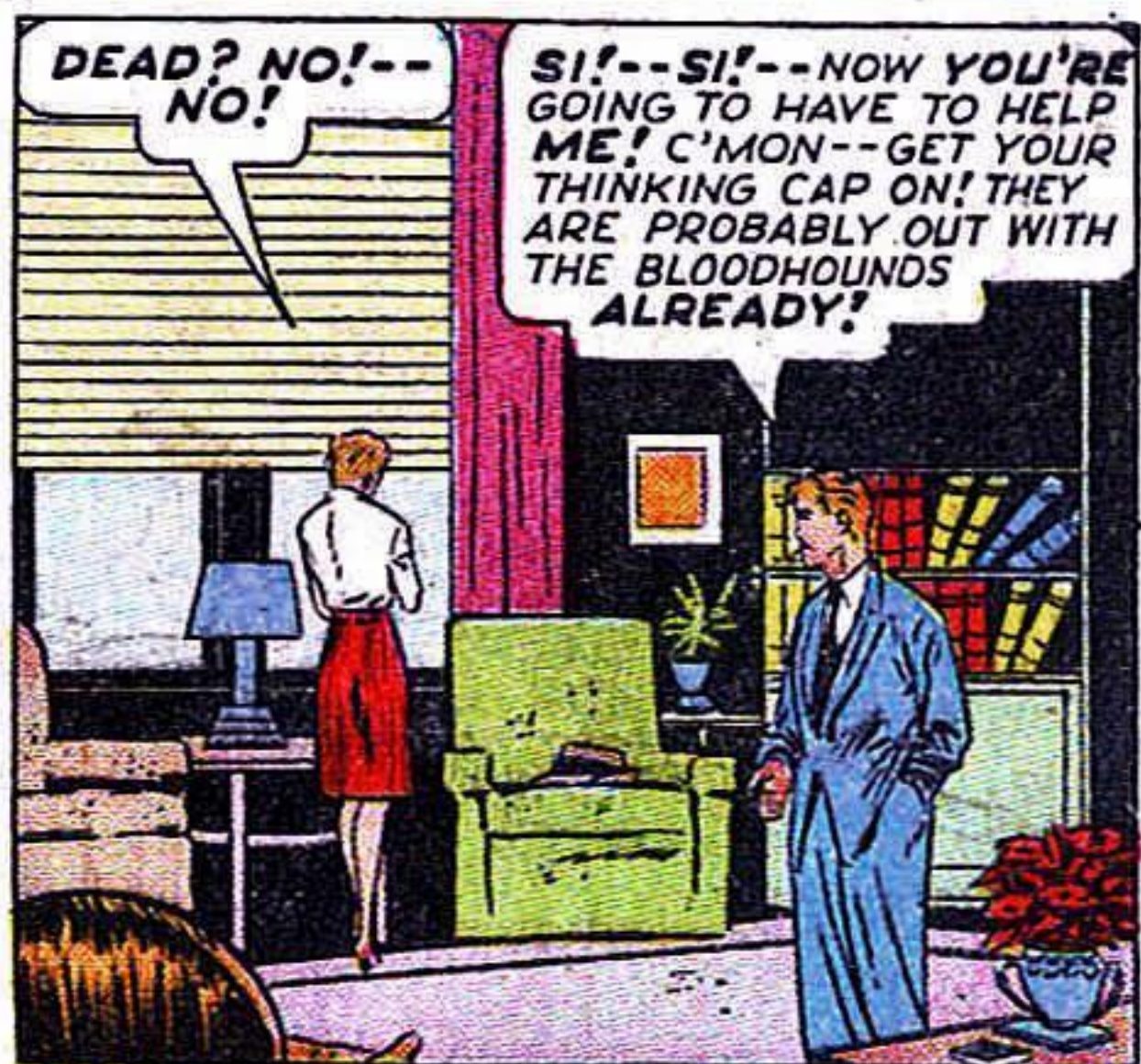
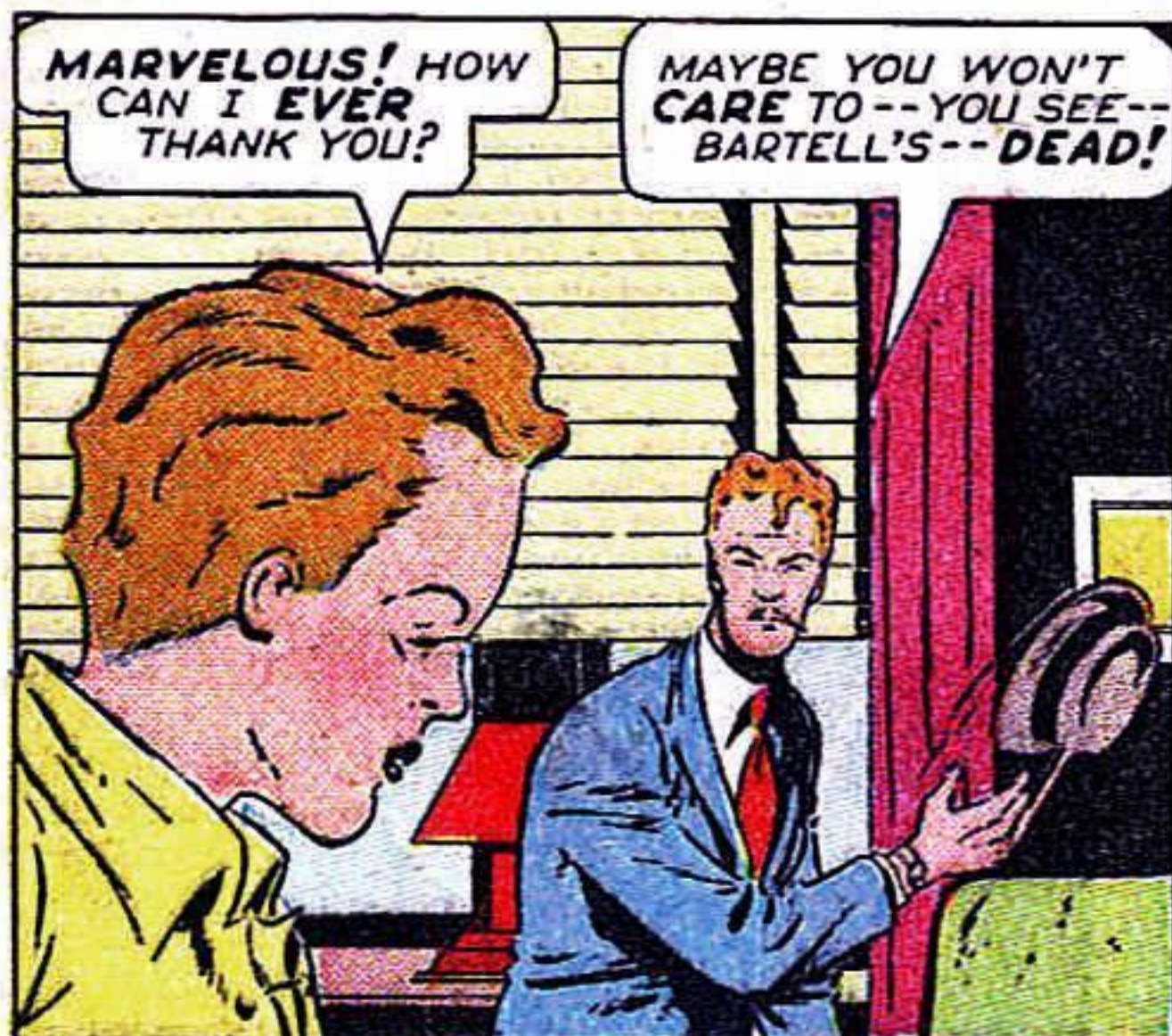


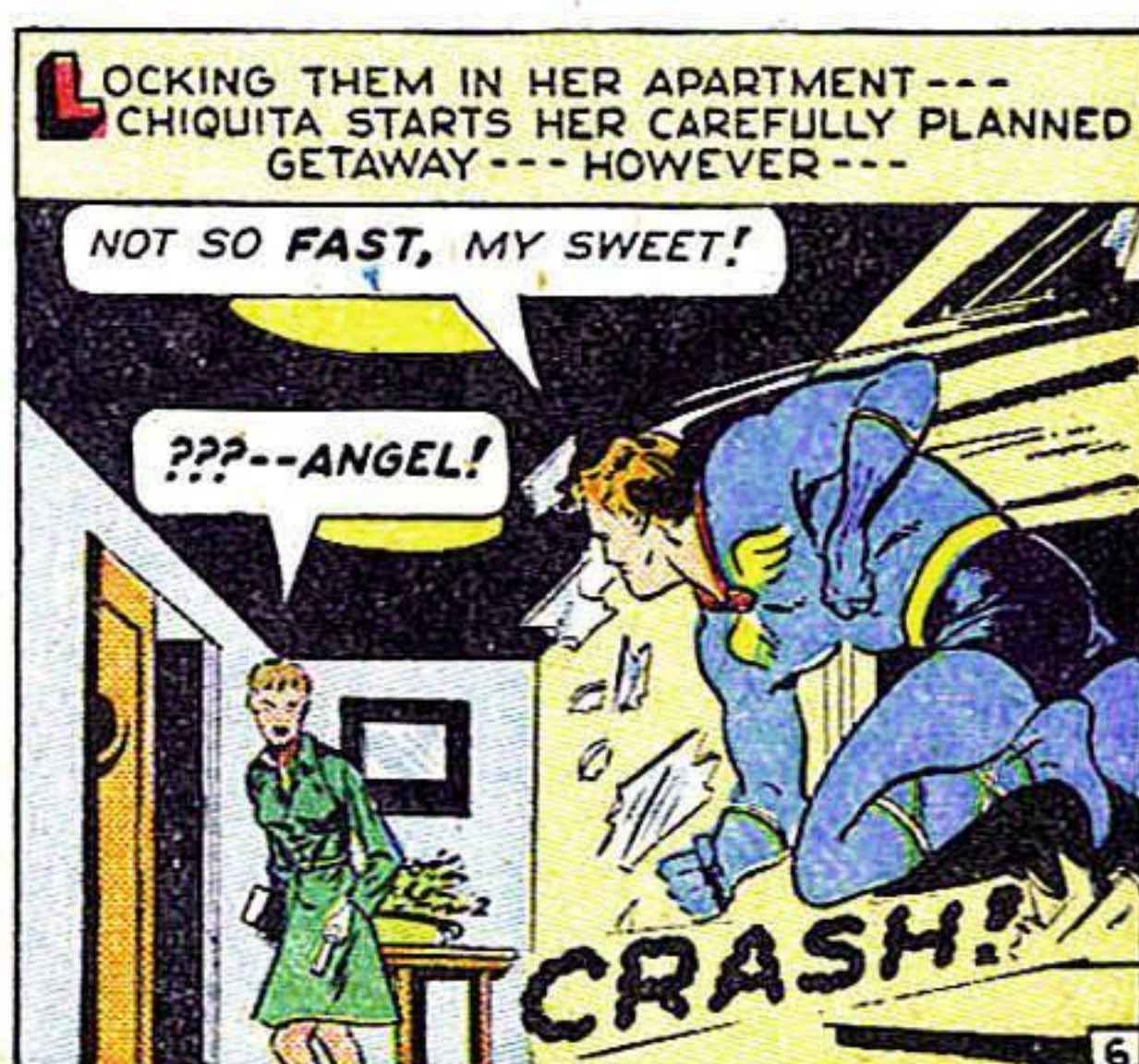
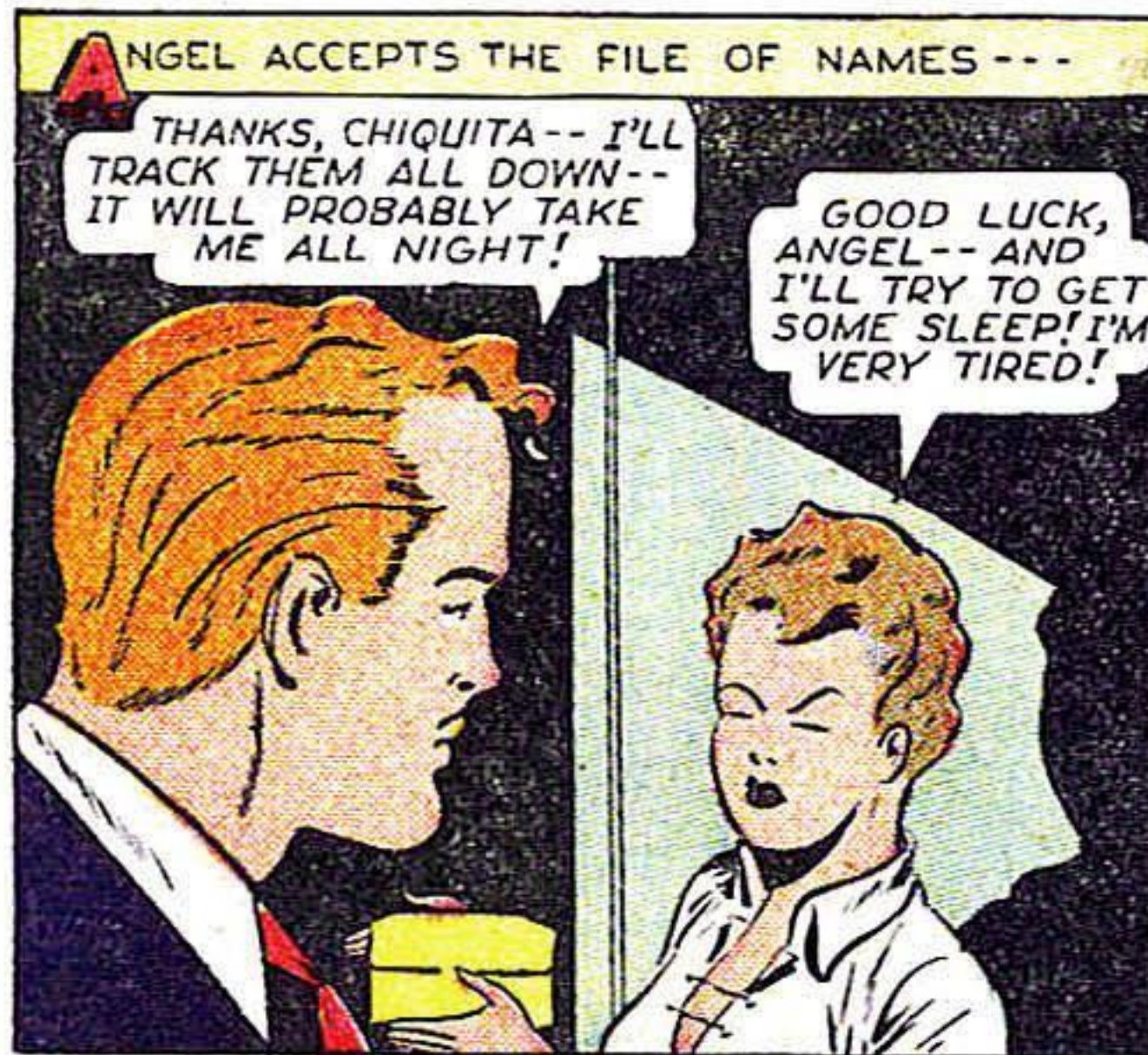
FULLY EXPECTING TO FIND BARTELL'S BODY, ANGEL GETS A SURPRISE --

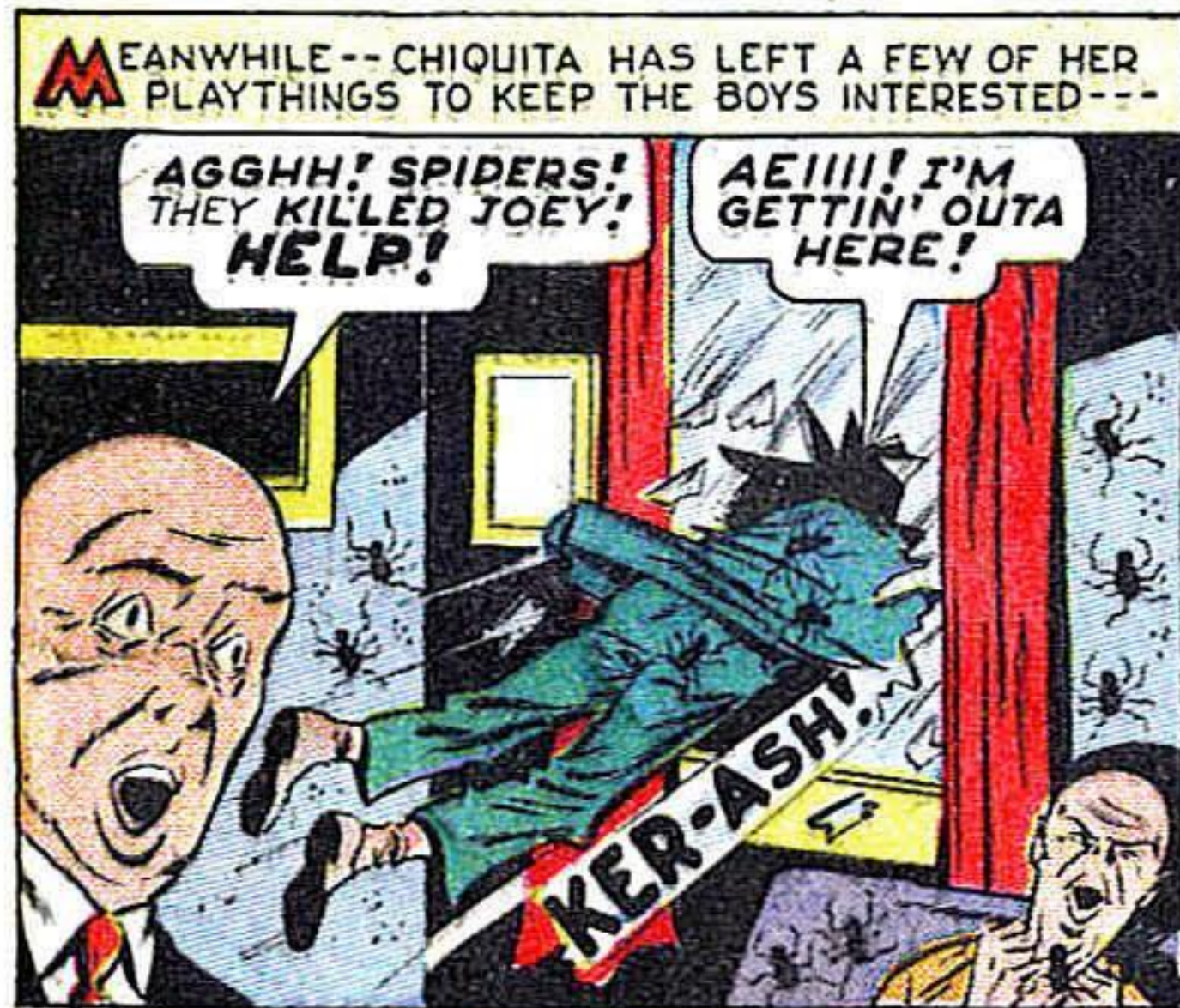
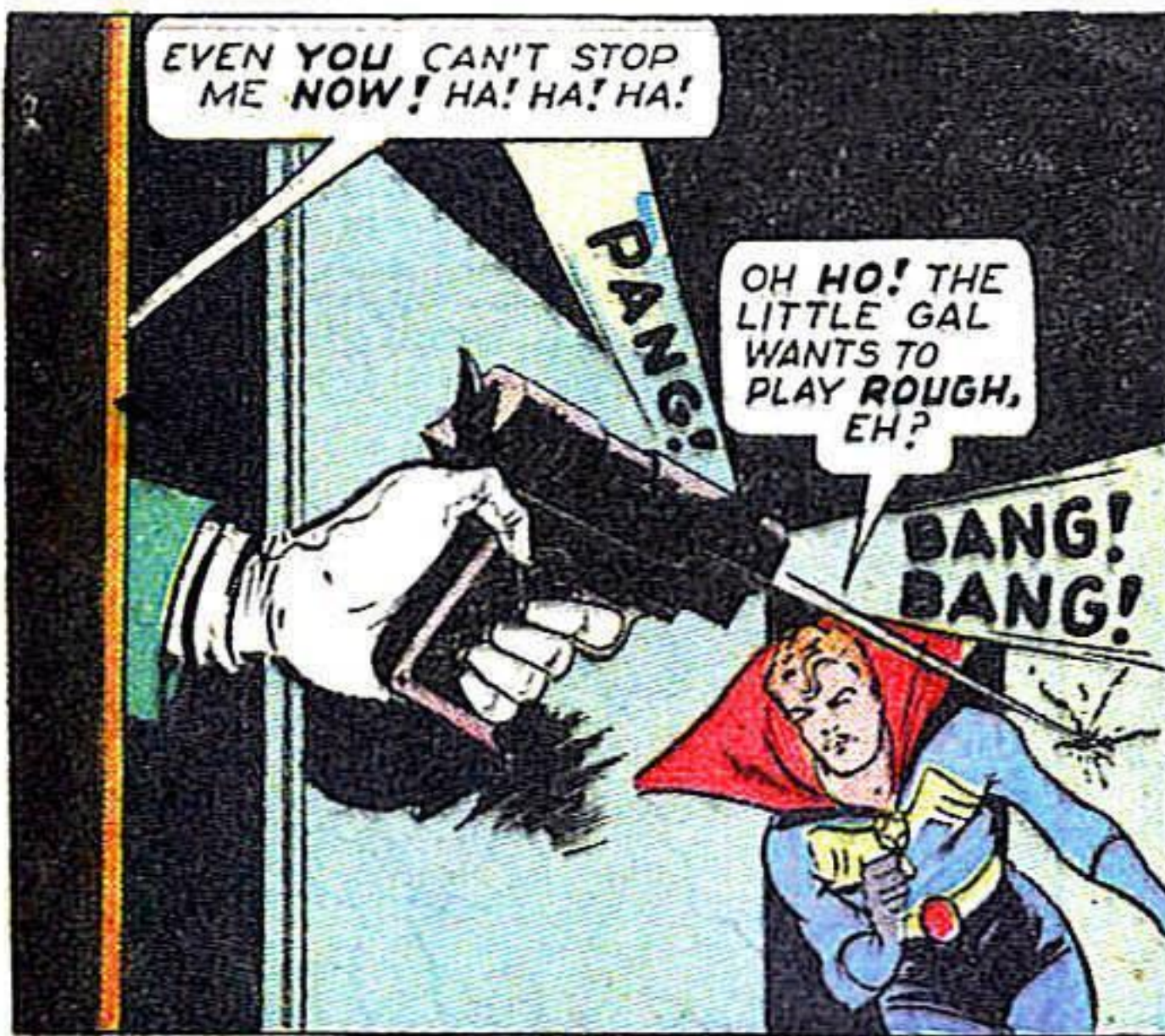
LOOKING FOR SOMEONE YOU KNOW?

OH, ER-- NO! -- I, AH-- MUST HAVE LEFT MY FAVORITE FOUNTAIN PEN IN BARTELL'S CELL-- MAY I GO AFTER IT?

COME ON-- I'LL TAKE YOU!







OKAY, ANGEL--START TALKING! WHO'S THE HOT TOMALE?

SHE, FRIEND--- IS YOUR MAN! THE MURDERESS OF "BIG TIME" BARTELL-- IN PERSON!

DON'T BE CRAZY! YOU KNOW I WAS MILES AWAY WHEN HE --- DIED! BUT YOU WERE IN HEES CELL! HA! HAH!

ANGEL DIRECTS THE CHIEF TO READ THE MESSAGE ON THE BLOTTER

"ESCAPE PLANS IN WORKING ORDER---HAVE FOUND MONEY AS DIRECTED---BE READY---EAT THIS MESSAGE---LOVE...CHIKUITA!"

THAT'S A SPECIAL INK THAT DIS-APPEARS WHEN WRITTEN ON A CERTAIN KIND OF PAPER--UNTIL HEATED!

WELL, IT CONNECTS HER WITH THE BREAK--BUT WHAT ABOUT THE MURDER?

BARTELL WAS POISONED, WASN'T HE?---A SPIDER POISON?

THAT'S RIGHT--BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW--UNLESS YOU DID IT YOURSELF!

I DIDN'T KNOW---I GUESSED! SHE SOAKED THIS LAST MESSAGE IN POISON KNOWING HE'D EAT IT LIKE HE DID THE OTHERS BEFORE IT! SHE BUILT HIM UP UNTIL HE TOLD HER THE FATAL SECRET--- WHERE HIS FORTUNE WAS HIDDEN--- WHICH IS WHAT SHE WAS AFTER ALL THE TIME!

NO YOU DON'T! THAT POISON RING GAG IS TOO EASY!--WE'LL GIVE YOU A WEB---A STEEL WEB--TO WILE AWAY YOUR LAST FEW DAYS IN A SOCIETY YOU SO OBVIOUSLY SCORN!

NICE WORK, ANGEL! VERY NICE!

THE END

SMASHING BOOK OFFER

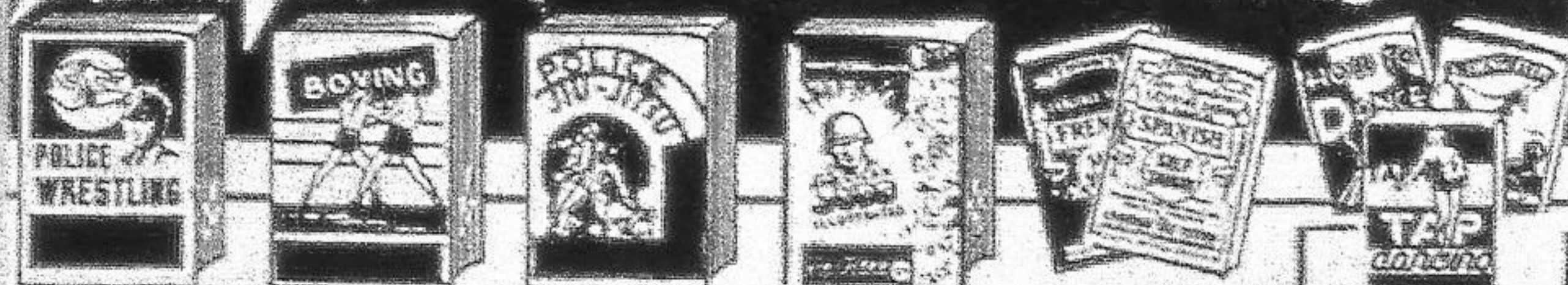
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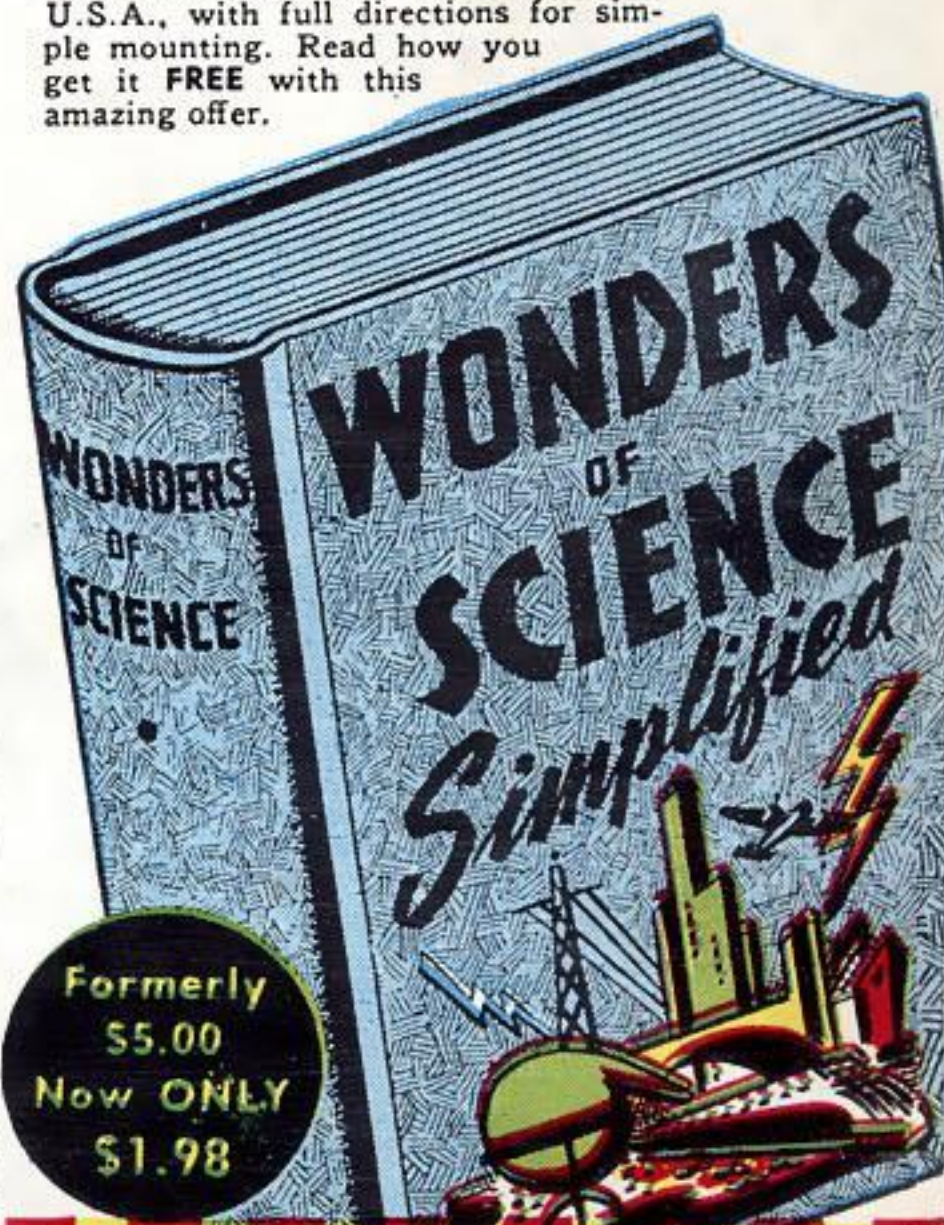
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